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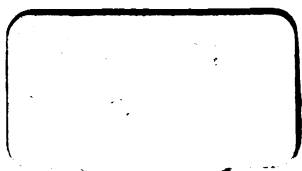
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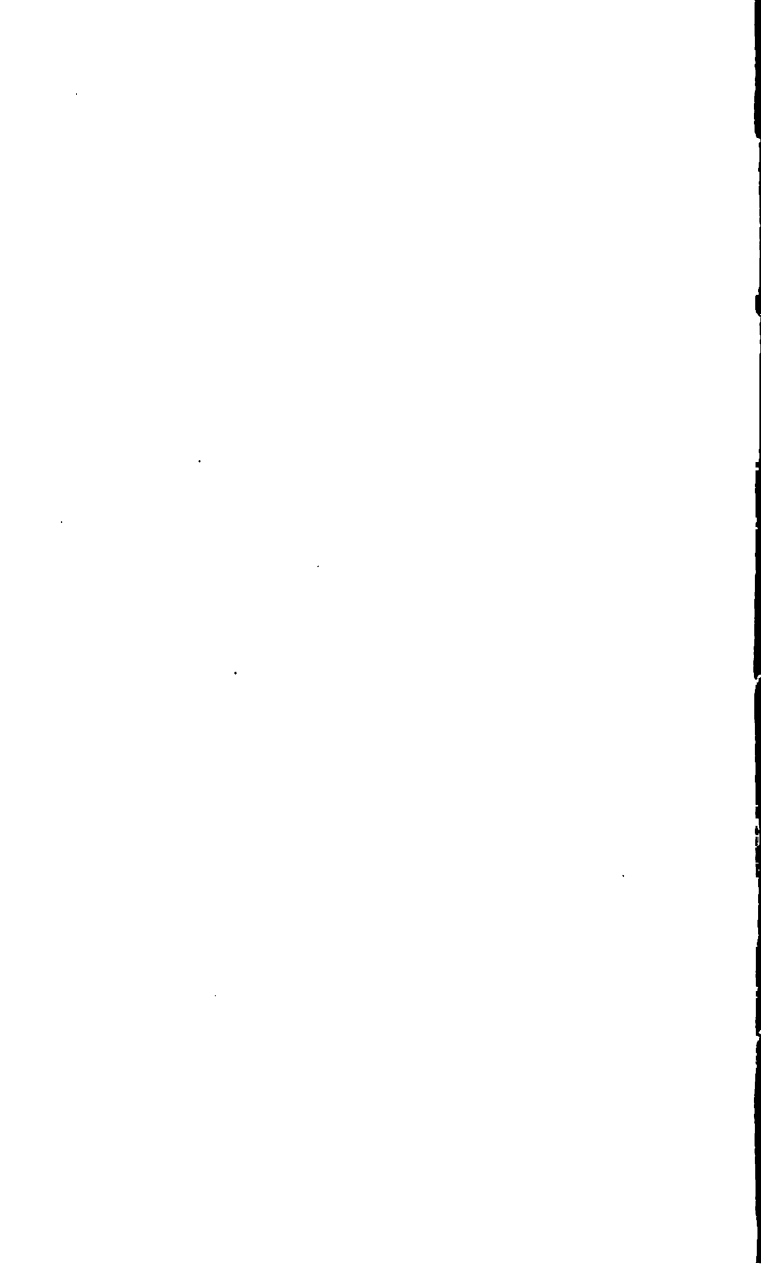
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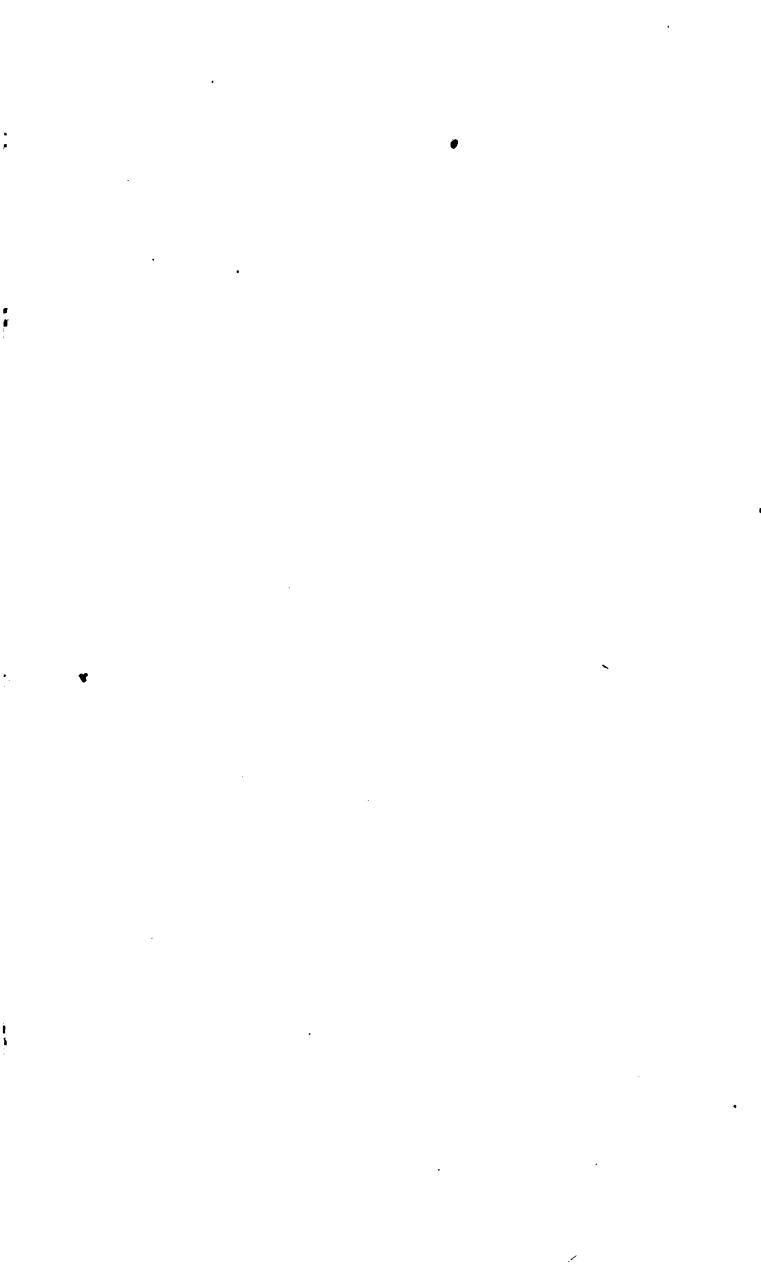


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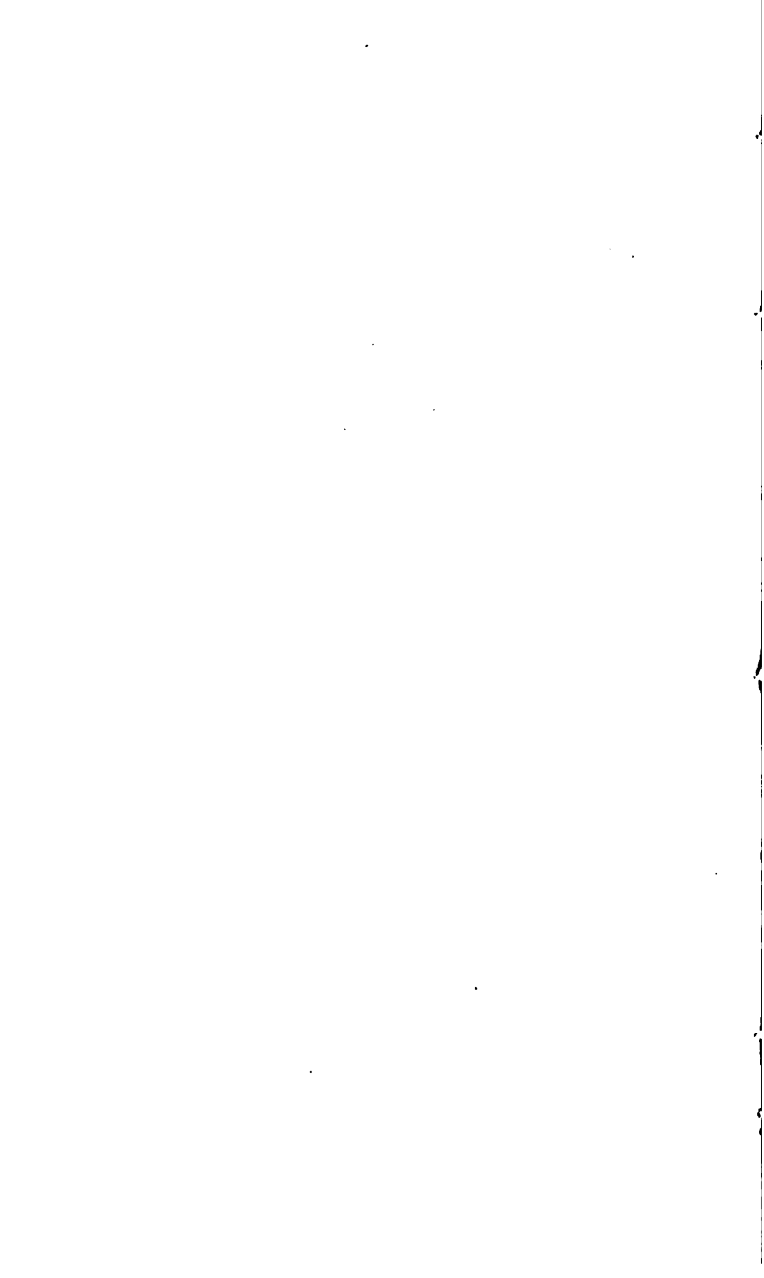








17 To Those who have travelled
but little of Scotland or
their big brother England
and who wish to gain a
knowledge which travelling
alone can supply in the
absence of travelling the
next best thing is reading
and following the traveller
in Imagination and
beholding what he beholds
It is much the cheaper
way, free from expence and
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road or Rail. This much
we say we can recommend
this Volume as being worth
a perusal. Dear George
read it and read again
You will profit by it
992 Many ways



ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH
SKETCHES.

1911
CBD

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH
SKETCHES.

BY

AN AMERICAN.

LONDON:
WILLIAM WHITE, 36, BLOOMSBURY STREET.
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PREFACE.

THE following light papers have been written in intervals of relaxation from graver duties and studies. They are intended to express the thoughts and feelings of an American, in visiting some of the interesting scenes of his "father-land." They may not, perhaps, offer much to interest English readers: they are intended more particularly for the eyes of such of the writer's own countrymen, as have not been favored with the same opportunities of visiting spots hallowed by so many golden memories and associations. Remembering the delight with which he himself once perused works of this character, he now, in his turn, felt it a kind of duty to endeavor to communicate a similar gratification to others. Some of the scenes here described, have, indeed, been often pointed out before, but they could not well be passed by without notice. Others, he trusts, will be found new: at least, they are such as the writer has not seen described elsewhere. And even

those that are old will, he flatters himself, be found presented under new aspects; for when a writer relates with simplicity what he has beheld with his own eyes, there will always be a certain freshness in the description, which will give the subject an air of novelty, and invest it with a new interest. If the following pages shall be the means of affording such gratification to his readers, the writer's purpose will be answered.

APRIL 7, 1857.

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FIRST SIGHT OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

Home, fare-thee-well! the ocean storm is o'er;
The weary pennon woos the sea-ward wind :
Fast speeds the bark, and now the lessening shore
Sinks in the wave with those we leave behind.

Song.

It was late in the afternoon of a summer's day, after a pleasant though somewhat protracted voyage, that I first came in sight of the shores of Europe. On hearing the cry of "Land! land!" I looked in the direction pointed out, and there, on the northern horizon, I could just discern the dim outline of a hill, scarcely distinguishable from the clouds. It was Mizenhead, the south-west point of Ireland.

Soon after this welcome object came into view, the sun gave us his last ocean-setting, the most splendid that we saw on the voyage: he seemed willing to gratify us with a magnificent leave-taking. The golden orb appeared to pause for a time on the surface of the waters, as if reluctant to depart; and then slowly began to sink—down, down, till at length only a beautiful golden rim was left above the surface; then, presently, this too sank,

and the last gilded point vanished beneath the waves. Suddenly, it seemed to emerge again for an instant, like the last flash of an expiring lamp, and then finally disappeared. But long after the sun itself had gone down, its beams gilded the clouds, and filled the western heavens with beauty; while, at the same time, the eastern horizon was delicately tinged with a faint red hue. I have seldom witnessed a more splendid sunset, even in our own brilliant skies. To put the finishing charm to the scene,—before the golden hues of the west had quite faded away, my attention was directed, by a fellow-passenger, to the east,—and there was the full moon, just risen, her broad round disc slowly emerging from the eastern waters. This contrast between the setting sun and rising moon was singularly beautiful.

By and by, as it grew darker, we saw in the distance Cape Clear “light,” appearing, disappearing, reappearing, in its graceful revolutions. There was no mistaking this object; and now, indeed, I realized that this was truly the coast of Ireland—of Europe. Long, long, did I stand gazing,—alternately at that distant light, and then to the south over the sea, which the moon was now silvering with her beams,—and reflected that there, far away, were the coasts of France and Spain, and the “Pillars of Hercules.” What thoughts came at those names! And then I would raise my eyes, and gaze into the heavens, at the twinkling stars that now looked down on Europe, and reflect that Newton and Galileo had gazed at these. It was long and late, before I could tear myself from the scene.



The next morning, on coming out of my state-room, I at once smelt the land-breeze, with its sweet scents of grass and flowers, coming off from the Irish shore. It was delicious. The land was just visible, some fifteen miles away.

During the day, we sailed on slowly, with light winds; and when evening came, found ourselves abreast of another lighthouse, "Tusker light," about half-way between Cape Clear and Liverpool. And now again, the land-breeze came off to us, laden with fragrance as of new-mown hay and green fields; while on the opposite side of the ship, the full moon was again pouring her silver light on the waters. Between the two—the sweet fragrance from the land on the west, and the beauty of the moonlight on the eastern side,—I passed a delicious evening, full of bright fancies kindled by the charming scene, mingled with pleasing anticipations of the future.

About noon, the following day, we came in sight of the mountains of Wales. As we sailed on, they became more and more distinct, and at length their different summits were distinguishable. Loftiest among them rose Snowdon, on which all eyes were fixed. The sight of these Welsh mountains was most interesting, not only as presenting objects of grandeur, but by calling up a thousand romantic associations. I thought of Gray's "Bard," and of the stern king Edward the First, the conqueror of the brave Welsh; and from these my thoughts wandered to Wallace and Bruce, and numberless other historic recollections. How delightful are the associations, thus called up by localities, long seen

by the mind's eye, but now for the first time beheld in reality !

At length we were told that Holyhead was in sight ; but it was too far off to be visible to unpractised eyes. In an hour or two after, however, I was summoned from the cabin, by the word that Holyhead was just before us, and that we could see "the houses and trees and potato blossoms." I hastened up, and there indeed it was,—a noble headland, presenting its bold front to the sea. That is the way, said I to myself, that John Bull puts on a stout look to the world : but, as behind this rock there are soft rural scenes, so, under a rough exterior, he carries a kindly heart. It was indeed a most picturesque headland : nothing could be finer for a first view of the British coast :—a rocky promontory rising some 800 feet or more (as we estimated) from the sea, with a pretty white lighthouse, standing just on the edge of the rock, or rather, on a small island, detached from the main one, and connected with it by a little bridge. Then the zig-zag path up the hill-side, and the telegraph station at the top ! altogether, it was exceedingly picturesque. How sweet it is to approach the land after a long voyage, those only know who have tasted the enjoyment !

Sweeping on, with a fair wind, about eight o'clock in the evening we took a pilot, who gave us the agreeable information, that if the present breeze held, we should reach Liverpool soon after midnight. Supposing, however, that in the night nothing of interest could be seen, I did not think it worth while to sit up. But on awaking about an hour after midnight, and looking out of my state-room, I

saw sitting by the cabin lamp my friend ——, an old traveller and an Englishman, who advised me to go on deck—that “Liverpool was in full sight, all lighted up.” So up I hasted, and there, indeed, was a beautiful sight. We were just passing the crimson light that stands on the point of land at the mouth of the harbour; before us was the city, seemingly half-a-mile distant, and looking as if illuminated, such was the appearance of the rows of lamps along the streets. A striking object, in particular, was an illuminated clock on a church tower, which we were told was St. George’s. The moon, too, was pouring her mellow light on the scene, and the waters of the Mersey were glancing in her beams.

I cannot describe my feelings when I reflected that that was really the English shore, old England, the land of our fathers about which I had read and dreamed from childhood. Long, long, I looked and meditated, my mind filled with a thousand sweet fancies and images,—till, between two and three o’clock, a red streak in the east, near the horizon, and then the gray light among the clouds above, told that dawn was breaking. This was another beautiful sight; I thought of Shakspeare’s description in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light.”

and again:

“—— Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.”

The ship was now lying quietly at anchor; and breaking through my reverie, I went down to catch a few hours' sleep, to be fresh for the morrow.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE FORMER HOME OF A POETESS.

Then to the measure of the light vouchsafed,
Shine, poet, in thy place, and be content.

WORDSWORTH.

THE evening after my arrival, as I was walking with a friend in the environs of Liverpool,—pausing on an eminence, he pointed over the hills, and exclaimed, “Over in that direction, somewhere, Mrs. Hemans formerly lived.” My heart gave a bound at this: here was the first touch of English romance. “Mrs. Hemans!” I exclaimed; “then I must certainly make a pilgrimage to that shrine at once.” My friend entered into my feelings, and readily promised his assistance in finding out the place. So, one fine morning, a day or two after, we set out, accompanied by one or two other friends.

The house was situated in or near Wavertree, a pleasant village a mile or two out of Liverpool: thus much my friend knew with certainty, and accordingly we proceeded in that direction. Our way was along a pleasant road, bounded by a low stone wall topped with hawthorn, on the other side of which was a row of stately elms, and, beyond this, smooth fresh-looking meadows, dotted with yellow butter-

cups. This was the first view I had of English rural scenery ; and, simple as it was, I enjoyed it.

Passing through the village of Wavertree, and turning to the left, we came to a pretty hawthorn hedge, through which I caught glimpses of a neat lawn, bordered by elms, at the upper end of which was a handsome stone house, with a semi-circular portico, and quite a bower of bright flowers on the steps. I wondered if that was the place : that would certainly be a fit residence for a poetess. The thought had hardly crossed my mind, when one of the party, who had undertaken to perform the office of guide, said very quietly, "That is the place ; at least, I have been informed so." At these words, I uttered an exclamation of pleasure ; I had hardly expected my hope to prove true ; for poets, in truth, do not often dwell in poetical places.

Charmed with the information, I began to examine the place more attentively. Besides the lawn in front, there was another grass-plot immediately around the house, bordered in like manner with elms which cast a pleasant shade, and on the grass white kids were frisking. One end of the house was covered with ivy ; at a short distance, on the left, was a small circular grove or clump of trees, a picturesque object ; and between that and the road was a pond or little lake, looking cool and fresh, with a weeping willow bending over it. This is truly a romantic spot, thought I, and worthy of Mrs. Hemans ; the scenery itself were sufficient to give inspiration.

As we went on towards the gate, my attention was caught by what appeared to be an old time-

worn inscription on the stone wall. Looking more closely, I found it to be indeed an inscription, but so worn with age, and also in letters so antique and rudely carved—in something of the black-letter style—that it was at first scarcely legible. By our united endeavours, however, it was at last made out. It was in Latin, and as follows :

*“ Qui non dat quod habet
Dæmon infra Ridet. Anno 1414.”*

Here, now, was a precious morsel of antiquity,—the more precious for its being the first I had seen : then, too, its connection with the residence of a famed poetess doubled the charm. The words might be literally translated thus : *“ Him who does not give what he has, the Devil below laughs at.”* The first idea we took was, that it was a general declaration against avarice,—that the niggardly and miserly were fit objects for the Evil One, and he laughed at the thought of soon having them in his clutches. It was suggested, however, by one of the party, that that was not the meaning ; there had evidently, he remarked, been a well here, which had been stoned up, and there was a pump now standing in its place. The “Dæmon” did not mean the Devil, but the spirit of the well—the word being used in its original sense of a *spirit*, either good or evil ; and that it was only a gentle hint to men to follow the example of the benevolent well, here pouring forth its sweet waters to all who were in need. This, it was on all hands agreed, was a very pleasing, and perhaps the truest, explanation of the legend before us. We afterwards learned,

however, on inquiring of those skilled in such matters, that this was a monkish inscription, placed there in times when it was the policy and custom of the monasteries, to amass riches by working on men's consciences and fears, and thus inducing them to make grants of their property; and that it was placed in that situation, because, this being a public well, great numbers of persons would necessarily have their attention drawn to it, and so be reminded of their duty.

This important matter being decided, I proposed to go to the house, and request permission to view the interior of this sanctuary of departed genius. So, accompanied by one of the party, I entered the grounds. We knocked at the door. It was opened by a maid-servant, who, in reply to our inquiries, informed us that the present occupant of the house was Mrs. ——. "Could she tell us," we then asked, "whether the house had been formerly occupied by a lady of the name of Hemans?" "Oh no! sir," she answered, "Mrs. — has lived here these many years; no such person has ever lived in this house." On our pressing the inquiry more urgently, whether she was sure that Mrs. Hemans, a celebrated writer, had not resided there some years before—for we had heard that she had—she replied quickly, "Oh no, sir, I am sure it cannot be: Mrs. — has lived here these *sixty years*: she came here when she was a little girl, and she is now almost seventy years old."

There was no answering this statement, and my friend and myself gazed at each other with blank looks. My dream of romance and poetical fitness

had been dispersed, like the morning cloud,—as many similar ones have been before.

“Can you tell us, then,” at length we inquired, “where Mrs. Hemans did live?”

She could not : she “did not know at all.”

“Can you inform us, then,” we asked in desperation, “what that tomb-like place is, just within the wall, with the inscription on the front?”—referring to the legend we had been endeavouring to interpret. She answered that it was a very old place, several hundred years old, and she had often heard it talked about, but could not tell exactly what it was.

Concluding that any further inquiries in the same quarter would be rather fruitless than otherwise, we turned away, after being directed by her to the next house, where “perhaps,” she observed we might “get more information.” As we could not very well get less, I thought it might be well enough to follow the recommendation, and try. My English friends, however, not being strangers, like myself, and very naturally, therefore, not feeling the same degree of ardour in the pursuit, and afraid, perhaps, of giving annoyance, seemed reluctant to push inquiries further, and I was obliged to go forward by myself.

On inquiring at the next house, I was received very politely by the lady of the mansion ; and, telling my errand, I was informed that the house in which Mrs. Hemans had lived, was not in that neighbourhood, but was in the village of Wavertree, “a small house, next door to surgeon ——’s.” That is not quite so romantic—thought I—a small

house in a town, instead of a villa in the country ; but this was at least definite information, and I was well pleased. On my taking the liberty to ask, whether my informant had ever seen Mrs. Hemans, she replied that she had, but was not much acquainted with her. "But," she added, seeming to take a polite interest in assisting to gratify my curiosity—"there is a lady in a neighbouring cottage, Mrs. —, who was exceedingly intimate with Mrs. Hemans, and who can tell you all about her." Receiving the direction to the cottage referred to, I expressed to the lady my thanks for her kind interest, and took my leave.

Turning to the left, I found myself in one of those pretty green lanes I had so often heard described as a charming feature in English landscape—with their hawthorn hedges, and smooth meadows beyond, and sloping hill-sides in the distance. As I walked on, I pleased myself with the thought that the poetess herself had often, perhaps, trod this very path, on the way to her friend's house, gone up this very lane, and gazed at the self-same prospect that was now before me,—meditating, as she went, and perhaps composing some of those tender and spiritual poems that have reached so many hearts. Americans, and, in particular, New Englanders, have reason to feel attached and grateful to her memory, for that admirable piece, the "Pilgrim Fathers." This song, set to music by her sister, Mrs. Brown, I have heard sung in the Far West, by a band of New England's sons, met together on "Forefathers' Day," to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims on the rock of Plymouth. And as

this annual celebration is becoming more and more general, wherever the Pilgrims' descendants are found, throughout the Union, it is probable that for years and perhaps ages to come, those stirring words of the poetess, clothed in fit strains, will be heard, on the 22d of December, ascending from all parts of the American continent—from Ohio to New Orleans—from Plymouth Rock itself to the "Golden Gate" of California and the shores of Oregon,—mingling with the winter winds, and bringing vividly before the youth of America the labours and sufferings of their forefathers, in founding this great nation, and in accomplishing the establishment of civil and religious freedom. Thus will the name and writings of Mrs. Hemans become endeared to a whole people, and her memory be cherished by generations yet unborn.

But to return. I soon found the house of which I was in quest; but, on inquiring at the door, was doomed to another disappointment. The lady was "not at home." The disappointment, however, was not so great as it might otherwise have been, from the fact of having a bright prospect still before me—a certainty, indeed—that of finding the house itself in the village: *that*, at any rate, thought I, must be "at home."

So, back I went to my friends, who had been very patiently awaiting the result of my inquiries, and we all hastened down to the village of Waver-tree.

We soon found "the surgeon's:"—then, "next door" must be the place. As I entered the gate and looked at the house, I felt an interior certainty

that this was the very place, though there was nothing remarkable in the appearance of it. It was a small but neat brick house, not standing by itself, but rather forming one end, as it were, of the larger mansion of the surgeon's,—with the gable to the street. There was a neat yard, covered with grass and bordered with flower-beds, with here and there a brilliant dahlia raising its crimson head, in the midst of other less showy, but not less pretty, daughters of the earth. On each side of the gate stood a fine elm; and in one corner of the yard, near the door, was a tall poplar, which the poetess, no doubt, had often heard whispering to the evening breeze, as she stood there meditating, at the calm twilight hour. Upon the wall of the house and by the side of the window, hung the reverential ivy,—which loves to haunt, it seems, not only ancient ruins, but all places where the great have been: it is the plant of memory. Another window was shaded by the delicate laburnum.

As I raised my hand to knock, I was arrested for an instant by the odd look of the knocker. Upon it, standing out in bass-relief, was a little round head, surmounted by a wig, and with a most benevolent smiling face, like that of "the fine old English gentleman" himself,—so kindly and good-natured was the expression. "*You* have seen her often enough, at any rate," said I, addressing the image: and with that, I knocked.

The door was presently opened by a middle-aged, rosy-faced dame, with a benignant countenance, corresponding to the old gentleman's on the knocker. "Can you tell me," said I with earnestness, "whether

this is the house in which Mrs. Hemans, the poetess, lived?"

"This *is* the house, sir," she replied, with a smile.

"I am a stranger, an American," I said. "Mrs. Hemans is greatly esteemed in our country,—will you permit me to step in for a moment, to look at the house in which she resided?"

"Certainly, certainly, sir—walk in," she answered very graciously; and leading the way, she turned into a little room, just on the left of the door, and looking round—"This, sir," said she, "is the very room where she *made* her poetry—this, and another small room adjoining, which was also a favourite sitting-room of hers, but that we now use as a kitchen."

I looked round the apartment, with feelings I cannot describe, at the thought that I was standing in the very room where probably were composed many of those poems which had charmed my early youth, and which, by association, were now awakened in my memory;—that I was looking out at the very window, through which she had so often looked up at the blue heavens, or at the setting sun, when, perhaps, she had risen from her desk fatigued with the task of composition. But that pure spirit is now in a land where there is no weariness,—where the winged soul mounts freshly from height to height, ever vivified and renewed, as it ascends nearer and more near to the Divine source of its power and its joy. In that sweet song of hers, "Come to the Sunset Tree," how did the poetess herself express her longing anticipation of that state of blessed

peace, which we may trust she has now realized:—

“Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wind’s low sigh,
The gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie:—
But rest more sweet and still
Than even night-fall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill,
In the world beyond the grave.”

Yes! the “yearning heart” is now satisfied: her work is done—her trials are over: she is now at rest in the peaceful heavens.

“And this is the very furniture,” I ventured to ask, “that she used?”

“O no, sir, it is not,” frankly replied our hostess, “it has all been changed.”

“Perhaps, it is the same paper on the wall?” I added, carrying my curiosity to what was perhaps an unwarrantable extent. But the kind-hearted woman entered into my feeling, and answered smilingly, “No, sir, that is not the same, either; we put it on since we came. The grates, too, we thought rather too old-fashioned for us, and we took them away, and put these in their place.”

“Well,” said I, feeling sure I should be right this time, “the knocker on the door is the same,—is it not?”

“O yes, sir,” she replied, “that is the same,—the knocker, and locks on the doors, and everything of that sort, are just the same.”

I thought so: I was sure the merry face on the door was not among the new things; in fact, the

knocker had plainly an antique air: the old gentleman spoke for himself, and eloquently too. It was plain that he had often looked with his kindly smile into the sweet face of the poetess, as she came in after her morning's walk. That was something.

The landlady remarked, in the course of the conversation, that she had never read Mrs. Hemans's poems herself, but she had heard so much about her since she came there, that she thought she should. Three or four other persons, she said, had called to see the house; "one gentleman had sat down on the sofa there, and seemed to be thinking it over in his mind that Mrs. Hemans had made her poetry in that room." The simplicity and evident truthfulness of the good woman, so different from the manner and spirit of ordinary exhibitors of famed places, both satisfied and delighted me: I was sure that I was standing on charmed, I might almost say sacred, ground.

On rising to depart, I asked leave to take a flower, a leaf, anything—as a memento: the request was readily granted. I desired her to pick me a few leaves from the ivy on the wall: "I will," she replied, "but perhaps you would rather gather them yourself." This delicate understanding of my feeling charmed me: I did so.

"And that poplar-tree was certainly here, in her time," she added, "won't you take some sprigs of that?" I pulled a few leaves from the tree, and also, at her suggestion, cut a rod from it, which was

a more valuable, as it would be a more durable, memento.

We then, with many thanks, took our leave, congratulating ourselves on the successful issue of our enterprise.

LINDLEY MURRAY AND BENJAMIN WEST.

Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless
Or grace mankind, and what he taught he was.

THOMSON.

WHEN former British writers, in a spirit that I am glad to see is now fast passing away, contemptuously asked, "Who reads an American book?"* they were not aware, probably, of the pointed answer that might have been given them; namely, that

* This sarcasm from the mouth of an habitual (I was about to say, professional) jester, like Sydney Smith, was hardly worth the attention or the indignation it excited. It was, probably, dropped carelessly from his lips or pen, without his considering that, in uttering it, he was charging a whole nation with imbecility, or, at least, with an utter want of literary genius. It may, moreover, be said, in Smith's partial extenuation, that, at that time, but few of those great intellects that have adorned American literature, had yet appeared,—Irving, Channing, Cooper, Prescott, Longfellow, and the rest. Still, the spirit in which the sarcasm was uttered, was inexcusable. Smith's countrymen, however, it must be acknowledged, have striven to make the *amende honorable*, having repeatedly confessed the beauty and power of American productions; and in regard to one work, in particular, by an American authoress,—the world-renowned "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the sentence may be said to have been fairly reversed, "Who is there that has *not* read an American book!"

nearly every educated boy and girl in Britain reads an American book,—and not only so, but first learned to read out of an American book ; and from the same source learned to write and speak their own language correctly. They forgot, or did not know, that Lindley Murray, the author of the standard English Grammar and popular English Reader, was an American.

It was observed to me, by a friend in England—a lineal descendant, by the way, of the poet Shenstone—as somewhat remarkable, that America, young as she is in literature, had already produced the best Grammar, and the best Dictionary, of the English language. This fact is certainly a source of just pride to us. Webster is acknowledged by all English scholars to be among the first of lexicographers ; and one high British authority has pronounced him to be “as far beyond Johnson, as Johnson was beyond his predecessors.” This is probably not more than the truth. Johnson wrote for the booksellers and for a livelihood : his dictionary occupied six years in its composition. Webster’s great work was a labour of love, and he spent upon it more than twenty years ; indeed it was the labour of his whole life. Johnson’s acute intellect appears well in the definitinal part of his Dictionary ; but his etymological learning was not profound. Webster devoted ten years to the single task of comparing the roots and radical letters of words in more than twenty different languages, European and Oriental, thus laying the foundation of his work on the solid basis of first principles. The admirable Introduction to his Dictionary, shows how thorough had been his

explorations, and how extensive and accurate was his knowledge.*

To return to Lindley Murray. His history is this. He was born at Swatara, near Lancaster, in the State of Pennsylvania, in the year 1745. His parents belonged to the denomination of Friends or Quakers, and were persons in a middle station of life. He received the rudiments of his education at Philadelphia, in the academy of the Society of Friends. In 1753, his father removed, with his family, to New York, where Lindley was placed at a good school. At an early age, he entered a counting-house, being destined for the mercantile profession; but, having been severely chastised for a breach of domestic discipline, he privately left his father's house, took up his abode in a seminary at Burlington, New Jersey, and there contracted a love for books and study. When brought back, after some time, he prevailed upon his father to procure a classical tutor for him, under whom he applied himself with diligence and success. From the precepts and example of his parents, he imbibed lasting sentiments of morality and religion. He

* Dr. Webster's "American Dictionary of the English Language" was first published at New York and Boston in 1828, in two large quarto volumes. The author affirmed that, while composing his great work, he became often so excited by the discoveries he made, that his pulse, which ordinarily beat only sixty, rose to eighty or eighty-five. This good and great man was born in the State of Connecticut, in October, 1758, and died in May, 1843, in his eighty-fifth year, having spent his whole life in the service of his country and mankind. When told that death was near, he replied, "I am ready; I know in whom I trust; I have no fears or terrors."

now undertook the study of the law in the office of a distinguished counselor, the celebrated John Jay being his fellow-student. At the age of twenty-one or twenty-two, he was called to the bar, and soon obtained practice. Within two years, he married a lady with whom he lived in the tenderest union for more than half a century. He was very sedulous and successful in his profession as a lawyer, until the war broke out between Great Britain and the Colonies. About that time, the decline of his health induced him to remove into the country, about forty miles from New York. In this retreat he passed four years ; and, at the expiration of this time, he was driven back to the city (then in possession of the British) by the necessity of procuring means for the subsistence of his family. The profession of the law being no longer lucrative, he again turned his attention to mercantile pursuits, and accumulated property enough to enable him to retire from business, about the period of the establishment of American independence (1783). He then purchased a beautiful country-seat, on the banks of the river Bellevue, about three miles from New York. But a severe illness, through which he soon after passed, brought on a general debility of the muscles, for the cure of which he was induced to go, with his family, to England. He was then about forty years of age. His intention was to remain in England only about two years ; but the local attachments which he formed, together with his bodily infirmities, detained him in that country for the remainder of his life.

He purchased a small estate at Holdgate, near York. Here, rendered sedentary by the weakness

of his muscles, he employed himself chiefly in reading and composition. His first work was entitled "The Power of Religion on the Mind;" it appeared in 1787. It was published anonymously, but gained much reputation, and was so highly esteemed that it passed through no fewer than seventeen editions. His next work was the Grammar, which was published in 1795. It was greatly enlarged and improved in successive editions, and has not yet been surpassed or superseded. He afterwards published the "English Exercises and Key," intended to illustrate the Grammar; also his "English Reader," which became very popular, and was widely used both in Great Britain and America. In 1809, he completed an interesting memoir of his life, which was published after his decease. He lived upwards of sixteen years from that period, a martyr to bodily infirmities, which he bore with exemplary fortitude and Christian resignation. He died on the sixteenth of February, 1826, in the eighty-first year of his age.*

From this account it will be seen, that it was owing simply to the accidental circumstance of Murray's visit to, and detention in, England, in consequence of ill health, that his valuable Grammar and other works were first published there, instead of in his native country.

Another distinguished American, cotemporary with Lindley Murray, a native, too, of the same State, Pennsylvania, and, what was remarkable, belonging to the same religious denomination, that of the Quakers,—spent, in like manner, a large part of his

* *Encyclopædia Americana.*

life in England, and hence has commonly been ranked among British artists ; but his fame justly belongs to his native land. I mean the celebrated Benjamin West.

The particulars of his early history are interesting. He was born in Springfield, Pennsylvania, in the year 1738. The first indications of his genius appeared at the early age of seven. As he was watching the sleeping infant of his eldest sister, it smiled ; and, struck with its beauty, he sought some paper, and drew its portrait in red and black ink. The circumstances, however, in which he was placed, afforded him little aid in the development of his talents. There were neither professors, paintings, nor prints, among the primitive settlers of Pennsylvania. For some time, he pursued his favorite employment with red and yellow colors (which he learned to prepare from some Indians who had roamed to Springfield), and indigo, given to him by his mother, together with brushes made of the hair of a *cat*. At length, his cousin, a Mr. Pennington, having seen his sketches, sent him a box of paints and pencils, with canvas prepared for the easel, and six engravings. The possession of this treasure almost kept him from sleep. He made all the necessary arrangements in the garret, where he commenced his labours every morning with the dawn, —absenting himself entirely from school, until the inquiries of his master caused a search and discovery to be made. His mother found him in his *studio* ; but her feelings of displeasure were soon changed to those of gratification, on beholding his performance. Instead of copying servilely, as might have been

expected, he had composed a picture from two of the engravings, telling a new story, and colored with a skill and effect which, in her eyes, were surprising. She kissed him with rapture, and soon succeeded in procuring his pardon from his father and the teacher. Galt, in his life of West, says that, sixty-seven years afterwards, he had the gratification to see this piece in the same room with the sublime picture of Christ Rejected ; on which occasion the painter declared that there were inventive touches in his first and juvenile essay, which, with all his subsequent knowledge and experience, he had not been able to surpass.

By degrees, the report that a boy, remarkable for his talent for painting, lived at Springfield, began to extend, until it reached the ears of Mr. Fowler, a justice of Chester county, in the same State, who, having looked at his works, obtained leave of his parents to take him for a few weeks to his house. During his residence there, he painted the portrait of a lady, the sight of which caused numerous persons to come to him for their likenesses. He also executed a painting of the death of Socrates. On his return to Springfield, his future career became the subject of anxious consideration ; and, finally, the matter was submitted, by his parents, to the wisdom of the Society to which they belonged. A deliberation was accordingly held, the result of which was, that although the Quakers refuse to recognize the utility of painting to mankind, they allowed the youth to follow the vocation for which he was so plainly destined. In his eighteenth year, he removed to Philadelphia, where he established himself as a

portrait painter. His success there was considerable ; and after a time he repaired to New York, where, also, his efforts were well rewarded. In 1760, by the kindness of some friends, he was enabled to proceed to Italy ; and in July of that year, he reached Rome. There he obtained access to some of the most distinguished personages, and first made himself known as an artist by a portrait of Lord Grantham, which was attributed for a time, to a celebrated portrait-painter, Mengs. After recovering from an illness of eleven months' duration, he visited the different cities of Italy for the purpose of inspecting the works of the great masters, scattered through them. After his return to Rome, he painted a picture of Cimon and Iphigenia, and another of Angelica and Medora, which increased his reputation, and opened the way to those marks of academic approbation usually bestowed on fortunate artists. He was elected a member of the academies of Parma, Florence, and Bologna, to the former of which he presented a copy of the St. Jerome of Correggio, of great excellence.

After three years' residence in Italy, West embarked for London, with the intention of returning to his native country ; but, finding that there was great probability of his success in that metropolis as a historical painter, he established himself there. He rapidly rose to distinction. He was introduced to the king, George III., by whom, on his first presentation, he was directed to paint the picture of the departure of Regulus from Rome. He continued to be the king's painter until the monarch became superannuated, executing numerous works on histo-

rical and religious subjects, besides a few portraits. On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he received the high honour of being elected President of the Royal Academy: he delivered an address on the occasion, which was much applauded. During the peace of Amiens, he went to Paris, for the purpose of viewing the splendid collection of the masterpieces of art which Napoleon had placed in the Louvre; and was treated, in that city, with the greatest distinction, by the most prominent persons of the Imperial Court. In his sixty-fifth year, he painted the celebrated picture of "Christ healing the Sick," for the Quakers of Philadelphia, to aid them in the erection of an hospital in that city. It was exhibited in London, where the rush to see it was very great, and the opinion of its excellence so high, that he was offered by the British Institution three thousand guineas for it. He accepted the offer, on the condition of being allowed to make a copy, with alterations, for Philadelphia. The condition was agreed to; and the work was exhibited in that city, the profits arising from it enabling the committee of the hospital to enlarge the building and receive more patients. He executed many other grand paintings. "In his 'Death on the Pale Horse,'" says Allan Cunningham, "he has more than approached the masters and princes of the art. It is, indeed, irresistibly fearful, to see the triumphant march of the terrific phantom, and dissolution of all that earth is proud of, beneath his tread. War and peace, sorrow and joy, youth and age, all who love, and all who hate, seem planet-struck. The 'Battle of La Hogue' I have heard praised, as the best

historic picture of the British school. Many of his single figures, also, are of a high order. There is a natural grace in the looks of some of his women which few painters have ever excelled."* He painted and sketched no fewer than four hundred pictures, and left more than two hundred original drawings.

In his disposition, West was mild, liberal, and generous. He ever preserved a sedate sobriety of sentiment, and happy propriety of manners, the result of a devout domestic education. The same religious tendency is shown in the subjects of many of his pictures, which he composed, as Cunningham remarks, "with the serious ambition and hope of illustrating Scripture, and rendering Gospel truth more impressive." He seriously impaired his fortune by his kindness to young artists, whom he was ready in every way to assist. In those from his native country who visited England, he took especial interest: the distinguished artist, Washington Allston, experienced much kindness from him during his stay in that country. Without any definite complaint, his mental faculties unimpaired, his cheerfulness un eclipsed, and with looks serene and benevolent, he expired on the eleventh of March, 1820, in the eighty-second year of his age; and was buried beside Reynolds, Opie, and Barry, in St. Paul's Cathedral.†

Such was the distinction, attained in his art by our gifted countryman. Americans may feel a just pride in seeing one of their fellow-countrymen, a

* "Lives of Eminent British Painters."

† See the *Encyclopædia Americana*, and Galt's *Life of West*.

youth born in a humble station, entering the lists with the first British artists, and rising, by the combined force of genius and excellence of character, to the head of their Academy and to the highest place in art. But, though his greatest distinctions were obtained in Britain, America does not forget that he is her own offspring: not only was his genius first developed in his native country, but his reputation was established both there and in Italy, before ever he landed on the English shores.

To return once more to Lindley Murray. While a boy at school, I had often remarked, at the close of the Preface to the Grammar, the place from which the author dated his work—"Holdgate, near York;" and feeling, even then, an interest in my countryman's history, I resolved, should I ever visit England, to go to Holdgate, and search out his former place of residence. Accordingly, soon after reaching the English shores, I crossed the country to York, and after visiting the far-famed Minster of that city, I inquired my way to Holdgate. It is a pleasant village about a mile from York. I soon found the house which the grammarian formerly occupied. It is a good-sized mansion, with wings, and pleasantly situated, having a grass-plat before the door, and a garden behind. A murmuring brook runs near the house. In front, there lay a soft meadow, on which cattle were quietly feeding; and beyond, there arose a pretty green hill-side crowned with a clump of trees, over which, in the distance, peeped the towers of York Minster. In the garden, is a summer-house of an octagonal form, with a "fiery flying

serpent" for a vane. On the left of the summer-house was a cherry-tree, and on the right a holly, said to have been planted by Lindley Murray himself, a sprig of which I brought away, as a memento of my visit. Here, no doubt, the venerable grammarian often sat, in pleasant weather, and here, perhaps, composed some of those grave pages, which, useful as they are, have frightened many little boys both English and American, and will probably continue to be a source of similar awe to many more yet unborn. Having lost the use of his limbs, he used to be wheeled about this garden for exercise ; and in the same manner had to be conveyed to and from his carriage, in which he was accustomed to ride out almost every day. My informant, a servant in the family at present occupying the house, had often seen him, when a boy: "Mr. Murray," he said, "had paid, in part, for his schooling." He lived a very retired life. His sleeping apartment was in the right wing of the mansion. The place has undergone some alterations since his death ; but the features already described remain just as they were in his time.

I walked about the place, contemplating it with much interest, and connecting with it, involuntarily, many associations of by-gone and school-boy days, called up by the name of Lindley Murray. It was now near evening ; and with my mind full of pleasant meditations, I walked leisurely back to York, — enjoying much the pleasing features of the landscape, gilded as it was by the rays of the setting sun, and brightened still more, perhaps, by

that "light of other days," which memory just then threw over the scene. After a moonlight walk on the walls of the city, I retired to rest, pleased with having accomplished one of the cherished projects of my boyhood.

Note.—It appears that Lindley Murray was something of a poet, as well as a grammarian. Griswold, in his "Poets and Poetry of America," gives the following specimen, which at least evinces the writer's tenderness and purity of character :—

TO MY WIFE.

When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptured still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life,
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

Our mutual flame inspires our bliss ;
The tender look, the melting kiss
E'en years have not destroyed ;
Some sweet sensation, ever new,
Springs up, and proves the maxim true,
That love can ne'er be cloyed.

Have I a wish ?—'tis all for thee :
Hast thou a wish ?—'tis all for me ;
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleased to see our happy days,
And bid us live and love.

If cares arise—and cares will come—
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I'll lull me there to rest :
And is there aught disturbs my fair ?
I'll bid her sigh out every care,
And lose it on my breast.

Have I a wish ?—'tis all her own ;
All hers and mine are rolled in one ;
Our hearts are so entwined,
That, like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
'Tis death to be disjoined.

THE TOMB OF SWEDENBORG.

Hail, Swedish sage! the loftiest of the great!
Obedient servant of our blessed Lord!
Unfolder of the depths of God's pure Word!
Revealer of the hidden spirit-state!

IN a secluded quarter of the old City of London, quite out of the range of ordinary sight-seeing, and seldom or never visited by strangers, lie the mortal remains of one, who will probably be accounted by future generations the most remarkable person of his own, or perhaps of any, age. During his life, his lot, like that of most great men who have lived far in advance of their time, was to be treated with neglect and obloquy; and his name is now only beginning to emerge from the mists, with which ignorance and prejudice have long enveloped it. But the light having once broken through, the clouds of error which have obscured his character and writings, will be dispersed more and more, till, at length, this great mind will shine forth, not merely as a star of the first magnitude, but as a kind of sun in the future intellectual firmament.

Swedenborg, though a native of Stockholm, and a resident there during the first half of his life, yet spent many years of its latter part in the city of London, and there published some of his most

important works. There, also, he died, in March, 1772, and was buried in the Swedish Chapel, Princes' Square, Ratcliffe Highway.

I had a curiosity to visit the place; and, one day, accompanied by a friend who undertook to guide me through the mazes of London streets, I reached the little quiet square, in the centre of which the chapel stands. It is at the east end, far removed from the busiest parts of the city, and withdrawn even from the bustle of the neighboring highway, forming a recess which the ordinary traveler would pass by quite unobserved: Swedenborg's remains, like the deep truths in his writings, must be searched for, to be found.

The chapel stands, with a certain quiet dignity, in the very centre of the square, which is surrounded on all sides with decent, sober-looking houses. It is a neat brick building, simple in its structure, and without much pretensions to architectural beauty. Yet the ample enclosure in which it stands, with its iron railing and green sward and double row of lime trees (the same species of tree, I observed, that lines the avenue to Shakspeare's tomb at Stratford), sets off the building well, and gives it an air of neatness and even of elegance. The church is surmounted with a small belfry, above which is a lion, crowned, and holding a shield on which are delineated the Swedish arms. The same are also seen on the iron gate. Two trees stand near the outer gate, guarding, as it were, the entrance, and two also at the inner: the latter, as our conductor (an honest-looking Swede) informed us, are about sixty years old, and the building itself is a hundred and sixty,—so

that there is an air of moderate antiquity about the place. Within a second railing, and close around the chapel, are a few plain tomb-stones, recording names, strange to English ears, of native Swedes, who, like Swedenborg, have died in this foreign land.

We entered the chapel. The interior was very plain,—fitted up with pews, and evidently intended but for a small congregation, yet, doubtless, sufficient for the few Swedes that are to be found even in this great city; for the Swedes are not often wanderers from their own land, comparatively cold and sterile as it is. On the left, were a plain pulpit and desk, and not far off was the ambassador's pew, distinguished from the rest by its superior size and elegance. From the centre of the ceiling was suspended an antique brass chandelier, with the date "1770" inscribed upon it. On the wall, upon the left side of the chapel, hangs the Swedish escutcheon, bearing the motto, *Spes Mea in Deo*, "My hope is in God"—a noble national motto. At the east end, over the altar, is a painting of the Lord's Supper, and, above it, a dove with an olive branch in its mouth; and still above that, the emblem of worship—an ascending flame. We were next conducted into the vestry, a neat room, hung round with portraits of former pastors, and one or two engravings of Swedish kings.

As we returned from the vestry, the sacristan, stepping in front of the altar, and setting his foot down firmly on the stone floor, exclaimed, "Underneath here is Swedenborg buried—just about here." Close by, was a stone with an iron ring in it, which

gives entrance to the vaults below, but which was then sealed up, and had not been lifted for many years. None but ministers of the chapel, Swedish ambassadors, and other persons of distinction, are here interred, the ordinary burying-place being on the outside of the building. We felt some inclination to descend into the vaults and look with our own eyes upon the tomb, and, if possible, on the coffin, which held Swedenborg's remains; but the entrance being closed up, our wish could not be gratified.

As I afterwards learned, the remains of Swedenborg were once disturbed by a desecrating hand. It was on an occasion of the vaults being opened for the interment of a Swedish ambassador or consul. One of the attendants at the funeral, a Swedish ship-captain, ventured to open Swedenborg's coffin, and, it is said, actually brought away the skull, concealed in his handkerchief. His object, it appears, was to make gain of it, by having a number of casts taken, and disposing of them to Swedenborg's disciples and admirers. He was disappointed, however, in his object: he did not understand the character of the readers of Swedenborg's writings. He found that they were too spiritual-minded to be worshipers of relics, in any sense; and as to Swedenborg, it was not his *skull* that they were interested in, but his mind,—and that they already possessed in his invaluable writings. From them, therefore, he received no encouragement. As the story continues, the captain, soon after, suddenly died; and the skull, together with the rest of his effects, came into the possession of the Swedish consul. The circumstance,

coming to the ears of a distinguished lady in Sweden, a devoted admirer of Swedenborg's writings,—she, shocked at the desecration, at once earnestly interested herself in getting the skull restored to the place whence it was taken. This was accordingly done, and the remains have since lain undisturbed.

I could have wished there had been some tablet or inscription, to mark the spot where the body of this distinguished man lies. The sight of his name on the stone would call up interesting associations. It would remind us, that in this very place of worship Swedenborg had sat (for here, as one of his biographers informs us, he was in the habit of worshipping, at least occasionally), that his eyes had looked repeatedly on these very objects that were now before us—this altar, this painting of the Lord's Supper, the dove with its olive branch, and the ascending flame. It would, moreover, assist our natural thoughts, to realize, that the "fleshly tabernacle" in which he had dwelt on earth,—the mortal frame in which he had walked during his eighty years' pilgrimage below,—the head which had been his organ of thought—the very hand which had penned those immortal works,—were all now near us, deposited beneath the very stone on which we were standing.

Few pilgrims, indeed, have yet been attracted to this spot, while thousands crowd annually to the tomb of Shakspeare at Stratford, and to the grand mausoleum, in this metropolis, which enshrines the dust of so many renowned poets, philosophers, and warriors—Westminster Abbey. But times are changing; men's views of things are enlarging and

becoming more elevated; the nature of true greatness is becoming better understood. Warriors are held in less consideration; mere intellect is not so worshipped as it once was: men are beginning to feel that there is something greater, nobler, than either skill in action or power of imagination, namely, elevation of soul, true wisdom, moral worth. And as this perception becomes more and more distinct to men's minds,—as the love of, and the search for, true wisdom becomes more earnest and sincere,—men will begin to turn more generally and more inquiringly towards this great light of the eighteenth century—Swedenborg, and will take increasing interest in all that concerns both his writings and himself. It is true indeed, that Swedenborg claimed no honor for the great truths made known to the world through him, ever declaring that they were not his own but the Lord's, and that he was but the mere instrument for their communication. And, in accordance with this view, every sincere receiver of those truths will give God the glory. Still, our love for the truths made known will naturally excite an interest in the human medium through whom they were made known; we shall peruse his biography with earnest attention: and every anecdote and circumstance connected with his course in the world will have an interest for us. Many will feel a curiosity to visit his country, his birth-place and house at Stockholm; and still more, perhaps, will be curious to see the place which his feet have often trod, and where his mortal remains now lie buried,—the little Chapel in Princes' Square, Ratcliffe Highway.

POETS' CORNER.

The poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansions keep.

DENHAM.

As I was strolling through St. James's Park, one afternoon, shortly after my arrival in London, I caught a glimpse, over the trees, of the gray towers of Westminster Abbey. I cannot tell my feelings at the sight: I looked, and turned away, and looked again,—and again withdrew my eyes and fastened them upon the ground, endeavoring to collect my thoughts and calm my feelings, and draw into some kind of order and connection the thousand associations that had been awakened, at beholding with my own eyes that venerable pile, which I had contemplated in thought from my childhood. Ah! Englishmen can never know—they may well envy—the feelings of an educated American, on first beholding the classic spots in the land of his forefathers. Habit and daily use, with those who live near such places, blunt the feelings of interest and veneration; and the Londoner, as he goes to and from his daily business, carelessly brushes by grand old edifices, which, to the eye of the stranger, are almost hallowed. Like the rustic, in our own country, who, as it is said, spent his whole life

within the sound of Niagara Falls, without ever going to see them,—so, probably, there are numbers of even intelligent Englishmen (I met with one or two), born and brought up within the sound of Bow Bells, who have never yet seen the interior of St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey.

As I contemplated, in the distance, those venerable towers, what various images and associations came thronging through my mind! From Edward the Confessor, who, as my boyhood's readings in English history had informed me, was the founder,—down to Addison, in the "Spectator," and, still later, to our own Irving, the charming describer and sketcher of the place,—a thousand recollections, historical, poetical, and literary, rose before my imagination, filling my mind with thoughts and emotions almost painful from their variety and intensity.

I did not visit the Abbey that afternoon,—I had no inclination to go nearer at that time; it was delight enough for one day, to have seen the old towers in the distance. I preferred giving myself up to the pleasing train of thoughts and memories that had been awakened, and feared to have the charm broken by a nearer view.

A few days after, however, I visited the place, and the first point of interest was the famed "Poets' Corner." Fortunately, that corner of the building is first in position, as well as in interest, to the visitor; for here is the ordinary entrance into the Abbey. You enter by a low door,—and at once are in the charmed circle. I found myself surrounded by busts, and statues, and tombs, of poets. Milton, Spenser, Gray, and "rare Ben Jonson," at once are

before you. Above Spenser is Butler, and below Milton is Gray: the busts are set along the wall promiscuously, without much regard to regularity, and with none at all to literary precedence.

On the right, as you advance towards the interior of the building, is the resting-place of the venerable Chaucer, the "morning-star of English poetry." The tomb bears all the marks of age, and time has nearly effaced the inscription. The poet was buried here in the year 1400 (four centuries and a half ago), though this monument, as we learn from the guide-books, was not erected till a century and a half later. The poet's house was hard by, on the spot where Henry the VII.'s chapel now stands; so that with him, literally, it was but a step from his fireside into his grave. No! not into his grave—I correct the expression: this language, that we use so commonly, is in fact heathenish. Immortal man goes not into the grave at all; his old garment, the body, is laid in the grave, but he himself steps rather into the busy world of spirits, and enters on his new and endless life. And there, at this moment, thought I, is this same Chaucer, no longer "old," but rejuvenated, and enjoying the eternal youth of the spirit, and exerting, we may trust, his purified powers amidst the poets of heaven. For, as we read in the accounts of his life, he bitterly repented of the immoral portion of his writings: as old Wood says, "It grieved him much, on his death-bed; for one that lived shortly after his time maketh report, that when he saw death approaching, he did often cry out, 'Woe is me, woe is me, that I cannot recall and annul those things; but, alas! they are

now continued from man to man, and I cannot do what I desire.'” No wonder that he grieved! What can be more painful to a writer possessed of any conscience and any regard for the welfare of his fellow-men, than the thought, in his last hours, that he had put into circulation irrevocable words of error or of evil, which would go on spreading their baneful influence among men, for years or ages after he himself had departed from the world! The poet Campbell congratulated himself that his writings had, at least, been all of a good moral tendency; and of Thomson, as Johnson has remarked, it was the “highest praise,” that his works contained

“No line which, dying, he would wish to blot.”

But to return. A little beyond Chaucer's tomb stands the bust of Dryden, on a pedestal, in a very prominent position. And on turning the angle of the wall to the left, you come amongst a crowd of celebrities. The first that caught my eye was a bust of Southey,—the marble having a singularly new and white appearance,—which, standing as it did amongst so many time-discolored monuments of comparatively ancient and hallowed names, had somewhat the air of an intruder. However, though not a poet of the highest order, Southey deserves a place in Poets' Corner: many, inferior to him, have long held there an undisputed post. Opposite to Southey, was a niche said to be intended for Wordsworth, though that writer was at the time still living. He has since passed to his place in a higher sphere, and his monument has, I believe, been erected in the place reserved for it.

The bust of Thomson next met my view—the charming poet of the Seasons. Thomson's writings have the good fortune to be based on the firm foundation of nature, and will therefore, I believe, endure longer than others of much greater present celebrity. The lofty hymn, which so nobly crowns his poem of the "Seasons," would alone suffice to keep his memory alive, so instinct is it with truth, beauty, and devotion.

A little farther to the left, stands the monument of Goldsmith. Poor "Goldy!" His friend Johnson should be by his side, but I looked round for him in vain. As Johnson and Goldsmith, it is related, were once visiting Poets' Corner in company, the former, in a spirit of quiet complacency and perhaps just consciousness of merit, uttered the line,

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis;

"Our names, too, will perhaps find a place here." The prophecy has not, however, been strictly verified. The remains of Johnson were interred, indeed, in the Abbey, but his monument is in St. Paul's. Nor, perhaps, great as his genius was, does he properly deserve a place among the poets, for the little poetry he did attempt is forgotten or at least unread. But, as a general thinker, and an admirable utterer of clear and solid thoughts, and, above all, as a pious moralist, a firm supporter of religion and virtue in a sensual and infidel age, the name of Johnson must ever stand among the foremost in his country's literature. With all his faults, I revere and love the memory of Johnson.

Next, is a statue of Addison, with his delicate

features and refined expression. Hard by, is the famed statue of Shakspeare; and not far off, is his great representer, Garrick, standing between Tragedy and Comedy. Great as that actor's talents were in his own line, he hardly deserves a place among poets. Byron is not here: his statue is understood to have been refused a place by the curators of the Abbey;—and I cannot but think justly, though by some they have been charged with bigotry for this course. Westminster Abbey is not merely a literary museum, but a place of worship. Nothing ought to find admittance here, which tends to excite in the minds of beholders ideas opposed to religion and morality. Could a statue of Byron call up any other ideas? Is he not the most prominent instance in modern times, or, at any rate, in the modern literature of England, of great talents scandalously abused, of genius prostituted, of a life almost entirely given up to the miserable indulgence of combined angry and sensual passions? I am quite ready to admit all the reasonable excuses which might be offered in palliation of Byron's unhappy course,—his bad father, his passionate and injudicious mother, the injurious influences and tendencies of aristocratic rank, and other considerations of a similar kind: these do in some measure palliate, though they can never justify, the conduct of Byron. But however much these considerations may dispose us to excuse him, do they afford any ground for holding him up as a model, for setting him prominently before the youth of his country and before the world, as an object worthy of study, admiration, and imitation? Yet to place his bust or statue in Westminster

Abbey would be to do all this. "Poets' Corner" is visited yearly by thousands of England's choicest young minds, and by strangers from all parts of the world. The monuments they are there invited to look upon are impliedly memorials of worth, of moral excellence, as well as of intellectual greatness,—or at least of talents innocently employed; they are understood to be mementos of such as have been an honor to their species,—of such as are, in some manner and degree, worthy both to be admired and imitated. Will Byron bear any of these tests? can he justly be accounted an honor to humanity? was his a character worthy of admiration and imitation? or are his works such as may wisely be recommended for perusal and study? On the contrary, to a justly thinking mind, Byron appears, in some sense, a disgrace rather than an honor to his species, because he stands forth as an instance of great gifts misapplied. All the honor of those gifts belongs not to him, but to the Divine Giver: all the disgrace of their misuse and abuse belongs to him, the receiver. A man's original faculties or powers are not his own: they are none of his making: he deserves, justly speaking, no particle of credit for the possession of them: all the glory belongs to the Divine Creator and endower of those faculties. Men are too apt to forget this, but it is not the less true. Praise, if any, is due to man only for the good use he makes of the gifts he has received;—and even this the just-minded man will render to Him without whose aid we "can do nothing." But what was Byron's use of his gifts? His influence upon the world has been scarcely other than injurious.

Who was ever made truly wiser or better by his writings? What wise father would recommend them to his son or daughter? Byron, if his existence has served any use at all in the world, stands forth rather as a blazing beacon of warning, than as a light for our guidance, or a spectacle for our admiration. Under this view, I conceive that the refusal of the dean and chapter of Westminster Abbey to admit a statue of Byron, is to be considered not an act of bigotry but of manifest duty.

Since my visit, the statue of one of the truest and finest of England's poets has been placed in the Abbey, that, namely, of Thomas Campbell. Whether as a moral or as a patriotic poet, Campbell deserves the respect and love of his countrymen, and richly merits a place in this national mausoleum. As stirring national lyrics, no other British writer has approached his "Battle of the Baltic" and "Mariners of England;" those two pieces have done more, probably, to spread his country's naval name, than any other compositions in her literature. As an unexceptionably moral writer, too, Campbell deserves all praise; and, as already mentioned, this thought was a great source of comfort to him in his declining years. "I believe, when I am gone," said he, "justice will be done me in this way,—that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue." Campbell's spirit of literary ambition, too,—that longing for distinction, which is, perhaps, excusable in youthful genius, and which is termed by Milton

"The last infirmity of noble minds,"

was greatly chastened in his latter years. At the age of sixty-one, speaking, on one occasion, of his feelings while writing his poems, he remarked that, "when he wrote his 'Pleasures of Hope,' fame was everything in the world to him ; if any one had foretold to him *then* how indifferent he would be *now* to fame and public opinion, he would have scouted the idea." "As to his posthumous fame," he said, "he hoped he really did feel that he left it, as well as all else about himself, to the mercy of God." Referring, on another occasion to the real insignificance of posthumous fame, "When I think," he said, "of the existence which shall commence when the stone is laid above my head,—when I think of the momentous realities of that time, and of the awfulness of the account I shall have to give of myself, how *can* literary fame appear to me but as—nothing? Who will think of it then? If, at death, we enter on a new state of eternity, of what interest, beyond this present life, can a man's literary fame be to him? Of none—when he thinks most solemnly about it."*

No, truly! in view of man's eternal interests,—literary, military, or any other fame, posthumous or present, is of little more account than a meteor's gleam across the sky at night ; nor is it much more effectual than that, either to cheer the mind or warm the heart. As to the value of present fame,—look at Byron (of whom we just now spoke)! Who had more of it in his hour than he? Did it render his soul any the less desolate? In the brightest sunshine of public favor, he stood like an oak scathed

* *Reminiscences of the Poet, by Members of his Family.*

by the lightning, bare and blasted still. The heart was rent ; he wanted that peace of soul and purity of mind, which alone can give happiness. The unknown boor of a country wild, doing his day's work with an honest heart, was happier than he.

As to posthumous fame, as Campbell well asked, What is its worth ? It is of no more value to its possessor than the bones and dust he has left behind him. If on earth he was a bad man, and is now an evil spirit, he knows nothing of his fame : if a good man and an angel, he does not wish to know. Look round upon these busts and statues in the "Poets' Corner,"—Shakspeare, Milton, Addison ! Those departed spirits no more hear this world's praises than the lifeless stone. Then, of what value is it to them ? What enjoyment does it bring to them ? Nor, as just remarked,—if good, have they any need of or wish for such selfish gratification. Their delight now, like that of their Divine Master, is not to be ministered unto but to minister ; their joy, like that of their fellow-angels, is to pour out blessing, not to ask it from others ; their earthly fame is eclipsed and forgotten amid the glories of heaven.

ST. PAUL'S.

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
Looking tranquillity!

CONGREVE.

It was a frequent exclamation of Nelson's, on going into battle, "Now for victory or Westminster Abbey!" He often won the former, but did not, after all, attain the latter object of his ambition—a place in Westminster Abbey. He did, however, reach a mausoleum, perhaps still prouder. His remains were laid in the crypt of St. Paul's, under the very centre of the dome. And there they lay for nearly half-a-century in solitary grandeur, till, a short time since, the body of the Duke of Wellington was laid by his side. Thus England's greatest naval and military commanders lie together in the centre of the great national cathedral.

Great, however, as these commanders were, as men of action, yet the moral character of one of them, at least, was in one point grossly defective; and that of the other, though respectable, not lofty. Yet they, perhaps, justly represent the general character of England's public policy, vigorous, energetic, but not distinguished by high moral aims. In the long

course of her political and military career, she has no Washington to show,—no great public character combining in himself at once the patriot, the hero, and the Christian statesman. How superior was that great man in the lofty elements of his complete character to those two men of mere action, whose remains repose beneath the dome of St. Paul's! Some such reflections as these passed through my mind, as I stood in the centre of the cathedral, and remembered whose tombs were in the crypt beneath.

As I stood meditating, I was struck with the roaring sound from the outer world, which came in through the open south door. It was, in a small way, like the sound of Niagara. If any one wishes to hear the rush of the stream of human life, let him stand in the silent area of St. Paul's at mid-day, and listen.

I admire exceedingly this noble edifice. To my eye, its exterior is finer than that of St. Peter's at Rome: the front of the latter is disfigured by the Attic story. I took great delight, day after day, in walking round and round it, viewing it from all points, and contemplating its vast yet symmetric proportions. I say, "viewing it from all points,"—I should rather have said, "looking up at it on all sides," for there are no distant points to view it from, it is so hemmed in by houses; one must just stand beneath and look up. But the associations connected with it give it its greatest charm. While roving over the fields at Hornsey, five miles out of town, how often, in the still summer noon, would I stand and contemplate the blue dome of St. Paul's, rising majestically in the distance. There it had stood for nearly a century and a-half, calm and grand amid

the surrounding bustle of the great capital. Addison had looked upon it, and written his "Spectators," perhaps, within sight of it; Johnson had beheld it daily, as he emerged from Bolt Court, and walked to the booksellers' haunts in Paternoster Row, or "St. Paul's Churchyard;" poor Cowper had often, perhaps, stood and contemplated it in a melancholy mood: and Goldsmith had walked beneath its shadow. How richly do such associations cluster round these venerable piles!

The spot on which St. Paul's stands, has from time immemorial been consecrated ground. At or near this spot—say the books—stood, in the time of the Romans, a temple to Diana. The first Christian edifice was erected here by the Saxon king, Ethelbert, so early as the year 610. After being adorned and enlarged by various monarchs, it was consumed by fire in the reign of William the Conqueror. In its place arose a still grander edifice, which, after standing 200 years, had its steeple struck and fired by lightning; and in the great fire of London, in 1666, the whole was burned to the ground. Nine years after, namely on the twenty-first day of June, 1675, was laid the first stone of the present magnificent structure. Thirty-five years were occupied in its erection, and, what is remarkable, it was begun and completed under one architect, one master-builder, and one bishop of London. The building was finished in 1710, in the reign of Queen Anne, and there it has since stood, the pride of the capital, and one of the chief architectural glories of England.

This is the way in which great edifices, and great

works of every kind, arise, slowly and carefully, and then they stand enduringly. The French have a proverb, *Le temps n' épargne pas ce qu' on fait sans lui.* "Time spares no works performed without his aid." In our own young country, everything has been done—as was at first, perhaps, natural and necessary—hastily and impatiently, and therefore, not lastingly. This has been too much the case with our works both of matter and of mind. Our writers have dashed off their thoughts in scraps ; our poetry is nearly all "fugitive." And in like manner, our material edifices have been hastily raised, and in a few years have fallen or given place to others. But it is pleasant to see a more solid and substantial order of things now commencing with us. Our writers are beginning to employ themselves on thorough and laborious works, such as require time and patience. Prescott spends ten years on his histories ; Bancroft has been carrying on his great national work for more than twenty ; Ticknor gave thirty years to his "Spanish Literature," producing a work of which his country has reason to be proud ; and our great lexicographer, Webster, devoted a still longer time to his Dictionary of the English Language. So, also, with material works. Girard College, the gem of American architecture,—a structure, with which indeed, in its own style, modern Europe has perhaps nothing to compare—occupied some fifteen or twenty years in building. The Capitol at Washington, too, was slowly and laboriously raised, and is an edifice worthy of the nation. The far famed Bunker Hill Monument was seventeen years in building. And the grand national monument now erecting to the

memory of Washington, which, when completed, will be the loftiest structure in the world, will probably occupy a still longer period.* This is as it should be. To an American traveling in Europe, meeting distinguished authors and artists, and contemplating the noble edifices that on every hand meet his eye,—it is a satisfaction to reflect that his own country, also, has now great works to show in literature, architecture, and art.

But to return. The exterior of St. Paul's, as I have remarked, is admirable. The interior, however, though grand and spacious, is felt by all visitors to be cold and unsatisfying. It seems to be large, just for the end of being large, and to no useful purpose. The vast empty spaces have a forlorn and desolate look. The truth is, St. Paul's was built a little too late in the world's day. Among Protestants, vast church-edifices can serve no useful purpose ; nothing

* This will be a unique structure, as Washington's was indeed a unique character. It will be an enduring testimonial of the whole world's regard for, and appreciation of, lofty goodness and greatness in a public man. Stones, inscribed with suitable devices, have been contributed to this monument, from all parts, not only of America, but of Europe,—from Switzerland, Sweden, Italy, Greece ; even the Pope has sought to express in this manner his reverence for the memory of our great countryman. The stone sent from Greece,—which is no less than a marble from the venerable Parthenon—bears the following remarkable inscription : “ To George Washington, the heroic general, the high-minded citizen, the founder of modern freedom,—the land of Solon, Themistocles, and Pericles, the birth-place of ancient freedom, dedicates this old marble, as a sign of reverence and admiration.” This monument will be in form a grand obeliak, eighty-one feet square at the base, and rising to the height of 500 feet. Its erection is already far advanced.

can be made of them. We use churches simply to preach in ; and vast buildings are unfit for this purpose. The grand cathedrals of the Continent, as also of England in the olden time, were intended not for preaching in, but for the display of the pompous Romish ceremonial, and to this purpose they were well adapted ; sight can reach much farther than hearing. The thousands that assemble in St. Peter's can all be gratified (and, as no doubt it seems to themselves, edified), with the sight of the ceremonies performed at the grand altar. Then, too, among the Catholics, churches are regarded as the proper places for the performance of private devotions. Hence, at all hours in the day, and every day in the week, a few and sometimes many may be found kneeling in the recesses and little chapels attached to these vast edifices, repeating in a devout manner their pater-noster and other prayers ; which sight, in fact, adds not a little to the solemnity of those places. But this is not the purpose of Protestant churches ; they are intended solely for the meeting together of religious assemblies to unite in public worship and to listen to preaching. Thus the uses of the Romish and Protestant churches are different, and consequently, their plan and structure should differ.

As St. Paul's, however, was intended to be the great national cathedral, it was thought necessary, I suppose, for the honor of the country, that it should be of vast size ; hence the great empty spaces before described. The east end of the building—the choir—is set apart for the purposes of public worship. Over the rest are scattered monuments of distinguished individuals, among which those of

Johnson and Howard are conspicuous. Above the entrance to the choir is an inscription in Latin to the architect of the edifice, Sir Christopher Wren. The closing words are well expressed: "If you ask for his monument," says the inscription, "*circumspice*," "look round you:"—the building itself is his monument.

On the afternoon of my visit,—after listening to the "Whispering Gallery," ascending to the "Golden Gallery," and getting such a view of London as the fog would permit, and then climbing up into the very ball (a "glory," which when a child beyond the Atlantic, I had often looked forward to), I descended, and occupied myself with inspecting the various monuments, and dwelling upon the pleasing associations which they called up, till it was nearly dark. The twilight among those high arches and long aisles of St. Paul's was solemn, and the shadowy outlines of the silent monuments around me excited a feeling of awe.

On going out, I found that the lamps were lighted in the streets. The moon, too, was shining; and as I came in sight of Blackfriars' bridge, with its double arch of lamps, I felt a strong desire to turn down to it. I did so, and stood on the bridge a long time, enjoying the view of the moonlight on the river. Here, thought I, am I actually looking on the waters of old father Thames,—I, who, when a child, heard and read so much about this famous stream. As the associations of the place gathered thick and fast around my mind—while the lights on the opposite side gleamed on the waters, mingled with the rays of the moon,—and here and there,

above, a star twinkled through the mist,—and on the left, the dome of old St. Paul's rose majestically into the evening sky,—while, just over my head, my favourite constellation, Cassiopœia, dimly appeared in the quiet heavens :—as I gazed on this scene, I felt deeply moved. The sight of the peaceful stars always delights me, but particularly when standing at the same time amidst interesting earthly scenes. The memories of childhood, historic recollections, the glories of Old England, her kings and her poets,—and, coming in between, recollections of my native land beyond the sea,—all these thronged in upon my mind as I stood there, till tears came to my eyes.

NOBILITY.

Who noble is, may laugh to scorn
The man that is but nobly BORN.

BOWRING'S "GERMAN EPIGRAMS."

To an American, visiting England for the first time, there is one object of curiosity, which is perhaps, for the moment, as strongly attractive to his fancy as any which the country possesses,—namely, the sight of a British nobleman. He has read, in English history and English novels, about dukes and earls, barons and baronets, and his childhood's imagination has pictured the possessors of these high-sounding titles, as a kind of superhuman personages. In his own country, there are only *men*; and, though man is declared to be created in the image of God, and in sober thought, therefore, he knows there can be nothing higher or nobler on earth than a *man*—yet he has an undefined idea that these great names must mean great things, and entertains a vague expectation that, in seeing a "lord," he shall behold, not exactly a man, but some sort of elegant monster.

Accordingly, my curiosity was not a little aroused, when, as I was standing in the hall of the Adelphi hotel, a day or two after my arrival in Liverpool, I was informed that the Duke of — had just

alighted from his carriage, and was entering. I looked with some eagerness towards the door, and beheld a tall, and rather elderly, person, of gentlemanly bearing, ascending the steps, followed by a young man, equally tall, and a little dashing in his appearance, who, I was told, was the Duke's son, Lord ——. The Duke wore a rose in his button-hole, and his son had upon his head a light traveling cap: they had just returned from a yachting excursion. As I looked after them ascending the stairs, I drew a long breath, and exclaimed to myself, "Really—these are exceedingly like other people:—is that all?"

I began to philosophize. And these are some of the grand personages, of whom I have heard and read so much! This is "your Grace," and that "your Lordship." Sure enough, distance *does* "lend enchantment to the view." Now, an American is accustomed to question everything—that is, everything of a public-social and political character,—and to demand a reason for its existence; to require a reason, though, unlike Falstaff, it have to give it "on compulsion." These then, said I to myself, are the hereditary lords of England: by what right are they such? that is the question. These assume to be the heads and leaders of society; on what just ground is this assumption? These few individuals set themselves up above the great mass of Englishmen, and claim peculiar privileges over the millions of their fellow-countrymen, as intelligent, as moral, as religious, in every way as excellent, as themselves. What is the meaning of all this?

I set about an analysis of the matter. I began with "duke." What is a duke? The term is derived from the Latin *dux*, "a leader." Dukes, I found, were originally military leaders or commanders, and, as among the ancient Germans, were appointed for their valor (*duces ex virtute*, says Tacitus). The same title was given to the officers who were set over provinces or districts, to regulate the military affairs; while Counts (*comites*, that is, companions or followers of the prince), were those who had charge of the administration of justice and other civil concerns. The term Marquis is derived from *march*, a boundary (as the "Welsh marches," boundaries between England and Wales). A marquis, originally, was an officer appointed to look after and guard the boundaries or frontiers of the kingdom. An Earl (a Danish word) was originally the governor of a shire, and hence was called *shire-man*: the office answered to that of Count on the Continent, and hence a shire is also called a *county*. A Viscount (*vice-comes*) was the lieutenant of a Count or Earl, and held an office answering nearly to that of sheriff. A Baron signifies, etymologically, simply a *man* (being derived from the Latin *vir*). In the feudal system of the middle ages, at first the immediate tenant of any superior was called his "baron:" in old records, the citizens of London are so styled; and the members of the House of Commons, elected by the Cinque-Ports, are still sometimes called "barons." The name was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, and was used to signify an immediate vassal of the crown.

From this account it will be seen, that these five

names, which are now called titles of nobility, were,—with the exception of the last—originally, the titles of officers military and civil, just as Field-marshal, Governor, and Sheriff are. These offices were not hereditary, but were held at the will of the prince. Gradually, they began to be continued in the same families. In times of trouble and confusion, for instance, as in the kingdoms and empires of the Continent, the dukes and marquises, or military governors of distant and frontier districts, took advantage of the difficulties and weakness of the prince, to hold fast the possession of their offices, and retain them in their own families. So, in England, the *ældormen* (eldermen)—afterwards called “earls”—were, among the Saxons, simply governors of the shires or counties. In time, these offices, also, began to be kept in families, and thus gradually became hereditary. At length, the office itself was abolished, but the families still kept the empty title. Such was the origin of ranks.

In England, for a long time, there were no other titles than earls and barons, till the reign of Edward III. (1327–77), who introduced from the Continent the title of *duke*, making his eldest son Duke of Cornwall, and his younger sons Dukes of Clarence and Lancaster, respectively. This example was followed by Richard II., who created his uncles Dukes of York and of Gloucester. This title was bestowed also on some others besides members of the royal family; but, during the long wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, it became nearly extinct, and was first revived, in modern times, in favor of that worthless favorite of James I. and

Charles I.,—Villiers, who was created Duke of Buckingham. The title of *marquis* also was first conferred by Richard II. on his favorite, Robert Vere. The title of *viscount* was introduced during the reign of Henry VI. The title of *baronet* (that is, little baron), was instituted by James I. in 1611, as a means of raising money. He granted to one hundred persons the right of prefixing *Sir* to their names on the payment of one thousand pounds each. This title has since been conferred on a great many, and is therefore held comparatively cheap, there being now between eight and nine hundred baronets. Still cheaper is the rank of *knight*, which also confers the title of "Sir," but is not hereditary. This distinction is quickly bestowed: it is but a stroke on the shoulder with a sword, and at once Mr. John Smith, manufacturer, rises up Sir John Smith, *knight*.

These different titles of nobility have been conferred, in modern times, on numerous individuals; for this kind of "creation" is an easy process, and is done at pleasure by the king or his ministers. In the reign of George III., there were created, we learn, 2 dukes, 16 marquises, 47 earls, 17 viscounts, and 106 barons. In the reign of queen Anne there was created a "batch," as it is termed, of no less than twelve of these "peers" in one day; and a similar creation was threatened at the time of the Reform bill in 1832, in order to compel the House of Lords to withdraw their opposition to that measure.

This easy method of making great people has been exemplified, in a striking manner, within a few years past, in the newly erected empire of Hayti or St. Domingo. Faustin I., the negro Emperor,

on being elevated to his new dignity, felt the importance of surrounding himself with a suitable court and circle of nobles. He therefore proceeded to institute five orders of nobility—the same number as in England—namely, princes, dukes, counts, barons, and knights, to which number was added the female title of marchioness. The first ordinance decreed the creation of 4 princes and 57 dukes. The princes are called “Most Serene Highness,” and also “Lord.” The dukes have the title of “His Grace,” with the name of some locality attached. Some of the ducal titles are remarkable, as for instance, the “Duke of Marmalade,” the “Duke of the Table,” “Duke of Lemonade,” “Duke of Frose-Bonbon.” A second ordinance created at once 91 counts. These have the title of “Excellency.” All the counts are commanders of the “Order of St. Faustin,” and officers of the “Legion of Honor.” More prodigal of his favors, as he descends in the scale of aristocracy, the emperor has created an innumerable mass of barons and knights. Amongst his household figure a grand almoner, a grand master of the pantry, a grand marshal of the palace, a quartermaster, gentlemen of honor, governors of the royal palaces and castles, pages, masters of ceremonies, librarians, and heralds-at-arms. The Empress Adelina has likewise her household, which is composed of a grand almoner, two ladies of honor, two tire-women, fifty-six ladies of the palace, twenty-two ladies of the chapel (all duchesses, countesses, baronesses, ladies of knights or marchionesses), chamberlains, grooms, pages. The costume of the nobility has been regulated with particular care.

The princes, dukes, and counts, must wear white tunics, the barons red coats, and knights blue coats. They are, moreover, distinguished by the number of plumes in their hats. The princes have nine, the dukes seven, the counts five, the barons three, and the knights two. An ordinance decrees in minute terms the etiquette of the court. The gentlemen must appear in uniform; the ladies in full dress. "The nobles guard their swords," the ordinance says, "as their finest ornament!"*

Now, is not this description of the negro nobility of the Court of Hayti, enough to make the whole thing ridiculous, and to show the intrinsic absurdity of these empty titles and artificial ranks? In Britain, indeed, time and custom have made these things seem more venerable, but in reality they have no more solidity or value. What is the difference between a Duke of Buckingham created by James I., and a Duke of Lemonade created by Faustin I.? None whatever, except that the latter was probably the better man of the two,—for, certainly there could hardly be a more unprincipled one than Villiers. The aristocracy of England have been created precisely in the same way as the black nobility of Hayti, only more gradually. In both cases it is but a mandate from the Sovereign that does it; it is but a word spoken from the royal lips—and at once common men start into grandees,—ordinary mortals become marquises and dukes, and then lord it over their fellow-men, as if they were superior beings. And this fantastic transformation is called

* Account of Faustin I., in "Men of the Time."

creation—as if something were actually produced,—when in reality it is nothing but a change of name, *vox et præterea nihil*. God creates only *men*, but a king can create dukes, marquises, and earls.

The independent mind of Burns long ago saw through this thin veil of nobility, and declared, in his pithy manner, that

“The rank is but the guinea stamp—
The man’s the gowd for a’ that.”

This is true enough ; and the verse is quite applicable, where there is *gold* as well as *stamp*, where there is real excellence joined to the rank. The guinea passes current in society, because it has intrinsic value : the stamp is of no other use than as declaring by authority the real worth of the coin. But suppose pieces of tin or other base metal, stamped with the sovereign’s head and the name “A Guinea,” were sent forth among the people,—would they be received as guineas? would they pass current? I think not—at least among Englishmen, or any other free men, they would be rejected as spurious. Now, just such pieces of coin are these nominal nobles, this artificial aristocracy. They are, indeed, not all of base metal ; they are of all sorts of values, from the lowest to the highest, from tin to gold. But the wrong is, that you are obliged to take them all at the same worth ; the law of the land requires them to pass current ; there is the stamp—the title, and you are to ask no questions. A lord is a lord, and a duke is a duke, be he good or bad, wise or foolish ; and society must receive him as such, pay him respect and yield him precedence.

Now this is an outrage upon common sense ; and it is wonderful to me that Englishmen have been so long willing to bear it. But great, in truth, is the power of custom, and this seems the only explanation of it. Yet the effect of this state of things on English society, on the comforts and happiness of the English people, has been and continues to be injurious beyond calculation. This notion of artificial rank infects the whole atmosphere of English society from highest to lowest. The lords look down upon commoners, and the "gentry" look down upon merchants, artificers, and others engaged in useful employments. A false standard of dignity is established. It is the mark of a *gentleman*, it is thought, to do nothing,—to live in idleness on one's means. Hence, to rise to this condition of independence and uselessness, is a great object of an Englishman's ambition. Statistics show that there are, scattered through the country, upwards of 35,000 of these "gentlemen," so called,—these drones in the busy hive of English industry. And many who cannot afford to live in this manner at home, but yet are possessed of some little means, go to the continent where living is cheaper, and there set up gentility,—preferring rather to sacrifice home than rank. Hence you find English families of this class scattered all over the continent, in France, Germany, and Italy. Now what a loss is this to the country ! And this is all the result of false notions of rank and gentility, engendered by the example of an idle aristocracy.*

* *Punch* has well defined aristocracy. "An aristocrat," he says, "is one whose family has subsisted, for several generations, on the labour of other people. The spirit of aristocracy," he con-

Another still more debasing effect is seen in the disposition to put mind below matter, realities below empty names, God's nobility below man's. Witness Walter Scott, a nobleman of God's creation—so far, at least, as intellect was concerned—crouching before these nominal nobles, and thinking it a high honor to be noticed by a duke, even though that duke were a poor, weak-minded man. Is not this placing God's nobility below man's—real things below empty names? Hear him, too, undervaluing his own great works, and declaring that the compositions he was most proud of were his "compositions" (composts) of manure for his grounds. What a miserable affectation! Or, if it was not affectation (and affectation, certainly, was not one of Scott's weaknesses), so much the worse—it was putting mind below matter. Witness the same individual—in other respects, so sensible a man—laboring so anxiously to found a family—to leave to his children an estate and an aristocratic title, as if any lordly name were half so noble as that of a *man of genius*! "I can make," said Charles V., "a hundred Spanish grandees in a minute, but I cannot make one Guicciardini in a hundred years." This is just the truth; and does it not show the infinite superiority of one man of genius over all the dukes and earls in the land? And yet these titled personages

tinues, "is a sense of superiority to the industrious classes, expressed in the conduct and bearing. The aristocratic body consists of persons who sympathize with and encourage one another in this feeling and deportment. They regard the bulk of the nation with contempt as a race of shopkeepers; and the bulk of the nation accepts the contempt, and repays it with adulation."

presume to look down upon an Englishman of genius, and think him their inferior; and he in return is too apt to degrade himself and his intellect, by looking up to them and being proud of their notice. So powerful is custom,—especially when, as in Britain, it is sanctioned by law, which places the nominal nobles above the real ones.*

I have sometimes thought that those who were behind the curtain, and who have the creating of this nobility—for, in reality, it is not the king who does it, but his ministers—must laugh in their sleeve at the value set upon these empty titles, and the eagerness with which they are received. What an easy method they must think this to be of rewarding great efforts and sacrifices, made in the public service, or labors for the good and enlightenment of mankind. A man of science, for instance, spends half his life in toilsome researches, and effects, per-

* It is not surprising that Walter Scott should pay such homage to rank, when a mind like that of Dr. Chalmers could be thrown off its balance by its mere presence. In 1822, when George IV. visited Scotland, Chalmers hastened to Leith, to witness his arrival. "The burst of enthusiasm," said one, who was standing at the moment by his side, "with which he hailed his sovereign's approach, was tremendous. 'Well done, honest fellow! God bless him! Is not monarchy,' he added, turning round to me, 'congenial to our nature?'" (See Hanna's *Life of Chalmers*, vol. iii., chap. 31.) Shame that an independent, and, what is more, a Christian, mind, like that of Dr. Chalmers, should be so blinded by the glitter of royalty! "Honest fellow," forsooth! George IV.! one of the most heartless and unprincipled men the country has produced! Monarchy may be congenial to our fallen nature, but not to man's original or to his regenerate nature. That pays homage to God alone, not to a mortal like ourselves: it looks at character only, not at titles or display.

haps, some important discovery: lo! he is forthwith rewarded by a stroke on the shoulder with the royal sword, and made a knight! The great Isaac Newton becomes Sir Isaac Newton. How distinguished an honor, this, and how suitable to a man of letters! It is pleasing, however, to observe that, of late, several men of distinction have had the good sense to refuse this ridiculous title, which, coming down from the age of chivalry, is so little suited to these "piping times of peace," and still less to a man of peace.

Again, a Nelson fights bravely the battles of his country, toils through years of arduous duty, undergoes sufferings, privations, anxieties, wounds—and behold the reward! from plain Captain Nelson, he is made *Sir* Horatio Nelson. Glorious distinction! How signal an advancement! What a reward for arduous labors! Again, he gains the great victory of the Nile: and now he is made a *lord*! ay, a lord! What kind of a lord to make him, there is some discussion among ministers and in parliament:* the matter is too serious to be lightly dealt with. However, the conclusion is, to put him on the lowest round of the ladder—to make him only a baron—probably as an incitement to perform more labors and rise to still loftier dignities. Now, therefore, he is "Baron Nelson of the Nile!" In a few years he gains another great victory—the battle of Copenhagen. What reward shall be given him now? Up he is lifted one step in the lordly ladder, and made a *viscount*! But now, at length,

* See Southey's "Life of Nelson."

he wins the great battle of Trafalgar, and dies in the arms of victory. What shall a grateful nation do for him? The ministry make his *brother* an earl. Now, mark the absurd consequence. This person, who was before an ordinary man, plain Mr. Nelson, is made a lord, an earl, a grandee of the realm, and all his majesty's subjects must pay him and his descendants honor accordingly:—why? not on account of any excellences of his own, but simply for being the *relative* of a great man. Is not this truly an empty title? And is any honor really added to the great Nelson, in this way? No! His name could receive no additional dignity from the empty titles of lord, viscount, or earl. It is NELSON, and not *Viscount* Nelson, or *Earl* Nelson that remains engraved on the hearts of the British people.

It is a curious anomaly in the British constitution, that one, who is himself but a commoner, may yet have in his power the conferring of peerages on others. Thus Mr. Pitt, who for so many years held in his hands the reins of British government, and who created numerous barons, earls, and marquises, chose still to remain, himself, plain Mr. Pitt. He was one of the few Englishmen in public life, who appeared to have recognized the superiority of real to nominal dignity, and to have felt that intellectual power and moral worth constitute the only true nobility. It is probable, however, that his views were not so lofty as this, but that he felt a certain pride in being, though untitled, above all the titles in the land. Perhaps, also, being behind the scenes, and having the moving of the wires, he saw how hollow was this aristocratic show, and

how intrinsically weak a thing was this parchment nobility. He could not set much value on such titles, when he considered that, like Charles V., he could "create a hundred of them in a minute," if occasion called for it. A similar superiority to these nominal dignities appears to have been manifested by the late Sir Robert Peel, in the request which he is understood to have left, that no titles or other rewards might be conferred upon his heirs, on account of his own public services.

It may be argued, indeed, that nobility in England is, in one respect, not the mere possession of a title, but that it carries with it a degree of political power, and constitutes the possessor one of the rulers of England. That is true enough; and it is, for the country, a sad truth. In fact, the aristocracy have ruled England, it may be said, with almost absolute sway, for the last two centuries, and, indeed, ever since the kings ceased to be despotic. The "glorious revolution," as it is termed, of 1688 (like the *Magna Charta* itself, extorted by the barons from King John), effected, in fact, little more than a transfer of power from the king to the nobility; for it cannot with truth be said that the people of England have ever been their own masters. The government of Great Britain, in fact, is practically neither a republic nor a monarchy, but an *oligarchy*, that is, the government of *a few*.* As to the people, they have never been, in any fair degree, represented

* "It requires," says the Times, "not only to be an Englishman, but an English politician, well versed in the secrets of government, to know, that, save at extraordinary times, this country is ruled by half a dozen great families."

in parliament, nor have had any just share in the government. As to the sovereign, the maxim is, that he "can do no wrong,"—and this for the plain reason that he cannot do anything either right or wrong. His hands are tied, and he can act only through his ministers. Now, these ministers are, almost invariably, members of the aristocratic body (for Mr. Pitt, though himself untitled, was yet the son and brother of an earl, and altogether under aristocratic influence). Then, moreover, the aristocracy constitute one of the two houses of parliament, and they have a predominant influence in the other; so that, in fact, they have all the powers of government in their own hands. Yes! these five or six hundred titled individuals, have long been, it may be said, absolute masters of the millions who constitute the British nation.

The effects of this condition of things have been felt heavily enough by the English people. Look at the enormous debt—eight hundred millions sterling (between three and four thousand millions of dollars!)—saddled upon them by this aristocratic rule! and of which they must continue to pay the interest, by means of oppressive taxes, for generations to come,—for there seems no prospect of relief. This monstrous debt is the fruit chiefly, of the long wars engendered by aristocratic opposition to popular liberty, whether on the continent of Europe or in America. The first stage in this political game—such a losing one to England—was the American war of 1775, in which Lord North and his colleagues, and the parliament under their influence, undertook to exercise despotic power over

their fellow-subjects in the American Colonies. The result was, that after an eight years' war, Great Britain, besides an enormous expenditure of money and inglorious defeats, lost for ever what the Earl of Chatham termed "the brightest jewel in the British crown," her American possessions. Then followed the long war with France, commencing with the French revolution of 1789. It is now generally acknowledged, that Great Britain had properly no concern whatever with that matter, having relation, as it did, solely to the internal affairs of France. But the king and aristocracy, fearing that their own positions would be endangered by the example of French popular liberty, entered upon that twenty years' war, in which, besides the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of lives, was incurred the greater part of that immense debt, which lies like an incubus on the energies of the British people. With what reckless extravagance did the ministry and parliament squander away the nation's money!—in addition to the ordinary expenses of war, subsidizing the Continental Powers with such immense sums, to make them fight their own battles. No wonder the aristocracy were ready to give away, so freely, money that did not come out of their own treasures, but out of the pockets of the people, whom they taxed at pleasure. And does it not show the cowed spirit of the nation—that they submitted so patiently to this burthen of aristocratic taxation?

Look, next, at the outrageous practice of sea-men impressment! Where was the boasted British liberty, when such a violation of private rights was

so long tolerated? English writers deplore the despotism of continental countries, but where was there ever worse despotism than this? A whole class of British subjects, and that a very large and most useful class, was in a manner proscribed, doomed;—without a crime, they were scarcely in a better condition than galley-slaves. A poor fellow, just arrived from a long and tedious voyage, would be hurrying through the streets with a heart full of joyous expectation at the thought of meeting his wife and little ones,—when suddenly at a turn, a press-gang would pounce upon him, and make him their prisoner; or, if he offered resistance, would ruthlessly knock him down, and drag him away to serve on board his majesty's cruisers,—without a hope of seeing his home and weeping family for years.

And this was British liberty! Nor was there any law to prevent this outrage: on the contrary, the law permitted and directed it. Parliament, which is omnipotent, had so decreed, and that was enough: and the parliament was in fact the aristocracy. What hope then, for British sailors? (and even the soldiers, as Sir William Napier remarked, "have to fight under the cold shade of aristocracy.") They were in the hands of a class, who had no "bowels of mercy" when their own selfish ends were to be accomplished;—who, trained to consider themselves superior to their fellow-men and born to rule, cared little for the comforts and happiness of the millions who toiled for their aggrandizement.

True, indeed, ideas of popular rights have so much advanced in the forty years of peace that have

passed, that it would be a hazardous enterprise in the government to attempt the impressment of British seamen now. But the aristocratic spirit still exists, and is ever ready to exert itself, and does exert itself, against the rights and liberties of the people, whenever it can venture to do so. Look, for instance, at its stubborn opposition to the ballot—the palladium of liberty, the only safeguard of the purity of elections. At present, in voting for members of parliament, the electors have to declare their votes aloud, and thus the way in which each elector votes is known. The consequence is, that if he be found voting in opposition to the wishes of his landlord or his employer, he is liable to be turned out of his house or out of his work, and thus ruined. Now it is too much to expect of the majority of electors, that they will give an independent vote, at the risk of ruining themselves and beggaring their families. It necessarily follows that the great majority of votes are given in accordance with the will of superiors, and thus the great landholders—in a word the aristocracy—control the votes of the nation, and, through these, the House of Commons. Another consequence of the *viva voce* method of voting, is, that it opens the door to bribery; for those electors whom the aristocratic classes cannot control in any other manner, they will secure by heavy bribes. And this systematic corruption of voters is carried on in England to an immense extent. At the general election for members of parliament in 1852, the efforts to influence electors, both by secret bribery and open violence, were exerted to such a shameful extent,

as to rouse the indignation of all honest men in the country.

Now, the manifest and only efficient remedy for these evils is the ballot. By this system, the elector does not declare his vote aloud, but simply drops into the ballot-box a folded paper containing the name of the person for whom he votes. In this manner, the way in which he has chosen to vote is known only to himself. This method will certainly secure an independent vote, if anything can. In the first place, bribers will not be very ready to give an elector five pounds for his vote, when they have no security that, after all, he will vote the way they wish; for they may reasonably doubt whether the man who is dishonest enough to accept a bribe, will be faithful enough to keep his promise. In like manner, open violence will hardly be attempted, when it is not known which way the elector is about to vote. So, also, under this system of voting, landholders and employers will have far less opportunity of exercising undue influence over electors.

I happened to be present, in the gallery of the House of Commons, one evening when this subject was under debate. Lord John Russell—at that time Prime Minister—opposed the bill (or resolution, rather) for the introduction of the ballot. The few arguments he used were of a very weak character. The chief one was, that to vote by ballot, and not by open voice, was un-English. Mr. Cobden—the great champion of free-trade—effectively rebutted this, by showing that the use of the ballot in voting was nearly universal in private societies

throughout the country: why, then, should it not be exercised in public elections, when such manifest advantages attended it? He referred to the example of the United States, where the ballot is almost universally used in public elections. He described the excellent effects of the system, as there exhibited, in preserving order and quiet at elections, as well as the integrity and independence of electors: and he took occasion, in passing, to pay a gratifying compliment to the intelligence and industry of the people of the United States, and also to their high moral and religious character—especially in the New-England States. I retired from the House before the division on the question took place, but it appeared by the morning papers that there had been, that evening, actually a majority of five in favor of the ballot; but there was only a small number of members present, and it was understood that this vote was no test of the real sense of the House. Indeed, a motion for the introduction of the ballot has been annually brought forward for some years past, but is regularly voted down—a sufficient proof of the predominance of the aristocratic influence in the house.

Another most unjust law—to repeal which, attempts have again and again been made—is still kept in full force, by means of the same aristocratic influence: I refer to the law of *primogeniture*. By an enactment, made in the tyrannical reign of Henry VIII., it is declared that all the real property, that is, houses and lands, of a person dying intestate—instead of being divided, as common equity would direct, equally among all the children

—shall go to the eldest son alone, leaving the younger children unprovided for. This regulation, so manifestly unjust, has for its object the keeping up of aristocratic dominion, by retaining large landed estates in the hands of a few families, instead of letting property take its natural course of distribution among the people.

Among the ancient Britons and Saxons, this “insolent prerogative of primogeniture,” as Gibbon terms it, had no existence : lands were divided equally amongst the children. The principle of the law of primogeniture was conceived in feudal times, and was introduced into England by William the Conqueror. In those times, it was considered necessary, as a means of securing feudal service ; but it ought long ago to have been abolished as a relic of barbarous ages. It has been abolished in France, and modified in most of the other countries of Europe. In the United States of America, also, the law of primogeniture, which existed in Colonial times, has been abolished, and the property, both real and personal, of a person dying intestate is divided equally among all the children. Neither is any *entailment* allowed. A person may, by will, bequeath his estate to whom he pleases ; but he cannot entail it—that is, cannot limit the inheritance to any third person, whether the heirs of the legatee or others. The estate must be given “out and out,” and the receiver is left free to do with it what he pleases. Thus property is left to pass freely from hand to hand, and all may get a share.

But in England aristocratic pride has fenced

itself round by laws of primogeniture and entailment, and in every other conceivable mode. The consequence is, that the whole country is made to suffer, to gratify the pride of a few ; and even the younger members of aristocratic families themselves are left in comparative destitution, for the sake of nursing up the same haughty spirit. What ill feeling and unhappiness are engendered in families by this law of primogeniture ! The eldest son, heir to the whole estate, is filled with self-consequence, while the younger are left to envy and poverty, and are pushed forth upon the world as adventurers. Where is the sense of equity in the English people, when they tolerate such a law as this ? But the truth is, the English people have little voice in the matter. The aristocracy rule the parliament, and for the most part make or retain what laws they please : and they hold to the law of primogeniture, in order that the title, going as it does to the eldest son, may be suitably maintained by extensive landed estates. Ashamed or unable to make it a special law for themselves, they extend the law of primogeniture to all classes, and thus spread injustice and heart-burning through the land.*

* Attempts have been made, from time to time, in parliament, to repeal or modify the law of primogeniture, but hitherto without effect. In 1854, a bill was introduced into the House of Commons, to the effect, that the real as well as personal estate of persons dying intestate should be equally divided amongst the children : yet this most equitable measure was rejected in the house, by a vote of 203 to 82. What a commentary is this on the sense of justice in the representatives of the English people ! But, in truth, it would be a libel on the English people to charge them with holding such views as this : the House of Commons

What bitterness and ill feeling, also, are continually resulting from the operation of the law of entailment ! It makes the possessor and the heir expectant natural enemies. The possessor does not enjoy his estate fully or in peace. He knows that the heir (sometimes his own son) is a constant spy upon him, watching whether he cuts down the timber or does other injury to the property, and anxious for the time when he shall be called out of the world. It is thus that the demon of family-pride, like every other evil and selfish passion, brings misery on its possessors. Viewed in the light of common sense, indeed, family-pride is absurd ; and viewed in the light of religion, it is a sin. And a nation, that fortifies and hedges round this evil by laws and institutions, is nourishing a worm at its heart. The truth is, "old family" means nothing : it will, when examined, be found to be a delusion. Why, every man is of "old family." Has not everybody had a father, and grandfathers, and great-grandfathers, all the way back to Adam ? Is not that "old family" enough ? But then, it may perhaps be said—it means a family that is old in distinctions. But what kind of distinctions—the sham or the true ? distinctions in names only, or in qualities ? If by "distinction," you mean that the members of that family have been for some time

represents the aristocracy far more correctly than it does the body of the nation ; and this vote is one more proof of it. In fact, as shown at a late meeting for administrative reform, in London, there are in the House of Commons no fewer than 120 sons of peers, and about 100 sons-in-law, grandsons, nephews, and other near relatives, constituting about one-third of the whole house.

past called by a peculiar name, duke, earl, lord—I answer, that is a distinction that is a mere name, a sound. If you say, “but distinguished also by the possession of lands and wealth;”—but is wealth worth? Does that render a man any better, nobler, any more distinguished in God’s sight, or in a true man’s sight? that is the standard. One may possess lands and wealth, and what are called “titles,” too, and be infamous notwithstanding. Look at Byron’s family, of which he was so ridiculously and sinfully proud! prouder even than of the real excellence—mind, genius, which his Creator had given him. Were their characters anything to be proud of? Says the poet,

“Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood:
Go, and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long:
But by your fathers’ *worth* if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.” *

No! the only true distinction is worth of character: and that may be possessed by individuals and families all unknown to the world. He that is so fortunate as to have had sensible and worthy parents and grand-parents—he is the true man of “old family.” Let him be—not proud, but thankful, and let him take care to hand down the inheritance unimpaired.

But to return. As a consequence of this unnatural state of things in Britain, immense fortunes are possessed by a few, while a great portion of the

* Pope: Essay on Man, Part iv.

people are in a state of abject poverty. It has been estimated that *three-sevenths* (nearly one-half) of the population have merely the necessities of life, while a full *third** are obliged to look to the parish for assistance. What an afflicting condition of things is this! and how shameful, when side by side with these poverty-stricken wretches, are nobles rolling in wealth, and scarcely knowing how to spend their enormous incomes. Behold the Duke of Devonshire, with his £200,000 sterling a-year! or the Marquis of Westminster, with his £360,000 (more than a million and a-half of dollars)! Is it to be wondered at, that thinking Englishmen, of the lower and middle classes, when beholding these monstrous and unnatural contrasts in human condition, become in a high degree incensed and ready to break down all the barriers that protect society?

What makes this state of things far more intolerable, is the consideration, that it is not the result of the natural course of things—not even a natural consequence of man's general depravity and disorder—but that it is the direct effect of partial and unjust legislation. It is a direct consequence of the laws of primogeniture and entail, which tie up property and keep it in a few hands, instead of letting it circulate freely and naturally through the community. Abolish these laws, and a few years,

* This estimate may be too high. Sir Charles Lyell (in his "Travels in North America") says one-tenth, or 1,500,000: that is a number sufficiently large—a million and a-half of paupers. When we speak of "rich Englishmen," we are apt to forget the numbers of *poor* Englishmen there are, made so by injustice.

I believe, would show a marked improvement, and a generation or two would present a complete change, in the condition of the depressed multitudes of England.

Another proof of the preponderating aristocratic influence in parliament is the existence of the scandalous Game Laws. These laws, limiting the privilege of taking game to certain qualified persons, are relics of the ancient forest laws, which made it as great an offense to kill one of the king's deer as to kill one of his subjects. But these remains of royal tyranny and of a barbarous age, would, doubtless, long ago have been abolished, but for the aristocracy, who retain them for their own advantage and amusement. In order to keep in their own hands this barbarous sport of hunting and shooting wild animals, they have made the ancient game laws more onerous, and the penalties for violating them very severe. These laws now constitute quite a code of themselves; and the duty of maintaining them is committed to game-keepers, appointed throughout the kingdom by the lords of manors. By an Act, passed in the reign of George III., no person can kill game until he has given in his name to the clerk of the place or other officer, and obtained a certificate of his qualifications. By another Act, the destruction of conies (rabbits and hares) was punished with transportation; and robbing warrens was made a felony. Every year, numerous instances occur of combats, even to wounds and death, between the game-keepers and persons who cannot be restrained from attempting the violation of these absurd and unnatural laws;

and the effect upon the people is in a high degree demoralizing.*

In the early history of England, we read much about royal forests and royal hunts; and there are found occasional instances of the depopulation of districts, and their conversion into wild woods, for the king's pleasure. But in these times it is the nobles that do these things. In Scotland, extensive districts of country, which might be covered with a happy population, are kept in a wild state, in order to gratify the barbarous taste for hunting, cherished by an idle aristocracy.† In America, we leave hunting chiefly to the savages; but in England, it is the *élite* of society—or those who consider themselves such,—that occupy and delight themselves with this practice. It is, in fact, a barbarous taste, and custom alone blinds the eyes of the English community to its true character. All Englishmen agree in reprobating the bull-fighting customs of Spain; and they themselves have happily cast aside

* In the year 1843, the number of convictions under the Game Laws, in England alone, was no fewer than 4,000.

† "The Athol, Invercauld, and Mar Lodge forests, contain 134,946 acres in one lot. Lord Breadalbane's principal forest, Cornechabah, contains 35,000 acres; Garch contains 30 square miles; Benalder from 30 to 35; Glengarry stretches over about seven miles of the pick of Inverness-shire, and Applecross over six miles of Ross-shire. But even these great areas form only a small part of the forests of Scotland. On these afforested domains of our modern feudal lords, neither man nor domestic animal must tread. They are kept solely for the purposes of deer-stalking. Many of these forests, too, have been lately formed, and sheep removed to make way for wild animals. Surely this is going backwards in civilization!"—*London Daily News*.

the detestable prize-fightings of former days—far more iniquitous and degrading even than the Spanish bull-fights. But the savage customs of running down or of lying in wait for and shooting wild animals, they still hold fast to: fox-hunting and deer-stalking are still in vogue. This, perhaps, is the natural consequence of the existence in the community of a class whose lives are habitually and hereditarily devoted to amusement and self-gratification, instead of being employed in some useful occupation.

In whatever light the subject be viewed, the existence of an artificial nobility, like this, is a great misfortune to the country. It keeps down the true nobility—nature's and God's nobility—men of intellect and character. It sets up false objects of estimation and admiration in society. It accustoms men to respect mere nominal rank more than real excellence of character,—thus to put names above things, titles above virtues. It makes the higher classes haughty, and the lower classes servile.* Its

* The effect on the manners of the lower classes is thus described by a British officer,—a Canadian by birth. "In the Old country," says he, "hauteur is often assumed, from an idea that it conveys with it dignity and importance. To be brusque and short in your reply, is to be a man of great mark and likelihood: to be particularly sullen and disagreeable in your deportment, is supposed to convey to vulgar minds an impression of aristocratic exclusiveness. Answer a person, in England particularly, civilly, and I fear I must say you are at once regarded by the lower classes as of no account. Be tart, snappish, and imperious, and the hat is touched and you rise in estimation."—The difference between these and American manners in this respect, he thus sets forth: "My plan (in travelling in the United States) was to

effect on all classes, indeed is none other than injurious and degrading. Aristocracy, in fact, is a disease in the body politic of England. It is a parasite on the noble old oak of English character, sucking out its life and vigor. It is a relic of the feudal ages, which ought long since to have been swept away. "There never will be a good time for England," said Oliver Cromwell, "till we have done with the lords." When that time will come, it is not easy to say; but that it must come, is certain. In an age of increasing light, institutions like this, that have no intrinsic value, that have no foundation in truth and right, but rest merely on custom and prescription,—must fall, sooner or later. As thought and education spread in England, the respect once felt for these sounding titles—dukes, and earls, and viscounts—is daily decreasing. Englishmen begin to look with a more steady eye at these titled personages, and find that, after all, they are only men like themselves. The next step is to demand the reason of this strange elevation of a few individuals above the great majority. Finding no satisfactory reason assignable, they begin to grow restless under this assumed superiority. The existence of this state of feeling is easily discernible in several English newspapers and other periodicals, and it has rapidly increased within the last few years.

address every one, whatever his station, with civility. That is all that is required in America. Civility is a passport all over the continent, from the St. Lawrence to the Rocky Mountains. But once assume the haughty airs of the Old country, and you get what you richly deserve—a sharp retort."—*Lieut.-Colonel Sleigh's "Pine Forests and Hackmatac Clearings."*

Whether the change is to be effected by violent or peaceable measures, it is not easy to determine; but, it is to be hoped, the latter, for such are the best security for lasting reform. The attainment of the ballot—an acquisition which cannot much longer be prevented, will probably be the first step in this great reform. The abolition of the laws of primogeniture and entail, will perhaps be the next. Then, estates being equally divided amongst members of aristocratic families, the title, being unsupported by superior wealth, will gradually lose its importance and influence; and its abolition will at length follow. But whether the end be accomplished in this or some other manner, there is little doubt of the final result. It is not improbable that, ere another century has rolled away, a hereditary aristocracy in England will be numbered among the things that were.

RICHMOND HILL AND POPE'S GROTTTO.

My humble muse, in unambitious strains
Paints the green forests and the flowery plains :
E'en I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleased in the silent shade with empty praise.

POPE'S "WINDSOR FOREST."

ONE fine morning, I set out from London to visit Richmond Hill famed for its view, and Twickenham noted as the residence of Pope.

Richmond is about eleven miles from London. It is a pretty, rural-looking place, and is adorned with many elegant mansions. I proceeded at once to the Hill. The prospect is really fine, and in summer must be exquisitely so ; it was now autumn, and the landscape, though still retaining many of its beauties, had lost the charm of freshness. The view broke upon me on the right, just as I came to a little walk adorned with fine old trees. From this spot, I beheld below me the winding Thames, bordered with groves and meadows and pleasant glades, with white mansions here and there among the trees, and the whole prospect bounded in the distance by gentle undulating hills. It was truly a lovely picture.

I went on farther, to the park. It presents a fine sweep of ground, though the swelling surface

hides its full extent. Pleasant groves, set here and there, add greatly to its beauty, and, on the left, distant hill-tops are seen over the trees. Descending to the right, I came to the brow of the hill, when a prospect still more extensive opened upon me. Here was a seat for the accommodation of visitors, and long I sat, enjoying the scene. Looking up, I observed fastened on one of the trees a board with these lines inscribed upon it:—

“The living landscape spreads beneath my feet,
Calm as the sleep of infancy: the song
Of nature’s vocalists—the blossomed shrubs,
The velvet verdure, and the o’ershadowing trees,
The cattle wading in the clear, smooth stream,—
And, mirrored on its surface, the deep glow
Of sunset—the white smoke—and yonder church
Half hid by the green foliage of the grove:—
These are thy charms, fair Richmond!—and through these
The river wafting many a graceful bark,
Glides gently onward, like a lovely dream,
Making the scene a paradise!”

Yes! there the “living landscape” lay before me, and charming it was. There were the smooth meadows with their “velvet verdure,” and the cattle quietly grazing upon them (it was too late in the season for them to be “wading in the stream”); and there was “the river” glancing here and there from among the trees, and “gliding gently onward.” Just below where I stood, I beheld a solitary stag, with his high-branching antlers; he was moving slowly along, from time to time stopping and looking round, as if in search of his companions.

After contemplating the prospect till the picture

had filled my mind, I recollected the second object of my visit; and descending the hill and crossing a pretty bridge, I stood within the boundaries of Twickenham.

Walking on through some agreeable scenery, I at length reached the village, rather a plain, ordinary-looking place, with a new brick church built against the old stone tower of the former one. I inquired for Pope's Villa: all seemed to know the place well, but I was informed that the old house was pulled down, and a new one was now building on the site. I soon reached the grounds; and entering the gate, I inquired of one of the workmen engaged on the new building, if he could direct me to "Pope's Grotto." I was pleased at finding that the place was so well known. He said it was just by, near the bank of the river.

The idea that I was actually standing on the ground of Pope's Villa, and close by his famous Grotto, made me thrill. What a host of sensations are called up by the mention of these names, and the presence of these localities! I thought of the "Augustan Age" of Queen Anne,—of the galaxy of wits that then sparkled,—Addison, Steele, Swift: I thought of the "Essay on Man," the "Rape of the Lock," the "Dunciad;" and the "little crooked man" himself came up before my view, whose genius, beneath this covering of deformity, shone forth so brilliantly as to make him the "bright particular star" and the ruling spirit of his day.

As these thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, I hastened in the direction pointed out, and soon reached the place. In a bank of some height,

fronting the river and not far removed from it, was an artificial cave, the walls, floor, and ceiling of which were all composed of sparkling stones and shells, so arranged as to represent a natural grotto. The mouth of the grotto was closed by an iron gate, so that I was unable to enter ; but the whole interior could be seen through the bars of the gate, as well as through a small square window in the wall. It was divided, seemingly, into three compartments,—the centre one, with an arched roof, passing quite through the bank to a gate on the opposite side, while those on the right and left extended only part way through. At the bottom of the right compartment, there appeared some busts set in a kind of niche. The whole front of the grotto was thickly and richly covered with ivy, so as to make the light within—if not “dimly religious,”—at any rate, glimmeringly poetical.

As I stood looking in and striving to penetrate through the uncertain light to the farthest corners of the cave, I heard, not far from me, a sound that well accorded with the character of the place,—namely, the flow of running water. Looking round, I beheld, what I had not before observed,—a pretty little fountain. It was in the form of a small marble figure, stooping and holding a pitcher, out of which the water flowed with a cool and refreshing sound into a circular basin, which was quite full of the sparkling element. The whole was exceedingly elegant. Unfortunately, the little man's hand was now broken off, whether by a blow from some Vandal visitor or by a stroke from old Time's scythe I could not tell—but, wonderful to relate,

the image still held on manfully by the wrist, supporting his pitcher as firmly as ever.

But what particularly charmed me—directly over the fountain was a small rose-bush, and, though it was now late in October, there was a rose upon it in full bloom, and, by its side, one pretty daughter of a bud just ready to open—a beautiful sight. It really seemed like enchantment ; for I had not seen a rose before for weeks, nor had I observed this at all as I approached, nor the flowing fountain either ; and when, on turning round, I beheld them there together, it really seemed to my fancy as if, at some magical touch, they had both sprung out of the ground to greet me.

“ 'Tis,” indeed, “ the last rose of summer,” said I aloud. But it was not quite the last, either ; for, presently, on looking about, I espied another on the opposite side of the entrance to the grotto,—very similar to the former, except that it had no little one by its side—no bud. It was quite alone on its bush—and none near, to “exchange sigh for sigh,” except its rival opposite. Here, truly, it might be fancied, were two fairies, guarding the entrance to Pope's classic grotto ; with the little figure at the fountain, keeping them company, and making music for them with the water's melodious flow.

Just by the rose-bush, on the left of the entrance, a lion's head, with open mouth, looked out fiercely from the bank,—a strange object by the side of the gentle rose. It was of stone, and looked ancient and weather-worn. No doubt it had often glared on Pope himself, as the poet went to take his seat on the rustic chair which stands in front

of it. In fact, as I was afterwards glad to learn, the whole remains just as it was in Pope's time, or very nearly so : care has been taken to preserve it.

Just beyond the lion's head, I was a little startled at the sight of a female figure, standing there under the trees, and partially hid by the leaves:—it was a graceful marble statue.

Taking a seat on the rustic chair or bench before mentioned, I looked forth and enjoyed the scene. Just in front, and but a few yards off, was the river—the Thames, between which and the place where I sat was a neatly shaven grass plot, slightly inclining towards the water's edge. The bank of the stream was bordered with willows. In the middle of the grass plot was another fountain, consisting of a large oval basin, in the centre of which was a group of statues—three fat-cheeked cherubs : one of these was leaning on his hand asleep (gone to his native land of dreams), his arm resting on a vessel overturned, out of which the water flows—or was intended to flow, but it was now dry : the other two were carrying on some sort of cherubic talk and play, for the one was on his knee looking up, while the other was shaking his little fore-finger at him in a very menacing manner.

This must be a sweet place, I thought, of a moonlight evening in summer. And here, doubtless, the poet himself had often sat, while the moonshine "slept sweetly on the bank," and the willows waved in the night-breeze, and old Thames in front flowed softly by, murmuring his applause as he passed. As this pleasant picture presented itself to my mind, I quite forgot two circumstances which probably

prevented the realization of any such romantic scenes; one of these was Pope's own miserable state of health, his unfortunate bodily constitution, which rendered his life, it may be said, one long disease: the other, the chilliness of this damp climate, which renders out-of-door enjoyments—especially at night—all but impracticable. In Spain or Italy, or under our own genial skies, such a dream might have been realized.

Long I lingered about the spot, unwilling to take my leave of it. But at length I rose to depart. What was curious,—as I turned to take a last look at the grotto, the little fountain at the entrance was no longer flowing—it had stopped. “What means this?” said I. Has the guardian naiad become frightened at the presence of a transatlantic stranger, and checked the flow of her stream? Or rather, as she came forth to salute me at my arrival, and has been pouring her waters for my special entertainment, she now again locks up the fountain at my departure! Satisfying myself with this as the more complimentary and more romantic construction, I accepted it without looking too closely for a scientific explanation of the phenomenon.

This spot was the residence of Pope for the last thirty years of his life. He was enabled to purchase it out of the profits of his famed translation of Homer. Here he wrote the “Essay on Man” and most of the other poems which have given him a place among the English classics. As before remarked, the house in which he dwelt has long since gone, and a second one also. The mansion, in process of erection at the time of my visit, was a

handsome edifice in the Elizabethan style of architecture. The place still goes by the name of "Pope's Villa," and, under that name, will long continue to be an object of attraction to the lover of old English literature; while the grotto, the fountains, and the pleasant bank by the Thames-side, will continue, I trust, to be kept in their present condition, a pleasing memorial of one of England's most noted poets.

ADDISON'S WALK.

Unrivalled as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envied name.

TICKELL.

ON visiting that venerable haunt of the Muses, Oxford, one of the first places of interest I inquired for, was the far-famed "Addison's Walk." I had heard of this, years before, beyond the wide Atlantic; and, in youth, while wandering about the groves of Harvard, contemplating a future visit to England and to Oxford, one of my first wishes was to see the spot consecrated by the footsteps of this charming author.

After looking into several of the colleges, whose names were familiar to me, "Brazen Nose," "All Souls," and others, I made my way to "Magdalen," in the grounds of which is Addison's Walk. Entering by the gate-way, and passing through the cloisters, I came out upon an open space prettily laid with green turf. On inquiring of a student the way to the "Walk," he politely pointed it out to me; and, at the same time, taking a ready interest in my inquiries, he showed me the room which he said had been Addison's. It was a corner room in the second story. It was certainly a charming

place for study. Besides the pleasant grounds in front, there was a view, towards the left, of a fine old park filled with stately trees, and, on the right, a smooth meadow bounded by the river Cherwell.

Often, perhaps, thought I, has the youthful Addison sat at this window, of a moonlight night, when the college was still,—only here and there a light glimmering in the window of some solitary student,—and contemplated the sweet scene, the long shadows of the trees lying peacefully on the moonlit lawn, and the mingled light and shade of the park beyond. And then, perchance, he would turn his eyes from earth to the heavens; and as he beheld the fair orb of the moon, and the stars twinkling around her, perhaps there dawned upon his mind the first idea of that beautiful hymn, now so familiar to our ears,—

“The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,”
 &c.

Often, in hours like this, has the germ of great works been planted by Providence in the youthful soul. There is another of Addison's hymns, which was suggested by a scene of a very different character. The poet Burns, alluding to it, says, “The earliest compositions that I recollect taking any pleasure in, were—‘The Vision of Mirza,’ and a rhyme of Addison's, beginning, ‘How are thy servants blest, O Lord.’ I particularly remember one half-stanza, which was music to my boyish ear,—

“For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave.”

The hymn referred to is said to have been suggested

by a dangerous storm in which Addison once was, on the coast of Italy.

But to return. Passing through a great iron gate, on the right, and crossing a stone bridge, I found myself on a pretty walk, winding along between the river Cherwell on one side, and a meadow on the other, the path bordered on both sides by fine trees. In the park, on the left, a herd of deer was quietly feeding, up to the very college doors and under the windows,—a pleasant sight; while the birds, though it was now late in the season, were giving forth a short song here and there among the trees.

The path wound on for some distance, and then, on its taking a sudden turn to the right, I beheld before me a long straight walk, presenting a charming vista between the trees. This was Addison's Walk. The Cherwell still accompanied, its stream flowing noiselessly by, or only rippling quietly against the willows that bordered its opposite bank. How pretty are these miniature rivers of England, with their banks green to the water's edge! They are certainly fit haunts for fays and naiads,—if only the moon in this climate were brighter and the skies clearer. Beyond the river was a fine extent of open ground, the view terminating in woods and groves; while, on the right, was still the little meadow, with cattle upon it peacefully feeding or lying down.

It was a quiet place,—a sweet retreat on a warm summer's day, a choice spot for pensive meditation. Here, no doubt, sauntering under the shade of these old trees, and soothed by the soft flow of the

stream at his side, did the youthful "Spectator" often give himself up to pleasant musings, laying up those stores of thought which were afterwards to be brought forth in so charming a manner for the good and delight of mankind. Yet how little did that young man dream of the great after-uses, for which, under the leadings of Providence, he was thus preparing. He merely felt led by a pleasing impulse to these walks and meditations. In his college-room he had pored over the writings of men, and now he came forth to peruse the volume of nature,—that old illuminated manuscript, written and colored by the hand of God, and filled with wisdom and beauty. Here would he meditate on the great works of the Creator, their grace and their grandeur, their simplicity and their perfection. And here, perchance, would his mind often rise from matter to spirit, "through nature up to nature's God," and meditate on the great ends for which that God had called this universe into being. It was in these moments, perhaps, that those pure and elevated thoughts flowed from heaven into his mind, which were afterwards so forcibly expressed in those papers in the "Spectator" on the Immortality of the Soul.

Reaching the end of the walk, I took a seat on a rustic bench, set there, it would seem, on purpose to command a view of the place,—and meditated on the genius of Addison, the charms of his style, and his influence on the popular mind.

It has been the fashion, of late years, rather to underrate Addison,—to pronounce him a weak writer. I cannot subscribe to this opinion. A

writer cannot be called weak, who has the power, which Addison has shown, to produce deep and lasting effects on thousands—it may be said, myriads—of fine and cultivated minds, through the long course of a century. For, not only was the “Spectator” one of the most popular of periodicals in its own day, but it has retained its popularity, in a wonderful degree, even down to ours. Compare its history with that of any similar works, and the proof of its superiority will be seen. Look, for instance, at the “Rambler.” Johnson, certainly, cannot be called a weak writer, yet this, his greatest literary effort, though produced half a century later than the “Spectator,” has not been able to keep up with it in the race, and is at this moment, probably, far less generally read. Or compare it with “Salmagundi,” the production of two of our most popular writers, Irving and Paulding,—a work well received in its day, and only half a century old, instead of a century and a-half, as the other is—and yet is there any comparison between the past influence and present popularity of the two works? These considerations will make manifest how intrinsically valuable a work the “Spectator” must be, thus firmly to have stood the test of all-trying time.

And to what is this immortality of the “Spectator” owing? It is to be ascribed to the fact of its uniting in an unequalled degree the two grand excellences of elegance of style and weight of matter—solidity of substance and grace of form. Johnson’s “Rambler,” weighty as it is in moral reflections, is yet wanting in that charm of style which can alone render such truths generally palat-

able; while "Salmagundi," witty and sparkling, was yet too light in substance, to withstand the sweep of the flowing years.

Addison is by no means to be regarded merely as a pretty writer: he is a solid instructor. In his elegant papers, he shows himself not merely a wit and a humorist, but a refined critic, a sound moralist, and, not unfrequently, a religious teacher. As Johnson has justly remarked, those papers often "taught with great justness of argument and dignity of language the most important duties and sublime truths." I know of at least one instance, in which Addison's papers on the "Immortality of the Soul" were, under Providence, the means of turning a fine mind from a course of vice to one of piety and virtue, and thus of saving one who himself was afterwards, in the pulpit, an instrument of salvation to others. How many more have been influenced in a similar manner, in the long period that has elapsed since the publication of those writings, is known only to the Omniscient One. Addison's dying words are well known, and have probably affected many besides the young man to whom they were addressed: "I have sent for you," he said to the young Earl of Warwick, "that you may see how a Christian can die."

In regard to Addison's style—though pronounced weak by some of the "spasmodic" writers of the present day,—it still remains the chastest model in the language. Johnson, who, though ponderous and elephantine in his own manner, was yet a good judge of style in others, affirms that "whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and

elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." With the exception of our own Irving, whose style is, to my taste, even more pleasing, I know of no writer whose manner is so charming and graceful as Addison's. I thought this when a youth at college, and I think it still. Nor is an agreeable style a thing to be despised, as some profess to consider it. It is as useful in setting off the thoughts, as a neat or elegant dress is, in adorning the person. Even beauty is not attractive in a coarse and homely garb; or, at any rate, is much more so in a becoming and elegant one. It is true, indeed, that the substance of a composition is chief in importance, the matter is the primary thing to be regarded; but that is no reason why the secondary thing should be neglected. Besides, a graceful and elegant style, like that of Addison or Irving, is a gift, as much so as genius is; nay, it is an essential part of the writer's genius. Some writers, who are not thus gifted, have affected to condemn elegance of style, as if it were a sort of patchwork, a collection of ornaments artificially attached to the body of the composition, like stucco-wreaths fastened upon a wall. This may be the case with the compositions of some of the harlequin writers of the present day, who seek to deck out their thoughts in a dress compounded of Germanisms, compound epithets, and gaudy phrases; but it is not at all the case with a style that is truly beautiful. Such a style is as much a part of the writer's mind, as grace is a part of the person; and, like the latter, it is a thing not to be acquired,—it is a gift. A good, plain style, indeed, is attainable by all, but not a style

like Addison's or Irving's: these have "a grace beyond the reach of art." The possession of a truly elegant and simply graceful prose style is a gift more rare, perhaps, than even the poetic faculty itself. You may almost count the number of such writers on the fingers: England has scarce a dozen such in her whole literature; and among these, Addison is chief.

To return to Addison's Walk. The day had been rather dull and cloudy; but, as I sat there, the sun came out brightly, lighting up the grove, and casting the shadows of the trees gracefully on the meadow,—gilding the whole scene. I was glad to see the place in the cheerful sun-light. This very sun, I thought, had often looked upon him as he sat there, and I thanked it for coming out now to look on me in the same spot.

Just then, a graceful little skiff—one of the Oxford racers—came by on the Cherwell, with a young gentleman in it, practising at the oar. I rose and followed; for I was reminded that the day was passing, and I had yet much to see in Oxford. As I went on, I several times met students in cap and gown—young Addisons, perhaps, or hoping to become such—hastening towards "the Walk." Keeping along the path by the river side, I found it brought me round again to the gate through which I had entered, near Addison's Corner (as it may be called)—the angle of the building, where, as before mentioned, his room was situated.

Passing through the gates of Magdalen College, which I shall always hereafter remember with interest, I crossed the road, and in a few minutes found

myself on another beautiful walk by the great meadow of Christ-Church College. On one side is a grand avenue, called the Broad Walk, but I preferred following the banks of the Cherwell to its confluence with the Isis. This walk is a mile and a quarter round—a grand promenade for the students. Indeed the grounds round these colleges, set apart for the recreation and delight of the members of the university, are perfectly charming. The grounds on which I was then walking were, I believe, the gift of the magnificent Cardinal Wolsey, who was the founder of Christ-Church College.

I entered the cathedral, where service is held daily at four o'clock. It was now nearly dark, and candles were burning here and there in the distant choir,—while the sweet voices of the boys were chanting the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, closing with the long drawn *A-men*. Theoretically, I do not admire, and cannot approve of, this mechanical recitation of the language of worship by boys, whose minds are evidently not at all in the service,—but still it was pleasing to the ear.

Coming out of the cathedral, I crossed over to Pembroke College, and visited the room which Johnson had occupied. It is over the gateway. I saw also his bedroom at the head of the stairs, down which, as Boswell relates, Johnson indignantly kicked the shoes which some benevolent person had set at his door. "Here," said the porter, "was the place where he kicked the shoes off."

How rich in memories are these old haunts!

Most interesting to me was this ancient seat of literature, this city of colleges. There are few places in England more attractive than Oxford, whether for the charm of association or for intrinsic elegance and beauty.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen,—are showers of violets found:
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

GRAY.

WHAT Addison is to English prose, Gray is to English poetry. Neither of them wrote much; but what each did write is exquisitely done, and remains, each in its own sphere, a model of beauty. I refer rather, however, to those portions of their works, which are the most generally known and read. Addison's *Italian Travels and Dialogues on Medals* are read scarcely at all, and Gray's "*Pindaric Odes*" are not general favourites. When we speak of "*Addison*," we always mean his essays in the *Spectator*; and when we mention "*Gray*," we generally think of his "*Elegy in a Country Church-yard*."

This sweet poem has endeared the name of its author to thousands of hearts on both sides of the Atlantic, and will doubtless endure when poems of much greater pretensions have sunk into oblivion. It has, indeed, already passed its term of probation—its hundred years; and thus, according to literary canons, its immortality is secure. It was published in 1751, and from the first was highly popular,

running at once through no fewer than eleven editions. It is related, that General Wolfe received a copy of this poem on the eve of his assault upon Quebec, and was so struck with its beauty, as to exclaim that he would rather have been the author of that poem, than have the glory of taking Quebec to-morrow. And no wonder he felt so: the fame of a conqueror is not to be compared with that of a great writer. The one has, indeed, his passing day of glory: his name is published far and wide, and his exploit is talked and written about for a time. But the waves of succeeding events soon cover it from sight, and it is forgotten,—or remembered only as one in a long series of similar violent acts that go to make up the world's sad history. But the work of a great writer is not merely a passing event,—not merely a circumstance, which, when once gone by, has laboriously to be sought for among the details of the dead past: but it continues to be a present living power; the production becomes itself a producer; it is a voice addressing you,—an orator urging, an arguer convincing, or a poet charming you: in a word, it is thought, which is alive and spiritual and immortal; and being a spark of the Eternal Fire, it blazes still, and, like the perpetual sun, meets ever the new-born days and ages with fresh beams.

There is an interesting remembrance for us, Americans, connected with Gray's Elegy. Our great and lamented statesman, Daniel Webster, referred to it just before his death. The following touching account of that great man's last hours appeared in the papers of the time:—

“A few hours before his death, he murmured,—
‘Poet—poetry—Gray—Gray.’ His son repeated to
him the first line of Gray’s *Elegy*,

‘The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.’

‘Yes! yes! that is it.’ The book was got, and a
part of that beautiful poem read to him, which
seemed to give him satisfaction. Dr. Jeffries re-
peated to him a part of the twenty-third Psalm:
‘Though I walk through the valley of the shadow
of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me,
thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.’—‘It is
the fact—it is the fact,’ he said warmly;—‘that is
what I want—thy rod—thy rod,—thy staff—thy
staff.’” *

How touching an incident is this! and what an
attraction does it add to the poem of Gray! What
greater exaltation could be bestowed on a song of
man, than to be quoted, in connection with a Psalm
from the Divine Word, by the lips of one passing
into eternity! And it is a proof of how much tender
feeling and solemnity of thought must be contained
in that poem, when it could call itself up to the
memory of a dying man, and excite a desire to hear
it read.

And, indeed, it is a poem full of beauty, tender-
ness and pathos. The time, the place, and the tone
of the reflections are all such as to affect the im-
agination and the heart: the time is evening,—the
place is a country church-yard,—and the strain of
meditation uttered by the poet is in perfect corre-

* This distinguished statesman died on the 24th of October, 1852.

spondence with the scene. I have, lying before me, an illustrated edition of the poem, in which each stanza is accompanied by an engraving, setting forth to the eye what the poet utters to the ear.

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.”

The illustration pictures a soft evening sky, with its western lights and advancing eastern shades pleasingly intermingled. On the left is seen the simple tower of an English country church, with a few rooks wheeling their last flights about its top: it is from this the “curfew” bell is supposed to send forth its evening peal. In the foreground, a ploughman, in his rustic frock, with mattock on his shoulder, is trudging homeward,—just at this moment stepping across a simple bridge that spans a little stream: while, a little beyond, the “lowing herd” appears, winding their meek way across the meadows. The artist has done well, and his sketch affords a pleasing aid to the imagination. But there are many things in that stanza, which no artist can picture,—many associated ideas, which, flowing in and mingling together, give a richness and elevation to the mental view, beyond the power of delineation by the pencil, or of full expression even in language. At the word “curfew,” how does the mind instantly travel back to the days of the Conqueror, and behold the Norman bands spreading themselves over the country,—while the mysterious “doomsday-book” rises solemnly before the imagination! So, at the

phrase, "leaves the world to darkness,"—what a grand though indistinct vision of approaching night comes before the mind!—the world's daily work done—men retiring to their homes and their repose—and the curtain of darkness drawn over the earth, with only the watch-fires of the stars flashing in the silent heavens.

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

In illustrating this stanza, the artist has presented a simple English landscape, darkened by twilight shades,—a few low groves scattered here and there, a winding stream in the distance, and gently sloping uplands, on which is seen a sheep-fold. It is a sweet and soothing scene. But the illustration of the third verse is the most graphic, as the stanza itself is exquisite:

"Save that, from yonder ivy mantled tower,
The moping owl doth to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

Here the artist has pictured a sweet moonlight scene, highly suggestive to the imagination. The moon, mantled with clouds (as it generally is in England), is glimmering on a woodland stream, from the bank of which rises an ivy-covered tower. Near its foot, a rustic is seen passing, disturbing with his heavy feet the silence of the place, and waking the complaints of the solitary owl perched

on the top of the ruin. In this manner, the illustrations are continued throughout the poem, affording, certainly, an aid to the fancy and a rich adornment to the work.

But it is time, now, to turn from fancied to real scenes. I had long cherished a desire to visit the scene of the *Elegy*,—the country church-yard in which it is generally believed to have been written,—or, rather, conceived. Several different villages, indeed, contend for the honor of possessing the locality in question,—as seven cities, of old, vied with each other for the glory of having given birth to Homer. The claim has, however, been pretty well settled in favor of the hamlet of Stoke Poges, a few miles distant from Windsor. Here, it is certain, Gray's mother and aunt resided, and here the poet himself sojourned at various times. Here, also,—in the very church-yard which he had so elegantly and touchingly pictured, and which he has immortalized by his verse,—the remains of the poet now lie.

One summer's day, I set out from London to visit the spot. Proceeding by railway as far as Slough (once the residence of the elder Herschel, and where the tube of his great telescope is still to be seen), I had then a pleasant walk of two miles before me to Stoke,—which gave me time to collect my thoughts, and bring myself into the right frame of mind for enjoying the scene.

- The way was rural and agreeable, and the weather charming. The day was warm, but not oppressive; for, as is very generally the case in this country, the sun was veiled with light clouds, which afforded

a pleasant screen from the heat. Upon my right, the road, for a great part of the way, was bordered with trees and groves, among which the birds were twittering and warbling melodiously; while on the left were rich fields of standing grain, fenced with the pretty green hedge-rows, that constitute so charming a feature in English landscape. Frequently, as I walked on, the song of the lark was heard high in the air above me,—the songster himself being quite invisible, and seeming to pour down his melody from the skies: and again, as if in contrast, a humble sparrow hopped along the road before me.

The country was level; and I had not walked far, when I descried in the distance, over the trees, a little church-spire. "That is it," thought I,—“I am sure it is the very one:” and my heart leaped at the sight. I had still, however, some distance to go before reaching it, and I was a little uncertain about the way. A pretty green lane presented itself temptingly, on the left, which I thought might lead to it, and down which I felt much inclined to go; for the main road did not seem to be leading precisely in the direction of the spire, which was rather to the left, though still a good way in advance. On the whole, however,—as is the safer course in cases of doubt—I resolved to keep to the beaten track.

At length, at a turn in the road, I found myself suddenly near the spot. A charming view presented itself. I beheld a spacious lawn, surrounded by trees, some of them standing singly,—some in clumps. On the farther side of this lawn, through a little opening among the trees, yet seemingly

quite embosomed amongst them,—rose the modest spire of the country church; but as yet, nothing like a church-yard was visible. Alone, upon the plain, rose a massive stone monument, a very striking object. Surprised and delighted at finding such a monument raised to the memory of the poet—as I doubted not it was—I approached it. I found the ground immediately round the monument beautifully laid out and adorned, and evidently tended with no common care. It was fenced by a little mound and ditch, and prettily laid out in small beds of bright-faced flowers, which made the place beautiful, and seemed a most fitting adornment to this memorial of a poet.

Wondering where the careful hands could be, that so sedulously tended the spot, I looked around, and perceived on one side of the lawn a wicket-gate, whence a little path led directly into a copse of trees, among which I discerned a modest cottage. There lives the keeper of the monument, said I to myself: truly, this is devoted attention, on the part of somebody:—yes! and the poet deserves it; he has delighted the world, and the world should now delight to cherish his memory.

Drawing nearer, I perused the inscriptions which I found covered all the four sides of the monument. That on the south side ran thus:—

“This monument, in honour of Thomas Gray, was erected, A.D. 1799, among the scenes celebrated by that great lyric and elegiac poet. He died, July 30, 1771, and lies unnoticed in the church-yard adjoining, under the tomb-stone on which he piously and pathetically recorded the interment of his aunt and lamented mother.”

On the east side were inscribed two stanzas taken from the *Elegy*:—

“Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree’s shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e’er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

On the north side were passages from the “*Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*”:—

“Ye distant spires! ye antique towers!
That crown the watery glade.”

“Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, hills beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow.”

Lastly, on the west side, were two of the concluding stanzas of the *Elegy*, in which the poet alludes so touchingly to himself:—

“Hard by yon wood,—now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on th’ accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.”

As I finished reading these inscriptions, I looked about the place with feelings of satisfaction and delight. I felt grateful to the person 'or persons, whoever they might be, who had erected this monument, and tended it with such affectionate care. It was now half a century since its erection; here it had stood all that time, through shine and storm, winter and summer; and yet, after so long a period, the poet's memory was still freshly preserved, as was evident from the flowers, carefully weeded and watered, that decked the spot.

But now I turned my steps toward the church-yard, itself, anxious to see the very grave of the poet, and the scene of his *Elegy*.

Crossing the lawn, I soon entered the church-yard, which was divided from it only by a neat wire fence and gate. As I advanced, I heard a cock crow from a neighboring farm-house: the sound made me thrill, as it brought to mind the lines,—

“The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.”

In front of the church were two large yew-trees, beneath which tombs were thickly clustered; elms stood here and there; and all over the yard were seen the little grave-heaps, now, for the most part old and grass-grown:—

“Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap.”

Among the venerable tomb-stones—the inscrip-

tions on which I took a fond interest in deciphering—were many examples of the “uncouth rhymes” referred to by the poet, as here recorded by “the unlettered Muse.” I copied the following as a specimen, which, presuming from the date, 1754, Gray himself may have seen :—

“Oh cruel death, thou art severe
To take away my wife so dear,
But since God has gave him leave,
I trust her soul he will receive.”

The appearance of the church itself was not particularly picturesque, except from the ivy which thickly covered one side of it, and also the whole spire,

—“Yonder ivy-mantled tower.”

It seemed very ancient, and appeared to have been originally built of rough stone; but it has received modern additions of brick, so that the architecture has little of the grace of uniformity; yet, perhaps, the very rudeness and rustic simplicity of this “country church” served to enhance its charm. Old fir trees, mixed with elms, stand round it on three sides: there is no view but towards the west, where, on the open lawn, stands the lone monument.

As I approached the building, I observed a scythe resting against the wall; some one had been mowing the grass over the graves:—it made me think of “Old Time’s scythe.”

Beneath the window, on the side of the church

that looks towards the monument, there is a stone set in the wall, with this inscription:—

Opposite to this stone
In the same tomb upon which he has
so feelingly recorded his grief
at the loss of a beloved parent,
Are deposited the remains
of
THOMAS GRAY,
The author of
The Elegy written in a country church-yard,
&c. &c. &c.
He was buried August 6, 1771.

The tomb is of brick : the stone slab that covers it, now grown white with age, bears the following inscription, penned by himself:—

In the vault beneath are deposited in the hope of a joyful resurrection, the remains of Mary Antrobus. She died unmarried,
Nov. 5, 1749, Aged 66.

In the same pious confidence beside her friend & sister here sleep the remains of
DOROTHY GRAY
Widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom *had the misfortune* to survive her.
She died March 11, 1753,
Aged 67.

Gray's love for his mother was one of the most beautiful traits in his character. Her death affected him most deeply. He entertained ever the fondest

remembrance of her; and it was he who made the feeling remark, that he had discovered, to his sorrow, that one "can have but *one* mother."

Sitting down by the tomb, I read the *Elegy* with an interest, as may be supposed, in a high degree enhanced by the thought that I was perusing the poem on the very spot where it was written or conceived. It was not, however, the evening-hour, —as I could have wished it to be—but mid-day. Neither was there a "solemn stillness" in the air; but the birds were singing gaily in the trees around me, thinking nothing of death or the grave, and as sportive over tombs as in gardens. The solemn owl had not yet come to his place on the "ivy-mantled tower;" or, if there, he was buried amid the leaves, and invisible. His great eyes were probably closed in sleep at this hour; and his friend, the moon, was not yet up. How I should have liked to hear him "complain" to her of me, disturbing these solemn solitudes! that would have been romance, truly. Had I waited till dusk, perhaps I might have had that satisfaction. Even as it was, however, the charm of the spot was sufficient: I could fill up the rest with my fancy. With this magic wand I could wave over the scene, and change it to evening. As in a "dissolving view," I could perceive the forms of things fading around me, and the dusky shades settling on the landscape. The birds were still, and only the solemn "knell" of the "curfew" was heard, with the "drowsy tinklings" of the "distant folds;" and again, the world was left "to darkness and to me."

Soon awaking from this dream, however, I closed

my book, and reluctantly left the church-yard. As I passed the monument again, on my return, I saw some rosy children playing thoughtlessly around it among the flowers. It was a pretty sight. Like the birds, they knew nought of tombs, or poets, or the past : all was to them a happy present. So will it be with us, when we reach our eternal homes, and become children again, sporting in Paradise.

CHANNING.

Well done! thy words are great and bold;
At times they seem to me,
Like Luther's, in the days of old,
Half battles for the free.

LONGFELLOW.

HAPPENING to step into a village-library in the neighborhood of Manchester, my eye fell on a copy of Channing's works,—a London edition. On opening it, I found, prefixed to the volume, the following Sonnet, addressed to the distinguished author by one of his English admirers:—

"Yes! earth shall still be brightened with the rays,
Which virtuous hearts upon its darkness shed;
Freedom shall lift up her exulting head,
And point prophetic to the future days!

"And thine, O Channing, be the patriot's praise,
Whose words of fire inflame the soul of youth
With heaven's own spirit, honour, virtue, truth!
Thy immortal glory time shall not erase.

"Proceed—while tyrants at thy page turn pale,
And unstained hearts throb warmer at its power:
Leave to posterity that noblest dower,
Thine own high mind, which future times shall hail,
And dwell enraptured on thy hope and trust,
When earth's oppressors lie forgotten in the dust."

The reputation of Dr. Channing, in England, may be termed, in the best sense of the word, popular. His works are read by all classes, high and low (among the former, the late amiable Duke of Sussex is said to have been one of his warmest admirers). I found editions of his works circulating in various forms; from the handsome Glasgow edition, in six volumes, with a preface from Dr. Channing's pen, written expressly for it,—to the cheap "people's edition," in two volumes, and another in one large volume. But the class, which he seems to have most effectively reached, is the very one which he most aimed at interesting and elevating, namely, the middle, or what would be termed in England, perhaps, the better portion of the lower, class—the mechanics, who in truth constitute the bone and sinew of the body politic. His Address on "Self-Culture," and his Lectures on the "Elevation of the Working Classes," circulate widely through the country in the form of tracts.

As appears from the sonnet just quoted, it is Channing's political, not his theological, writings, which have excited this general interest; or, more truly speaking, it is his *moral* views—which lie, indeed, at the base of all his political ones. Channing sees in man—in every man—an immortal soul, by the possession of which he is the likeness of his Maker; a mind, capable of expanding and rising forever; capacities for an indefinite reception of intelligence, affection, and happiness. He burns to wake up in man a perception of this great truth,—conceiving that if men but felt the greatness of the capacity with which their Creator has endowed

them, the grandeur of the destiny which he has spread before them, they would turn from low and grovelling pursuits, would rise above base and sensual pleasures, and strive to realize the greatness and elevation of character and condition for which they were created. Hence his appeals to man to be wise and virtuous; hence his exhortations to self-culture, self-improvement.

It is on the same foundation that his political views are based. He cannot bear to see this immortal mind kept in bondage, debased, ground down under the feet of oppressors and self-styled superiors,—by whatever name they may be called—kings, nobles, or masters. In his view, the possession of such a mind, with its vast capacities, renders all men true equals, and makes it criminal in man to treat his fellow-man with social contempt, physical violence, or tyrannical abuse. In the presence of this grand in-born equality, derived from the Divine Creator Himself, all the petty distinctions of social and political rank sink into utter insignificance. Hence, Channing's great motto is that which forms the text of one of his discourses, "Honour all men." This is the grand idea that pervades all his writings, political, moral, religious. Hence, his dwelling so much on what he terms the "dignity of human nature,"—a phrase, which is perhaps somewhat ambiguous and liable to be misunderstood. In his use of it, Channing appears to mean—not so much man's present excellence, as his *capacity* for excellence; not so much man's natural goodness of heart (which is the construction that has been sometimes put upon the phrase)—for he

expressly admits man's hereditary evil propensities—but the *capability* with which the Creator has endowed him of rising to the loftiest heights of wisdom and virtue. In this view, the sentiment is a most true and a very elevated one.

It is to be feared, however, that neither the regeneration of individuals, nor the reformation of the world, will ever be effected, merely by holding before men's view the greatness of their own capacity, or the loftiness of the destiny for which they were created. Man's evil passions and propensities are too deeply fixed, to be removed merely by high thoughts like these. Minds highly ideal, like Channing's own, may be influenced, no doubt, in some degree, by such views, but not those of the mass of men. Indeed, it is quite possible, that, to some minds, the constant dwelling on their own great capacities and the "dignity of human nature," would be a decided injury instead of a benefit; and, while seeming to elevate, would really debase them, by filling the heart with pride. Man's greatest enemy, in truth, is his own self-love: this is the grand root of all his sins and miseries. It was so at the beginning, and it is so still. Whatever tends, then, to foster man's self-love, is destructive of his true elevation and his real happiness: and self-admiration can hardly fail to have this tendency. No! man does not get the real mastery of his evil propensities by having too much pride to indulge them, or too much "honor" to yield to them: they must be resisted from higher motives, or the restraint is merely temporary. Evils can be removed from the heart only by Divine power:

they must be combated from *religious* principle, or they will never be effectually overcome; and this Divine influence cannot enter the heart till man humbles himself, acknowledging his own weakness, and looking to a higher source for aid. Thus it is humility, rather than self-complacency or self-dependence, that is to effect the reformation of man and the regeneration of the world.

But, while differing from Dr. Channing on essential theological points, and consequently on the conclusions and principles deduced from them, I can yet bear testimony to his excellence and true loftiness of character, his pure moral aims, and his sincerely religious and Christian spirit. When quite a youth, I had the good fortune to be brought into frequent intercourse with him, during a season pleasantly passed on Rhode Island, where was his favorite summer retreat. The part of the island on which I was residing, was three or four miles distant from Dr. Channing's mansion; but, every Sabbath, I was in the habit of going over to a little church in his neighborhood, and taking part, at his request, in a small Sunday-school which he had collected there. Here he usually preached on the Sabbath mornings, when his health would permit. The mild earnestness of his manner, his gentle yet fervent address, the elevation and purity of his countenance, and the simplicity, sincerity, and devotion manifest in his prayers, were such as to interest and affect all present, and especially the young. No one could come away without a stronger love for purity and virtue, and a deeper abhorrence of vice. He was by no means what is commonly

called a "pulpit orator." He had nothing whatever of the fire and passion of Chalmers—no display, little gesticulation. His manner was calm and gentle; his power lay altogether in the thought, or, more truly speaking perhaps, in the purity and elevation of spirit, in which the thought was set—as a gem in gold. His preaching was not that which would be called by an ordinary listener "great:" great preaching is seldom *good* preaching. (No one would think of calling the Sermon on the Mount "great preaching.") What is called "great preaching" consists usually either in a display of oratory and gesture, or in an exhibition of fine fancies and sparkling illustrations, or, lastly, in a labored intellectuality of discourse, like that of Robert Hall, which is more entertaining to the head, than operative on the heart and life. Channing's preaching was none of these: it consisted in plain instruction, and mild yet earnest exhortation, and was accommodated to the capacities of all his hearers. It was evident to every one that his object was usefulness, not display.

After service, he often kindly invited me home to dine with him, and I then had the opportunity of seeing the great man at his own fireside—no, not at his fireside, for it was summer—but sitting by his parlour window, or strolling through his garden walks. His manner, in private, was pleasant, and occasionally even sprightly; yet there was at all times, even in his freest moods, a certain pervading gravity and solidity in his look and conversation, which impressed you with the idea that you were in the presence of a deep-thinking man. He had a

most large and liberal soul, utterly free from bigotry and narrowness. He was ready to hear you, and to weigh fairly all you had to say—a spirit which is not common, even with the greatest minds. No man was ever less desirous to hold error, or confirm himself in a view merely because he had once adopted it, than Dr. Channing. He seemed to wish to keep his mind ever open to light. Thus, we may trust that whatever theological errors he held, will have been easily thrown off in another state. “Goodness,” says Swedenborg, “loves truth, and wherever it finds it, is desirous to unite itself to it, as to its true conjugal partner.” We may trust, then, that ere this, Channing has put on the robes of light, a humble worshiper of his Divine Redeemer.

He had a great love for the sea. I remember—on one of the occasions just referred to—having a conversation with him on this topic (if a youth of sixteen may be said to hold “a conversation” with one of his superior years and weight of character). I had ventured to express an opinion, or rather sentiment, which I had often felt, that the sea was far more terrible than beautiful,—rather like an angry monster, lashing itself into rage and rushing to devour you, than like that true sublime, which results from a union of power with gentleness. He, however, could not at all agree with me. The sea seemed to him the emblem of all that was grand, an image almost of the Divine,—its depth, its strength, its immensity,—its resistless power in storm, its majestic gentleness in calm. Near Newport, a few miles from where he lived,

the sea rolls and roars grandly on the island beach ; and it was his delight to visit this spot, and gaze upon the scene in rapt contemplation.

But to return to the point whence I set out. It was this early personal interest in Dr. Channing, that drew my particular attention to the admiration and affection with which I found his name regarded in England. This is, of course, most especially the case with those who hold similar denominational views with his own ; but it is by no means confined to such. His memory is held, by all liberal-minded and thinking men in Britain, in that reverence in which united goodness and greatness should be held. This was shown, in a striking manner, in the fact, that, some time ago, the leading journal of Great Britain, the "Times," in an article on America, coupled his name with that of Washington, calling Americans "the countrymen of Washington and Channing." This was, indeed, a proud distinction, but it is one of which Channing was not unworthy. Each loved his country fervently ; each was inspired with a truly religious spirit ; each had for his ruling end the good of his fellow-men. It should be the glory of our country, that it has possessed two such lofty spirits. May the pure example of the one, and the high moral teachings of the other, have their due effect on our national character ; and aid us in pursuing such a course of upright and conscientious dealing in our intercourse with other nations, and in attaining such a condition of public virtue and prosperity and of private happiness, as may render our favored land an example to the world !

AMERICAN AUTHORS IN ENGLAND.

—Through the growing present
Westward the starry path of poesy lies;
Her glorious spirit, like the evening crescent,
Comes rounding up the skies.

T. BUCHANAN READ.

IN the preceding paper, I have spoken of one distinguished writer of our country, whose name and popularity I found well established in England. I will now refer to some others.

Of our standard authors, Cooper is certainly more universally read than any other—as is the case, indeed, not only in England, but on the continent of Europe, and in fact, throughout the world. His works are found in almost every village-library, as well as in those of the large towns. I remember, once, being struck with finding them in a small miners' library, among the Newcastle coal mines. The tales, being published each in a single volume at a very low price, have had a very wide circulation. And it is no wonder they are so popular, for Cooper's are certainly the most attractive of all novels. How fresh and delightful it must be, to an inhabitant of these old worn-out countries of Europe, to rove with the great novelist through the wild forests of the Western world,—to wander

over its vast and flowery prairies, and look upon the face of virgin nature in its primitive loveliness. The "Last of the Mohicans," and the other "Leatherstocking Tales" of Cooper, combine the attractions of romance with a charm of incident and adventure equal to that of Robinson Crusoe. What an original and admirable portraiture is "Hawkeye!" On the sea, too—a field of description as open, as its highways are common, to all nations—who is there comparable to Cooper? Here, equally as in the wild woods, his genius reigns without a rival. His "Long Tom Coffin" not only clings to your fancy by his singularity and picturesqueness of manner and appearance, but he winds himself round your heart by the simplicity, uprightness, and sterling worth of his character. And there is one feature in which, I think, Cooper far surpasses Scott and all other novelists—namely, in the *moral sublime*. What a touching loftiness is there in the death-scene of "Long Tom Coffin!" And in the "Prairie," there is a like moral sublimity in the description of the old trapper's last hour—his sudden rising to his feet and saying in prompt military tone, "Here!" as if he had just heard his name called on the roll of the dead for judgment.

Washington Irving—the other of the two pioneers, as they may justly be termed, in American literature—I was a little surprised to find not quite so universally known in Great Britain as I had expected, considering that he was a little in advance of Cooper as to time, and that he published his works in this country himself. To all, indeed, who have any pretensions to literary taste, he is

well known; but his works have not that widespread popularity among the masses, that Cooper's possess: I was not as sure of finding the "Sketch-Book" and "Bracebridge Hall" in every country library, as I was of finding "The Pilot," and "The Spy." A little reflection, however, made the matter sufficiently plain. In the first place, the difference in character of the two classes of writings was a sufficient reason for their different degrees of popularity,—the one class consisting of tales, a species of writing ever the most widely popular. Then, too, the beauties of Cooper are of a kind obvious and attractive to all, cultivated and uncultivated; but the graceful style and exquisite touches of Irving are of a more delicate nature, and demand some degree of taste and refinement for their appreciation. Another reason, doubtless, is to be found in the fact, that Irving's works (at least, the earlier ones) having been originally published in England, are copyright, while Cooper's are not. The consequence is, that the latter being sent forth by numerous different publishers, and in cheaper forms, have had a much wider circulation. Irving's later works, such as his *Life of Goldsmith*, and also the history of Mahomet and his Successors, and the *Life of Washington*, not being copyright, have had a very extensive sale in shilling editions, and thus have made the writer more widely known.

Wherever Irving is read, however, in this country, he is most highly prized,—and his praises are uttered, too, in a way to show that he has reached the heart, as well as pleased the fancy. In notices of the

Sketch-Book, for instance, the epithet "delightful" is almost always used—"Irving's delightful Sketch-Book." And it is delightful: what compositions in the language are more charming? The delicate strain of sentiment everywhere pervading those Sketches, their alternate humor and pathos, the pleasing description of English rural scenes, as in the "Pride of the Village," and again, the introduction of picturesque American ones, as in "Rip Van Winkle," and "Sleepy Hollow,"—and all expressed in the most graceful diction, in euphonious and polished sentences,—what work in the language is there, so thoroughly agreeable and beautiful? At the time of its publication it took the English by surprise,—and no wonder! As Irving himself says, in his own elegant and playful manner, in his preface to the succeeding work, "Bracebridge Hall,"—"people here were surprised to find a native from the wilds of America expressing himself in tolerable English, and appearing with a feather in his hand instead of on his head."

The writer, who, next to Cooper and Irving, has done the most to elevate American literature in English estimation, and, indeed, in that of all Europe, is, unquestionably, the historian, Prescott. No works that America has produced, were so immediately successful, taking at the same time so high a stand in literature, as those of this author. His "Ferdinand and Isabella" has already reached the seventh edition, and his "Conquest of Mexico" and "Peru," a third and fourth. In travelling over the kingdom, through Scotland and Ireland as well as England, I took pains to inquire for these and

other American works—not only in the large cities, but in the libraries of the smaller towns and out-of-the-way places,—in order to discover for myself the extent of their popularity. Prescott's histories I almost uniformly found: they seemed to be regarded as a necessarily component part of every respectable library. In Dundee and Aberdeen in Scotland, in Cork and Limerick in Ireland, and in towns of still inferior note, I observed them: I remember, also, finding them at Geneva, in Switzerland,—as, no doubt, they are to be met with in all the principal libraries on the Continent.

Bancroft's History, also, I often inquired for, but not with the same uniform success: I found the work in some of the principal libraries, but it was not always to be met with. I remember, however, a somewhat singular exception: Bancroft's work I found in a second-class library in Dublin, where I had no expectation of seeing it, and where, if I remember rightly, Prescott's histories were wanting. But the case was commonly as I have stated. I was at first surprised to find the distinguished author of the "History of the United States" thus seemingly neglected. But manifest reasons may be assigned for the difference between Prescott's and Bancroft's popularity in this country. In the first place, Prescott's opening history was on a European subject, "Ferdinand and Isabella," of Spain. This circumstance would naturally draw the attention of European literati at once to the work; and when, on examination, its intrinsic merits were found so great, general approbation and applause followed: all the Reviews noticed and commended

it, and it met with an extensive sale. *C'est premier pas qui coûte*, says the French proverb, "It is the first step that costs:" the entering wedge is the difficult one; but public attention being once attracted to an author,—if he possess real merit, he goes on henceforth swimmingly. Prescott's second and third works, the "Conquest of Mexico," and the "Conquest of Peru," though not on European subjects, nevertheless received attention because the first work had been found so admirable. And these, also, when read, being found both authentic and entertaining, the writer's reputation became established.

With Bancroft, however, the case was different. His subject was one, which though great and noble in itself, and of the highest interest to us, is yet only of secondary interest to Europeans, even to Englishmen. Moreover, his first volumes, containing the Colonial History, were necessarily occupied with details not very entertaining to the general reader,—disconnected accounts of the various infant settlements in the New World. The subject necessarily wanted the charm of unity, as well as other sources of interest. A work by an Englishman on precisely the same subject, "Graham's Colonial History of the United States"—a work, too, of great solidity and value,—attracted no more attention than Bancroft's, and even less. Nevertheless, Bancroft's History has been steadily gaining in public estimation in Europe, as the country which he describes is daily exciting more and more attention and interest. Statesmen, and thinking men of all classes, are beginning to perceive that a grand

problem in human history is and has long been silently working out, on the other side of the Atlantic; and as they contemplate the fabric with more and more wonder and admiration, they begin to examine its foundations; they wish to know the manner in which those free institutions, so successfully going on, originated and grew to their present strength and expansion. Hence, Bancroft's great work is now beginning to attract more attention. Cheap editions, moreover, have lately been published, thus giving the work a wider circulation; and it is now quietly taking its place in most libraries, as a standard History.

The great work of Mr. Ticknor, of Boston, the "History of Spanish Literature," is one that does honor to our country. The literature of England, indeed, has no work on a similar topic, worthy to be compared with this in elegance and completeness. It was the result of thirty years' devotion and elaboration, and it does great credit to American scholarship. It was published in 1849, simultaneously in Boston and London, and, if we may judge by the Reviews, was well received in this country. A work of such a character—a profound and very minute description of a foreign literature—could never become popular, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but it was undoubtedly a treat to scholars, and will continue to be such. The elaborate review in the "North American," written by Mr. Prescott, greatly contributed to making both the work and its author widely known.

Speaking of the North American Review, I may remark, that I have found it on the table of Athe-

neums and similar literary institutions, in most of the large towns. In the busy manufacturing town of Sheffield, I remember being gratified at finding it in two of the public libraries. It is a periodical, which, both by the ability and learning which it at all times displays, has from its commencement done honor to American literature generally, as well as to Boston scholarship in particular. It was established in 1815, so that its career has not been a short one: in fact, it is but a few years younger than the London "Quarterly," and the "Edinburgh." It has never, indeed, had the brilliant reputation or extensive circulation of the last named Review; but these were owing quite as much to the party character of the "Edinburgh," as to its literary merit. Jeffrey himself declared that politics was the "right leg" of his Review. But the "North American" has very properly confined itself to its true sphere, literature; and if, in consequence, it has not made the noise that the "Edinburgh" has, yet it has pursued a more dignified, and perhaps more useful, course.

"Silliman's Journal," also, I may add, is very highly esteemed in this country, and is to be met with in most large libraries. Indeed, as a scientific periodical, it has not its superior in any country. Professor Silliman's long continued labors have done America much honor; and there are few names in the scientific world more highly esteemed.

Two other prose authors I may now mention—Emerson and Hawthorne. Emerson's reputation in this country may be termed "brilliant:" at least, it was such for a time,—but I am inclined to think

it has waned a little since men have had time to examine this new light, and have found that it was rather phosphoric and meteoric, than fixed and clear:—sparkling, rather, with the scintillations of phantasy, than shining with the steady light of truth. But, at the time of his visit to this country, he may be said to have stood, in public estimation, at the head of American literature; he was pronounced the greatest and most original genius that America had produced; and was advertised at places where he came to lecture as “the great American Essayist,”—drawing crowded houses. Emerson is certainly an ingenious and an entertaining writer. His style is eloquent and flowing, his sentences sparkle with bright thoughts and lively fancies, and he “utters” and dogmatizes after the manner of a prophet. But these qualities are not sufficient, I conceive, to constitute good writing. The substance of solid *truth* must underlie these ornaments, or they are but night frost-work on the window-pane, which is dissipated by the morning sun. A writer, who does not explain but asserts,—who contradicts himself two or three times within as many pages or sentences,—whose thoughts have no method or orderly arrangement, but are strung together like pearls on a string, having little other connection than that of succession, and who descends to dress up common-place ideas in a harlequin garb of fantastic expressions,—such a writer may take the popular fancy for a time, but he cannot be approved by “the judicious,” nor will his fame be enduring.

For one, I have no very high opinion of that

"suggestive" style of writing, of late so much in vogue. This "suggestiveness," I suspect, is only a pleasant term for *crudeness* of thought. The writer only half expresses himself, because he only half understands himself: he blurts out an embryo idea,—and if it sparkle a little with some queer conceit or some quaintness of expression, he is forthwith set down as a brilliant and "suggestive" writer. A good writer expresses himself—not "suggestively," but fully and clearly, because he understands himself fully and his views are clear. But Emerson says,—and he appears to act upon it—"Speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. With consistency a great soul has nothing to do." Now, what folly and nonsense is this! What right has an author to disturb the world with crude, ill-digested ruminations? or if he do so, what right to expect any regard from that world? Is one who sets himself up for a public teacher—and such every writer is in his degree—to pour forth everything that comes into his head, good or bad, true or false? And what confidence can we feel in him, when the statement he has uttered to-day he may contradict to-morrow? The end of writing is to teach *truth*, in one or another of its forms—in some of its degrees, higher or lower; and truth is a unit—it is ever consistent with itself; there may be various degrees and shades of truth, but they all harmonize and compose a one, because derived from God who is One. Genuine truths never contradict each other. If therefore the sen-

timent you utter to-day contradicts what you said yesterday, one or the other, or both, are false. Now, a writer or speaker, who utters falsities, is not fit to teach: he is not accomplishing the proper end of writing and speaking: he is doing harm and not good. Such writers at once insult the good sense, and injure the state, of mankind. The rule should be—first think your thoughts fully and clearly out, and then give us the wise result: if you cannot do this, be silent; we do not want crude or half-digested thoughts, which further reflection may cast aside as worthless.

Emerson's writings are full of inconsistencies and contradictions; and the only security that they will do no great harm, lies in the fact, that he does not insist long and perseveringly enough upon any one falsity, to cause it to make much impression on the mind of his reader. He has himself, in fact, given us the clue—not, indeed, through the labyrinth of his thoughts, for there is no way through them, they are inextricably entangled,—but one which may enable us to retrace our steps, and simply forget all we have read. Whenever we take up his books, we should keep the following just description of himself before our minds, and then we shall not be led astray: "Lest I should mislead any when I have my own head and obey my whims, let me remind the reader that I am only an experimenter. Do not set the least value on what I do, or the least discredit on what I do not, as if I pretended to settle anything as true or false. I unsettle all things. No facts to me are sacred,—

none are profane ; I simply experiment,—an endless seeker, with no past at my back." *

The name of Hawthorne has been heard in this country only a few years, yet in English estimation he already occupies a place in the front rank of American writers. The reviewers seem scarcely to know how to give him too high praise. His matter is spoken of as full of ideality, his style as elegant and polished, and his grouping as that of a true artist. He seems to be regarded as the Longfellow of prose. And so far as I have examined his writings, he seems to me to deserve these praises. He has a merit, which in these times is somewhat rare—that, namely, of writing with taste and sense, as well as with genius. He has none of the "cannon-ball" explosions and vagaries of Emerson—nothing of that unprincipled lawlessness, mistaken perhaps for independence and originality—which must ever render the last named writer amenable to the reproofs and disesteem of the wise and good. Judgment and skill, as well as liveliness of fancy, are visible in all Hawthorne's compositions. He does not, like Carlyle, throw away common sense, and trust solely to genius and good intentions, in what he writes ; but he uses suitable means to accomplish his ends, and has attained the noble art of speaking with plainness and simplicity.

Hawthorne's works, having been published in shilling volumes, have had a very extensive sale in Great Britain, and have made the author univer-

* Essay on "Circles."

sally known. I remember seeing in the London "Athenæum," an account of the translation of Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables" into the Russian language, and its publication at Moscow. "This," added the writer, "is indeed fame." The "Blithedale Romance" appeared about the time of the famous victory gained by the "America" yacht over the British yachts, in the race round the Isle of Wight,—which produced so great a sensation in England, and especially among the aristocracy who are the chief yacht as well as horse racers, and who found themselves so sadly beaten in this instance by the democrats of America. "The Times,"—which, in its account of the race, first made use of the language afterwards so often repeated, "What's first? The 'America!' What's second? Nothing!"—in reviewing the "Blithedale Romance" of Hawthorne soon after, appeared so carried away by its admiration of the American achievement, as to prophesy for our country victories of a still loftier class. "Who knows," says the writer, "but in a few years we may import our literature from America, as well as our flour and yacht-models?" (or words to this effect—I forget the precise language); and the prophecy really seemed in a manner fulfilled, when, the very next year, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came out, and carried all England as well as the rest of the world quite away with admiration.

This leads me to speak of a class of American writers, of whom, on some accounts, I feel more truly proud, than of all the rest. I refer to the lady-authors of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of "The

Wide, Wide World," and of the "Lamplighter;"—namely, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Miss Warner, and (if I have been rightly informed) Miss Cumming (their names, though the works of two out of the three are anonymous, deserve to be known and remembered). And the reason why I have felt thus proud of them—is not merely on account of their vast popularity, and the great sale which their works have met with in this country, but because in those writings they have taken so lofty a stand, and have set before themselves such pure and elevated aims. By their efforts, America has now taken the lead in what may be termed the literature of the New Era—a *healthy religious literature*. The character of this is in no degree narrow or sectarian, harsh or gloomy—which qualities, it may perhaps be said, in a greater or less degree tinged most of the religious writings of former periods; but, while holding firmly to essential truths, and instinct with a religious spirit, is yet, as all true religion is, loving, cheerful, and glad. Nor does it despise any of those acts and powers, which innocently entertain and amuse; but, using all, it sanctifies all. It regards all the faculties in their true light, as the gifts of the good Creator, and intended for, and capable of, a worthy use. Humor, fancy, elegance, grace, and artistic skill,—it regards as powers and charms bestowed on man for the delight and benefit of his fellow-creatures; and the writer who makes use of them—keeping them ever in subservience to religion and morality—it looks upon as a faithful servant, doing, in that degree, the will of the kind Father of all.

And this is, doubtless, the true view. Look on the beautiful face of Nature, and see how delicately it is tinted with the lily and the rose! Behold the modest garment of green, in which she is arrayed—yet how richly adorned with flowers of every hue! Is here not fancy, elegance, and grace? Consider the wondrous structure of the mineral crystals, of the vegetable forms, of the human frame itself: is there not here the skill of an artist? Again, witness the sporting of young animals,—the frisking of the kid, the lamb and the calf leaping in their joy, and the racing and chasing of dogs in their play—is there not here evident sportiveness and something as nearly like humor as the brute creation are capable of expressing? Yet these are all the Lord's unperverted works, teaching us that He is the author of the beautiful and the mirthful, as well as of the solemn and the profound;—and that all these, in their fit times and seasons, are pleasing in his sight.

The ready reception which the works above named have met with, both in America and in England, is a hopeful sign of the times. It shows that a sound and rational religious spirit is spreading more and more widely through society, and is demanding its proper aliment, a healthy religious literature;—a literature, which is impregnated with worshipful and reverent feelings towards the good Creator of all things, and which recognizes his presence and providence everywhere; and not only so, but a literature that is imbued with a thoroughly Christian spirit,—one that acknowledges and worships the Saviour of the world.

It is true, indeed, that one of the works above

mentioned—that of Mrs. Stowe,—contained another great source of interest, distinct from its religious spirit, namely, its discussion of the slave question. But this was not at all the case with the others, the “Wide, Wide World,” “Queechy,” and the “Lamp-lighter.” These were strictly religious novels ; and yet, though following directly upon “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” their circulation was immense. This was the case, at least, in this country (England), and I believe it was the same in America. It was taken for granted, that everybody had read the former works, as well as the last. In society here, after asking the question, “How do you like ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin?’” the inquiry came next, “What do you think of ‘Queechy’ and the ‘Wide, Wide World?’” Moreover, even of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” one of the greatest charms, to most minds, was its pure and elevated religious character. How often, —not only in reviews, but in speeches at public meetings, in which the great book of the day was referred to, have I observed the scenes brought up, of poor Tom’s vision of the Saviour in his hour of agony—or his touching conversation with little Eva that evening, on the shores of Lake Pontchartrain, about the glories of heaven. Not the mere subject of the book, nor all the alternate humor and pathos with which it is written, would have given it that universal circulation which it attained, without the sanctifying presence of its lofty religious spirit, which gave a life and soul to the whole.

There is a class of American writers, whose works I have observed circulating very extensively in this country, and doing a great deal of good, but

which do not seem to have attracted much attention from critics and reviewers. Yet, though little talked about, they are widely read; and that is "better than fame." Among these writers, I may mention the following, whose works I have particularly noticed: namely, Jacob Abbot, of Boston, author of a series of books for children; Rev. John Todd, of Northampton, author of "The Student's Manual," and inventor of the "Index Rerum" (a kind of note-book, which every student should have at his side); Rev. George B. Cheever, author of "Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress," and other works; and T. S. Arthur, of Philadelphia. The works of the last named writer have had a wide circulation in this country, and have been published in various forms by several different publishers. (For, since attention has been drawn to American literature, British publishers have shown themselves by no means backward in availing themselves of opportunities for publishing popular American works without making remuneration to their authors: this species of "piracy" (as it is termed) is now by no means confined to our side of the Atlantic.) Arthur is one of the best tale-writers of the day, and all his writings are characterized by a high moral aim, and breathe a pure spirit. His "Maiden," "Wife," and "Mother," "Married and Single," and numerous other works of a kindred character, are all instinct with the soundest moral views, based on their only sure foundation, true religious principle. I am rejoiced to see American works like these, circulating so widely in this country: I feel more proud of them, than of many which have a greater

name, but which are not half so useful, nor, after all, so generally read.

Another brilliant name among our prose writers, I may refer to,—that of Daniel Webster.* The name of Daniel Webster is well known in England, as that of a distinguished American statesman and orator, but that is about all. With the exception of one or two diplomatic papers, having reference to European affairs, his writings have had little or no circulation in this country, and consequently, his name is to most Englishmen a mere name. This ignorance is in some measure excusable, when it is considered that till lately his works had not been published in a collected form, his great speeches and orations being scattered through pamphlets and newspapers. Moreover, the topics of his speeches were, with a very few exceptions, so exclusively and thoroughly American, that we could not expect them to attract much attention from abroad, however deeply interesting to ourselves, and however admirably treated by the orator. But now that the fine edition of his works,† by Edward Everett, has been given to the world,—and especially now that the writer is numbered among the “great departed,” and thus an aroma of sanctity, as it were, is gathered about his name,—it is probable that both the man and his writings will become better known in England and in Europe

* Daniel Webster, the statesman, is not to be confounded (as is sometimes done by foreigners) with Noah Webster, the lexicographer.

† *The Works of Daniel Webster, edited by Edward Everett, with a Memoir, in 6 vols., octavo.*

generally. It is certain, that Britain can show, among the productions of her statesmen and orators, few or none fit to be compared with these in solidity of argumentation, in grandeur of thought, in imagery, eloquence, and elegance. I can call to mind none, at all worthy of comparison with them, except perhaps Burke's,—and these are in many points inferior. Burke may have more splendor of diction, more glow of Irish fervor, a thicker crowding of fancies and figures,—but he wants the solidity and grasp of thought, the condensed vigor of style, the sustained loftiness of imagination, and the pure patriotic ardor that distinguish the writings of the great American. Webster stood alone in his greatness, in his own day,—and he is likely to stand alone, still, in the coming ages. The country has produced, and is likely to produce, none like or equal to him, in his own line of intellectual exertion. Posterity will look back to him—as it looks back to Washington—as the wise statesman and the true patriot; the one the founder, the other the expounder and defender, of the glorious Constitution which unites our country. While we lay up in our memories and hearts the simple and sincere words of Washington's "Farewell Address," we shall place by its side the eloquent appeal of Webster, on the "Duties of American Citizens." Let me here extract a few sentences from it :

"Let us not retire from this occasion, fellow-citizens, without a deep and solemn conviction of the duties which have devolved upon us. This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and

generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers from behind admonish us with their anxious paternal voices; posterity calls out to us from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes; all, all conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in the relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but, by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing through our day, and leave it unimpaired to our children. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our firmament now shines brightly on our path. WASHINGTON is in the clear upper sky. Adams, Jefferson, and other stars have joined the American constellation: they circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with a new light. Beneath this illumination, let us walk the path of life; and at its close, devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine benignity."

And what a grand burst of eloquence is that, on the preservation of the Union :

"I profess, Sir, in my career, hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us proud of our country. That Union we reached, only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrated commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, those great interests immediately awoke as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proof of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the

dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether with my short sight I could fathom the abyss below: nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of the government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union might best be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people, when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union;—on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent;—on our land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced,—its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured,—bearing, for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and union afterwards,'—but everywhere, spread all over, in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land and under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, '*Liberty AND Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable!*'"

Daniel Webster, if I am not deceived, will hereafter be reckoned, by Americans at least, and probably by all good judges, as the prince of modern orators, as Demosthenes was of ancient. Englishmen, at any rate, ought to admire Webster, for no one of their own writers or speakers has given such a graphic and poetic view of the vastness of

England's possessions, as is presented in the following splendid passage :—"A Power, which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts ; whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

Let Englishmen thank Webster for that.

Before speaking of the poets, I must just allude to two other American authors,—among the greatest, in fact, but whom, nevertheless, I had nearly forgotten to mention. They are Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin. The latter is about as well known in England as in America. His charming autobiography has done this for him, as well as the fame of his brilliant electrical discoveries, and his high position as a statesman. Sydney Smith was a particular admirer of Franklin's writings. "I will disinherit you," he playfully writes to his daughter, "if you do not admire everything written by Franklin."—As to Jonathan Edwards, his collected works have been repeatedly reprinted in England. They may be seen, in two large octavos, in almost every respectable bookshop. The admiration expressed for this great man by British writers is quite unbounded. Robert Hall, in his enthusiasm, calls him "the greatest of the sons of men." Chalmers, Mackintosh, and others, have spoken of him in almost equally strong terms. Henry Rogers, editor of one of the English editions—himself a brilliant writer—pronounces Edwards to be "among the first,

if not *the* first, of the masters of human reason." America has just reason to be proud of him.

Let me now turn to the poets, and say a few words on the comparative estimation in which I have observed them to be held in Britain. Among our poets, there are two names, which seem always to rise at once and together to the minds of British critics, when referring to American poetry,—namely, Bryant and Longfellow. And until lately, these two seem to have stood forward as almost the only representatives of American genius in that department. Of the two, Longfellow is unquestionably the more widely popular, though, in the opinion of critical judges of poetry, Bryant shares honors very equally with him. Bryant's name, too, has been longer before the public, and for a time he stood almost "alone in his glory." As a specimen of the views entertained of his productions by writers on this side of the Atlantic, I will quote a few passages from an English editor's preface to an edition of his poems now lying before me:—

"We now present to our readers the poems of William Cullen Bryant, who has achieved in his own country a popularity as far spread as her prairies, and taught America to be proud, and justly, of a poet of her own. It is quite true, that the beautiful New World has furnished Bryant with sisterhood and brotherhood, in the land of poetry, every way worthy of companionship with his popularity; and that Willis, Mrs. Sigourney, and many more, have helped him to give to the song of the younger country the same tone of breadth, richness, and freedom, which had already been communicated to its prose fiction and history, by the Coopers and Washington Irving of its rising day. Miltons and Shakespeares have not sprung from the only half-tilled soil of the mighty

continent; giants have not yet burst from its forests, with a grandeur equal to their own: but some of the sweetest swans have, nevertheless, sung upon its waters, and Genius has led the muses to dwell early and often enough in the garden of Columbus, to make its poetry of native and of national growth.—William Cullen Bryant is one of those whose muse has been most admired; and it is right to say, not only with a native popularity. For such is the affinity of language, and so deep and paramount its strength and influence, that no American productions, of true and sterling merit, can ever fail of gaining a kindred celebrity in the British realms; and thus the fame of the young country ever gains a welcome and confirmation from the spirit of the Old. Bryant is not a giant,—but he is a genius, for all that; and he is one of the finest class of poets, who have made genius respected at a period when its appreciation is more keen and critical, and its judges more numerous, by reason of progressed education, than they ever were before. America adores the man,—England confirms the poet; that is enough,—the joint fiat entitles him to his fame.—His style has that in it, which the style of no true poems is without—individuality. The Americans might read them, even if they bore no name, and say, This is Bryant. The selection of his subjects, varied as they are, will be found by the careful reader to have greatly influenced his manner. His introduction of natural imagery and religious thought, his solemn yearning after themes of death and flowers—for graves and blossoms he is often blending in his verse; a certain touch of nationality, rather implied than struck out, in his stronger strains (a feature which has much endeared him to the strong-thinking people of his native land), great propriety of language, with a fine rich rhythmical flow,—not much terseness, but a bold elaboration of natural description, occasional touches of tenderness, and a somewhat timid rejection of the flights and fire of the strongest passions—these features will be found to constitute the portraiture of his style, which may be generally said to be wrapped in a mantle of dignified beauty, to inspire much respect, no terror, and a gentle flood of love.”

Sentiments of respect and admiration, similar to these, are very generally entertained towards Bryant

by the true lovers of poetry in this country. Some time ago, indeed, a rather ill-natured critic, in the "North British Review,"—in course of finding fault with the poetry of the age generally, attempted to show that America had yet produced no true poet. Longfellow he criticised very sharply; and speaking of Bryant's "Thanatopsis," he remarked that it came very near being a fine poem, but yet was not a fine poem: the reason assigned was a very vague one,—something to the effect (if I remember rightly) that the ideas were not purely original, but were borrowed from various English poets. This general charge of imitation,—without specifying exact instances, and naming the sources from which the phrases or thoughts were borrowed—is one of the oldest, and one of the meanest, forms of attack indulged in by splenetic British critics against American writers. What is there more ungenerous than to be always saying to a person, "Sir, why are you looking at me? you are constantly copying and following me; do go your own gait." This, said to an individual, who might happen to be going in the same general direction, but who was neither following nor taking notice of the other at all, would be apt to be regarded as an insult, most humbling to one's feelings of self-respect, and the more detestable from the difficulty of proving the entire falsity of the charge. Yet this was the strain constantly indulged in by British writers on America in former days, and now—when almost given up—revived in the instance just alluded to. It is no wonder that the article excited some indignation on the other side

of the water. Yet it was quite unnecessary, for the writer was censured and ridiculed by the admirers of American poetry in this country, in a severer manner even than by the Americans themselves. It is but fair to add, that the same writer, in an article published a short time after, sought to make the *amende honorable*, protesting that he had had no intention of giving offence, and proceeding to give an able and very favorable review of American prose-writers.

Bryant's exquisite piece, "Lines to a Waterfowl," one of the earliest, and still among the most cherished, of his productions, is prized as highly in this country as at home. I remember hearing a clergyman in Birmingham, some years ago, speak of it with much enthusiasm. Indeed, I know of nothing more chaste in English poetry. It is, no doubt, familiar to most of my readers; but I must adduce it here, as a specimen of the elevated and polished style of Bryant's compositions:—

Whither midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink,
On the chafed ocean's side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air—

Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
As that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toll shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone,—the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

Longfellow, as already remarked, is more generally known and more widely popular in England, than any other of our poets. Even before the publication of his "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," he had produced a few short pieces, which had made their way to men's hearts in this country as well as in America. His "Voices of the Night" were of this class, especially the "Psalm of Life," and "Footsteps of Angels." A Scottish critic, mentions that the former of these, the "Psalm of Life," had been quoted in the British Parliament, and speaks of this as a high honor, it being so unusual a thing for

poetry to be quoted in that very prosaic assembly. I had the gratification, myself, of hearing the same "Psalm" sung by a hundred children's voices, in a school at Bannockburn, in Scotland,—Bannockburn, the ground of the famous battle, and the scene of "Bruce's Address." This, indeed, is true popularity,—when one's compositions are publicly repeated by men and boys, from the Parliament to the country school-room; and still more, when they are *sung*, for this is a proof that they have gone farther than the head,—that they have touched the heart.

Another of Longfellow's poems is a very general favorite—the "Village Blacksmith." And no wonder! What a stroke of simple pathos is there in the description of the Blacksmith listening to his daughter singing in the village-choir:—

"It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes."

And how excellent the moral of the next stanza,—

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes:
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

It is, in truth, this simplicity and truth to nature, this artless description of things in real life,—yet

exalted by the glow of poetic feeling and expression which he throws over them,—that renders Longfellow as truly an original, as he is a popular, poet. He writes at no second-hand.

His "Excelsior," too, has won great admiration in this country! It has been set to music, and is one of the most popular songs of the day. One not very lofty but pretty sure proof of its wide-spread popularity, is the fact, that British ships and steamers have been named "Excelsior," and there is now, in London, a monthly periodical published under that name.

But the charming poem of "Evangeline" fully established Longfellow's popularity. It was read in all circles in Britain, high and low, and excited universal admiration and delight. What called my special attention to the poem,—before I had read it myself—was seeing a picture at a Fine Arts' Exhibition in Scotland, in which Evangeline was portrayed kneeling in church, with her crucifix on her bosom and her prayer-book in her hand. This, too, is a strong proof of popularity. A poem must have made a deep impression both on the fancy and the feelings, when it is made a subject for the pencil. It may be added, that it is to the credit of our country, that an American poet has succeeded in accomplishing what no British poet has been able to achieve, namely, to render popular a poem in English hexameter verse. It is an example, however (as has been often remarked), to be admired rather than imitated.

The last and perhaps the most remarkable of all Longfellow's poems, was "Hiawatha." British

reviewers had long been demanding a purely American poem; and here, in truth, they had it:—as thoroughly American in subject, as it was original and new in style and versification. This production excited a greater *furor* in England than any poem, perhaps, since Byron; it was for a time the chief topic of discussion in literary circles and periodicals. Among the remarks elicited by the appearance of this poem, the two following most struck my attention. The first is from the London "Leader," which thus concludes a highly eulogistic article on "Hiawatha:"

"America has now her epic. The intellectual greatness of America, which every eye must see will one day be commensurate with her territorial greatness (and of which, even now, there are unmistakeable signs, in the originality of several writers), may, and probably will, produce epics grander in substance than this of Hiawatha; but the glory of having given his country her first national poem, worthy to be placed beside the national poems of other lands, will always belong to Longfellow."

The other is from the London "Illustrated News":

"The great and well earned reputation of Henry Longfellow may be accepted as a proof that good poetry will always meet with admirers. Let a master strike the lyre, and he will soon attract the attention of a crowd of eager listeners. No other American poet is so generally read as Longfellow. His name is a household word; he is a guest at our firesides; the companion of our sons and daughters, our relations and friends: in fact, he enjoys a European reputation. There can be little difficulty in discovering the reason of this universal homage,—the poetry of Longfellow appeals to the heart. In his verse, he deals with human life as it really exists: in his effusions, we find something akin to the tides of existence that are ebbing and flowing around

us. He addresses his generation in terms that all can understand. Most of his productions contain proofs of a deep and solemn purpose; we ever find him bent on communicating important truths to his fellow-men. He has established his claim to rank among the immortals."

These extracts bear testimony to the high estimation in which Longfellow is held in England. In fact, he is, without doubt, even more popular than their own laureate, Tennyson. Tennyson's "Maud" came out about the same time with Longfellow's "Hiawatha;" and while the former received only feeble praise, the latter excited universal admiration. In truth, there is little question which of the two poets is the greater: who would compare the "Princess" with "Evangeline?" or which of Tennyson's smaller pieces goes to the general heart like Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," or "Footsteps of Angels," or "Excelsior?" In fact, I have heard the remark made more than once in this country, that Longfellow is the first of living poets. I think the remark just. America may now lift up her head; for the first of living poets, and the first of living historians, both, are hers,—Longfellow and Prescott; thus, she may be said to stand now at the head of the two highest walks in cotemporary literature.

After Bryant and Longfellow, the American poetical writer that ranks next in popularity in this country, is, I think, Mrs. Sigourney. Not that she stands so high with the critics as some others, but she appears to be more generally known. You find her more frequently quoted in English books than any other except Longfellow; and, what is the best proof of popularity, you oftener find her poems in

the domestic library, or lying upon the parlor table. They are, in a degree, "household words." It is, probably, the pure and pious tone of her writings, quite as much as the poetic genius that pervades them, that has made Mrs. Sigourney thus generally popular; and indeed, in this point of view, they are deserving of all the estimation they have obtained. Nor are they wanting, many of them, in true poetic inspiration.

The poems of James Russell Lowell have been brought lately before the English public, and some of them have been much admired. His "Fable for the Critics" seems to be thought by the reviewers the most "clever" of his productions, but I have heard private readers express more gratification with some of the shorter poems. In a preface to a London edition of Lowell's Poems, the English editor thus introduces Mr. Lowell to his countrymen:—

"Among the younger poets of America, the author of the present volume holds a high rank. His writings are not generally known in England, but among his countrymen his reputation is deservedly great. The present publication will, it is hoped, secure him as many admirers on this side of the Atlantic as he already numbers in the United States."

The writer then proceeds to give a sketch of Mr. Lowell's life and writings; after which he enters into a brief criticism of his works, bestowing upon them, in general, much praise. I extract a few passages:—

"Mr. Lowell is a true poet, and evidently feels the sanctity of the poetical vocation. He devotes himself to it heart and soul, laboring to exercise his mind in careful study of the art, with

respect both to thought and execution. The tone of his compositions is singularly high-minded, vigorous, and pure; there is nothing mawkish or feeble about them. Many of his pieces impress us forcibly with the idea of great power of imagination, scattering its wealth with singular profuseness, and a daring originality of conception. He has great command of language, and he executes his highest purposes without straining its idiom or painfully ransacking its vocabulary. The first thing that we have to demand of a poet is, that his verses be really alive. Life we look for first, and growth as its necessary consequence and indicator. And it must be an original, not a parasitic life—a life capable of reproduction. Is Lowell, then, a poet in this sense? Unquestionably, yes! We perceive, running through and knitting together all his poems, the homogeneous spirit—becoming gradually assured of itself—of an original mind."

In the same series of *American Poets*, issued by a popular London publisher, appear the poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes. In the preface to this, the "first English edition," the editor introduces an extract from Miss Mitford's "*Recollections of a Literary Life*," in which that distinguished authoress refers to Dr. Holmes in terms of high commendation. "Her criticism," remarks the editor, "is so just, and her description so vivid and life-like, that we cannot forbear quoting a few passages:

" 'Amongst the strange events,' she says, 'of these strange days of ours, when revolutions and counter-revolutions, constitutions changed one week and re-changed the next, seem to crowd into a fortnight the work of a century, annihilating time just as railways and electric telegraphs annihilate space—in these days of curious novelty,—nothing has taken me more pleasantly by surprise than the school of true and original poetry that has sprung up among our blood-relations (I had well-nigh called them our fellow-countrymen) across the Atlantic,—they who speak the same tongue, and inherit the same literature; and of all this flight of genuine poets, I hardly know any one so original as Dr. Holmes.

For him we can find no living prototype: to track his footsteps, we must travel back as far as Pope or Dryden: and to my mind it would be well if some of our own bards would take the same journey, provided always it produced the same result. Lofty, poignant, graceful, grand, high of thought and clear of word, we could fancy ourselves reading some page of 'Absalom and 'Aithophel,' or of the 'Moral Epistles,' if it were not for the pervading nationality,—which, excepting Whittier, American poets have generally wanted,—and for that true reflection of the manners and follies of the age, without which satire would fail alike of its purpose and its name.'"

I think that not only Dr. Holmes, but our countrymen generally, must feel gratified with this high encomium on one of our poets, from so capable a judge as Miss Mitford.

Another American poet, who attracted a great deal of attention, on the republication of his poems in England, was Edgar Allan Poe. He was much spoken of and quoted in the Reviews and Magazines of the time, and described as a brilliant though irregular genius, one of the most original minds that America had produced. His poem of "The Raven" was exceedingly admired, as also that of "The Bells." And certainly they are deserving of great praise, for their freshness, spirit, and originality; and their rhythm is exquisitely musical and sweet; they surpass, I think, in that particular, anything in the language.

The poems of Dana, Willis, and Whittier are familiar to critics, but they can hardly be said to be as yet generally known or read in England: the cheap editions of American poets, however, lately issued by various London publishers, have rendered them accessible to the English public, and they will

ere long be more justly appreciated. Willis, indeed, may be termed a popular name in Britain, but he is better known as a prose writer than as a poet. Percival, who was among the earliest, and perhaps also the best, of our poets, is, I regret to say, little known : I have not met with a copy of his works in this country, though it is possible that there may be such. Neither is Drake generally known ; yet his poem of the "Culprit Fay," is, in my opinion, one of the most exquisite creations of pure fancy in the English or any other language. The author died in 1820, at the early age of twenty-six. His "American Flag," too, though somewhat florid, is a brilliant piece. Griswold's collection, entitled the "Poets and Poetry of America"—as also his "Prose-writers of America"—have been of great service in making the productions of our countrymen known in England.

A little volume now lies before me, entitled the "Sacred Harp of American Poetry." It is a reprint, I find, of Cheever's "Common-place Book of Poetry." I am glad to see that in this volume most of our best poets are represented : it is a valuable proof of the elevated tone which, I am happy to say, in general characterizes American poetical, as well as prose, writers. "The poetry of devotion," remarks the editor, in his preface, "is the rarest of all poetry. It is sad to think how few, of all the poets in the English language, have possessed or exhibited the Christian character. A few beloved volumes, indeed, have their place in the heart, but they are but few." He adds : "Every religious mind will be pleased, that a

volume of American poetry, so variously selected, presents so many pages imbued with a high feeling of devotion." This is, in truth, the loftiest praise that can be bestowed upon our writers,—that their genius is a purified and sanctified, not a defiled and unhallowed, one. Genius itself is a gift, for which the Divine Giver alone deserves praise, not the receiver: the latter is entitled to credit, only when he makes a good and worthy use of it,—as he should be branded with infamy, when he abuses it to unhallowed ends. It is the highest praise, that America, in her young and rising literature, has taken a high stand in this respect. The writings of our authors,—with very few exceptions—are found to be imbued with a lofty moral and religious spirit. This, it is probable, results in a great degree from the pure character of America's founders, the high-souled Puritans. All praise to those brave and noble spirits, whose lofty daring and heroic endurance in the cause of truth and right, have already, in their results, benefited the world to an incalculable extent, and will continue to do so through coming ages:—and this, not only by the example of American civil liberty, but also through the influence of an American religious literature!

SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH-PLACE AND TOMB.

What needs my Shakspeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a starry pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?

MILTON.

IN visiting remarkable places, in the course of my travels, it has often happened that I reached them just at night-fall. This has occurred so frequently, that my attention was at length drawn to the circumstance; and it seemed to me, on reflection, not accidental, but providential. For I believe, and love to believe, that there is a providence over the minutest affairs of daily life; and that our Heavenly Father, whose nature is all Love, takes a Divine delight in providing for the innocent gratification of his children in every possible way. And the circumstance above alluded to, has, I am sure, been a source of peculiar gratification to me.

It may be more pleasing to some, to enter a place like Stratford-on-Avon at broad noon, whisk up to the inn-door in coach and four; and, jumping off, dash into the Shakspeare house with a party—

see the place—and then off to the church, and see that,—mount the coach again, and away—all “done up” by daylight. But that is not my turn. I love to approach a place like this quietly, thoughtfully, and alone; and at an hour when the shades of evening are drawing on, and throwing around objects a shadowy indistinctness in which the imagination finds opportunity to exercise itself; in which only enough of the real is visible, for the ideal to hang its garland fancies upon; in which, in fact, the material fades from view, and allows the intellectual and the spiritual to take its place. For, after all, it is not the material object that excites the interest, but the associations connected with it; and these are all intellectual, invisible; they are to be sought for, not without, but within,—in the recesses of one's own mind and memory; they are found, not by gazing at the wood or stone with the outward eyes, but rather by looking within and calling up to view the mental fabric which information and imagination have reared there together. So far, indeed, as the sight of the outward object aids this inward contemplation, it is a source of pleasure; and hence the delight in visiting famous scenes. But if the material object is permitted to displace from the mind the ideal one with its cluster of associations,—then the pleasure is lessened rather than increased; the true source of delight is extinguished; and the vacant mind, staring hard at the stone, demands, “Is this all?” Hence the feelings of disappointment so often experienced by tourists. They had better have stayed at home and read of the place, than visited it.

Now, as realities in this lower world seldom come up to the mind's imaginings (because the immortal mind belongs properly to a higher and grander world), therefore, daylight, which shows things in their dull materiality, tends, often, to chill the ardor of expectation, and draw down the plumed fancy to the earth. But the uncertain light of evening, while it shows the object, and thus awakens slumbering associations and kindles the fancy, yet, casting its hazy veil over the scene, leaves your dreamy pleasures undisturbed.

By good fortune, or, rather, as I before remarked, by a kindly providence, I have been permitted to have my inclination in this particular very frequently gratified. I first saw London by lamp-light; I entered Naples beneath a brilliant moon-light; and our own magnificent Niagara I enjoyed the most deeply, while standing in the darkness on the little bridge that connects Goat and Luna Islands, and listening to the roar of the cataract rushing over the precipice beneath me.

It was the same, on the occasion of my visit to Stratford. I happened to arrive there just at evening: I viewed Shakspeare's little birth-chamber by candle-light; and walked round the church that contains his tomb, beneath the solemn light of the stars.

Though the theme is hackneyed enough, I must indulge myself with the relation of a few particulars of my visit. As every intelligent traveler sees things from his own point of view, and different persons approach scenes of interest under different circumstances and in different states of mind, there may be an indefinite variety in their accounts, and

each may have its own excellence and its own means of affording gratification.

I had spent the morning in wandering over grand old Warwick castle, said to be the finest relic of the kind in England;—climbing to the top of Guy's tower, surveying the giant earl's great sword and greater "porridge-pot," and from the hall-windows enjoying my first view of the winding Avon. At four in the afternoon, I mounted the Warwick coach for Stratford, some eight or ten miles distant. The sun had been shining pleasantly most of the day; but now, a cloud gathering in the west brought on a slight shower,—only a few drops, just enough to make a rainbow, the first I had seen in England. I thought it a suitable arch to enter Stratford under. On our way we crossed the Avon; it is a pretty stream, with numerous willows along its banks. How famous has this river become, by the singing of its "swan!" Four miles this side of Stratford, we came in view of Charlecote, the mansion of Sir Thomas Lucy, which Shakspeare's youthful prank has made so celebrated. It is still in the possession of one of his descendants. There was the park which the youthful poet had so lawlessly entered; and, quietly feeding upon it, a large herd of deer, descendants, probably, of the very troop that he assaulted.

We reached Stratford a little before six; and, as it was late in the season, it was now near dusk. Yet,—as we drove into the town (crossing the Avon over an arched bridge), I caught a glimpse, in the distance, of the spire of the parish-church, Shakspeare's mausoleum. As soon as the coach

stopped, I sprang off, and ran up the street, anxious to get a view of the house before it was quite dark. It was not far off,—in Henley Street, on the right side; I had always imagined it on the opposite side. It is singular how distinctly we frame to ourselves pictures of these famed scenes,—which, however, are seldom found to accord with the preconceived idea.

I at once recognized the house from the engravings of it I had seen; there was the well-known chequered front of beams and plaster. Over the door, was a sign-board, double, and standing boldly out from the wall at an angle, with this inscription on both sides: "THE IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN IN THIS HOUSE."

Just as I reached the door, a whole bevy of blooming English girls were going in. I entered with them: no distinction of persons or countries, thought I, is known here; Shakspeare belongs to the world. The good woman of the house took a candle, and led the way up stairs into the famous chamber—a small, plain room of some twelve or fifteen feet square. The walls and low ceiling were completely covered with names,—some of them distinguished ones,—with a whole army of such as are known only to their owners. On the right-hand wall (looking towards the street) was the name of Schiller,* in a large bold hand. This was interesting: here was a true pilgrim, come to do homage at the shrine of a brother poet and dramatist. On one of the window-panes was scratched the name of Sir Walter Scott. Near the mantel-

* Could I have been mistaken in this name? for I am not aware that Schiller ever was in England.

piece were inscribed the names of the famous actor, Edmund Kean, and of his son, Charles Kean. These had duly come to pay their respects to their master. And not far from these was "William, Duke of Clarence" (afterwards King William IV). Here was a prince come to do homage to a greater; a sovereign of this world, to bow before a sovereign of the higher world of mind. All this was interesting. Some of the company asked for the name of our distinguished countryman, Washington Irving, whose visit to Stratford, described in his own charming manner in the "Sketch Book," seemed well known and remembered. The landlady replied, that he did not put his name on the wall, but only in the visitors' book. This, it struck me, was just what might have been expected from the nice and scrupulous taste, as well as modesty, of that fine writer. He would be unwilling to give any countenance, by his example, to the Vandal custom of scribbling names on sacred places, however distinguished or numerous might be the precedents for it. The name-books, our cicerone informed us, were at present in the possession of an antiquary of the place, who prized them for their autographs. Of these there are now no fewer than five large volumes. The sixth, which lay on the table, contained as yet but few names,—none of them of any distinction. Thus our curiosity in this respect was disappointed. Is it not strange? we come to see the memorials of Shakspeare,—but, forgetting him, we search anxiously for the traces of those who, like ourselves, have been visitors to the memorials of Shakspeare. So it is. The visitor and venerator

becomes himself, in time, an object of veneration ; the relics of his visit become sources of interest, and thus are new associations constantly gathering round the original centre of attraction, adding new jewels to the riches of the shrine.

After viewing the house, I at once set out for the church which contains Shakspeare's tomb. For though it was now dark, and too late to enter the building, yet I felt a longing to reach the spot, and contemplate it in the silence of the evening. After a little inquiry, I found my way through the streets to the outskirts of the town, where the church stands. The gate of the church-yard opened on a pretty avenue of lime-trees, extending to the church door. Proceeding a little way up the avenue, I turned off to the left, for the purpose of viewing the building more distinctly,—or rather, the dim outline of it against the evening sky. I was surprised to find it so large. I had pictured to myself a little village-church, with a low square tower ; but here was a stately edifice, cruciform, and with a tall and tapering spire.

As I stood there, leaning against a grave-stone and contemplating the old pile,—happening to look round, I saw in the dusk a small, light figure, passing with quick step down the avenue, having, apparently, come out of the church. A pleasant thought struck my fancy: that is, certainly, said I to myself, the youthful spirit of Shakspeare, coming out, just at evening, to revisit its old haunts in the town. The figure—whatever it was—seemed to see me also, for presently it quickened its step into a run, and disappeared. It was not

long before I saw another figure pass down the avenue in the same way, apparently coming out of the church—though the place was dark and the door shut. What it could mean, I was at a loss to understand ; and it was not till some time after, that the mystery was unraveled. I discovered, at length, on walking round the church, that there was another gate, on the opposite side of the yard, and that persons seemed to be in the habit of crossing the church-yard from one street to another. A ticklish thoroughfare, this, thought I, for young people with active imaginations ; no wonder the figure took me for a ghost, as I stood there in the dusk by the grave-stone ! I laughed to myself at the thought : perhaps the person took me for the spirit of Shakspeare, as I took him.

Presently, a lamp-lighter came up the avenue, and, setting up his ladder, lighted the lamp over the church door ; and then, departing, left the church-yard "to darkness and to me." A solemn look had that single flickering lamp, as it burned there in the silence of the place, throwing a bright light on the doorway, while all around was in shade,—defining the massive angles of the church-walls, and casting long shadows from the nearest grave-stones.

As I stepped on towards the east end of the building,—happening to raise my eyes and look forward, to my surprise I beheld a river, no doubt the Avon itself, flowing directly past the back of the church, its waters gleaming here and there with the uncertain lights of an evening sky, but elsewhere flowing in darkness. This added a new

and unexpected charm to the scene. The words, "Swan of Avon," one of the poet's graceful titles, came to my mind. The tall trees, standing round the church, seemed to my fancy like giant forms guarding by night the tomb of Shakspeare. I leaned against one of those on the river-bank, and looking up at the great east window, stood and meditated.

There, thought I, within those dark and silent walls, are actually the bones of Shakspeare lying,—that very hand which penned Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth,—works that for two centuries and a-half have astonished and delighted the world. But where is he, that mighty mind? where is the spirit Shakspeare, the man himself? Echo answered, Where? "Do you think," said Socrates, after he had drunk the hemlock, "do you think that the body which you will soon see lying here cold and stiff, is myself?—*I shall be gone.*" So Shakspeare is gone: gone whither? Into the inner sphere, the world of spirit. He has simply retired behind the curtain; and there he still lives, with his associate and kindred spirits,—as do the millions who, before and since his day, have retired behind the scenes of this world's stage, and are there acting over again their parts before a grander audience. The curtain of death hangs between two worlds: on both sides there is a stage—but that infinitely the larger and the more magnificent. He who plays his little part well here, will be a "star" there, performing to the eyes of angels:—nay, himself an angel; he will be both a looker on and an actor in the grand drama of heavenly and eternal life, of which God is the great Spectator.

As these high thoughts passed through my mind, I looked up at the sky. It had been dark and cloudy; but, just then, towards the west, the clouds breaking a little, there shone forth a single star: it is the star, thought I, of Shakspeare's genius looking down from its heaven. As it cleared away still more, soon I beheld the constellation of the Ursa Major, and presently after Cassiopœia, two of my favorite constellations. I looked up at them as old friends. How often had I stood and gazed at those on the banks of the Ohio: now I beheld them from the banks of the Avon—Shakspeare's Avon.

Presently, my attention was attracted by a noise on the opposite bank of the river: it was so dark I could not see who or what it was that caused it, and I was consequently left to pleasing conjecture. I wondered whether it was the nymphs of the Avon, come out in the darkness to sport on the bank! I could distinguish the outline of a single large tree on the opposite shore, and that was all. Soon after, lights appeared at some distance up the stream, which were prettily reflected on the water. Amid these varied sights and sounds—and pensive silences between—all of which mightily charmed my fancy,—I stood or walked about the venerable church in a delightfully meditative mood, till the clock struck nine, when I thought it time to turn my steps towards the town, and seek a lodging for the night.

While viewing Shakspeare's house, it had occurred to me to inquire of the landlady, which inn it was that my countryman Washington Irving had stopped at, and which I remembered his describing so pleasantly in his "Sketch-Book;" for I thought it

would add one more pleasing association to the many that surrounded me on this visit to Stratford, to sleep at the same inn. Sleeping in poetic haunts, they say, gives inspiration:—who knows, thought I, but I may in this way catch something of Irving's grace in composition? The landlady informed me that it was the "Red Horse" Inn, a little way down the street. To the "Red Horse," therefore, I now proceeded.

"To a homeless man," says Irving, "who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlour of some twelve feet square his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from amidst the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day; and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence, knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. 'Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?' thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlour of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon."*

* *Sketch-Book*, vol. ii., p. 121.

With an indistinct recollection of this pleasant picture floating before my mind, I approached the inn. On entering, I asked for Irving's room. The hostess seemed at once to comprehend my meaning (for in these old establishments in England, I have observed they carefully cherish such little treasures of incident, as part of the history and glory of the house). She showed me into a small room on the left of the door. It was a comfortable little parlour, with a fire burning cheerily in the grate, and neatly furnished. There, verily, on the wall opposite the fire-place, hung the portrait of Irving himself. It was an engraving, published, as it appeared, by Murray, of London, in the year 1823. I looked upon it with great interest: I do not know that the portrait of Shakspeare himself would at that moment have given me so much pleasure. The charming lucubrations of this graceful writer had been the delight of my boyhood and youth; and I may truly say, that of all compositions in English prose, these were my greatest favorites. Their playful humor, their joyousness of spirit, and again their sweet tone of pensive meditation, all expressed in a style which for elegance has not been surpassed by any writer of English,—had excited in my mind a fondness amounting to enthusiasm. I had never before happened to meet with the author's portrait, and I now gazed upon it with delight.

I was not quite content even with this, however; for, on the maid's entering the room, I asked for the poker—the veritable poker, referred to in Irving's description as his "sceptre." The maid replied

that she would bring it; and presently after, being requested to step into the back-parlour, there I beheld, lying upon the table, a plain but respectable-looking steel poker, with the two volumes of the "Sketch-Book" lying beside it. As Irving says of himself, I am easy of faith in such matters; and accordingly, I took up and surveyed this ancient and sceptral poker with great interest. It was somewhat scarred and indented at the lower end, a proof of having undergone many meditative knocks besides Irving's. This was probably, however, before his time; for since then, I flattered myself it had been treasured up as a precious relic.

I looked over the pages of my old favorite, the "Sketch-Book," for a while, and then gladly betook myself to rest, after my long day's sights and wanderings.

Early in the morning, I was waked, as I had requested, by a tap at my chamber door, and sprang up, for I had yet to visit the poet's tomb before the hour of the coach's starting. Finding out the house of the parish clerk, I roused the good man before his time, and preceded him to the church, while he was dressing. As I stepped into the grounds, which I had wandered over in the darkness the evening before, I looked about me with feelings of indefinable and almost painful interest. All was resting in the stillness of early morning, which was even more solemn than the shadowy and ideal charm of the evening. In the day-light, the church looked older and grayer than I had fancied it; the storms of centuries, it was evident,

had not passed by, without making their mark on this depository of the great poet's remains.

The clerk now appearing, we entered. As the door was opened, my ears were saluted with the cheerful notes of a robin, that had made its nest somewhere in the ceiling of the church, and was now singing his matin song. I thought this cheery music well suited to be sung over the tomb of the poet of nature: the very birds—said I to myself—seek to do him honor.

Looking along the left-hand wall, my eye quickly singled out the bust of Shakspeare. It is said to be a correct likeness, and to have been moulded from a cast taken after death. To one standing on the floor below, the head appears rather small than otherwise, and thus the first view disappoints the spectator. On getting upon a level with it, however, it appears of good size, but nothing more; and one quite misses the magnificent arched forehead which we are accustomed to see in the Chandos pictures and in many other portraits. It is very questionable, however, whether Shakspeare's head in fact presented any such grand front as is represented in many engravings of him,—the forehead constituting half the face or more. It was no doubt full and round, well developed in every part, for his universality of mind necessitated this; but from the condensed style of his writing, we may judge Shakspeare to have had too compact a brain to be so enormously large in volume. Byron's brain, for instance, is said not to have been unusually large, but exceedingly dense and weighty. However, I leave this question to phrenologists.

Below the bust, and just outside the chancel-railing, is the tomb. My attendant rolled off the mat that covered it, and there, in the centre of the stone, I beheld the well-known inscription :—

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here ;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

The clerk said that the prohibition had been effectual, and that the remains had never been disturbed.

On a tablet, beneath the bust, is the following inscription :

Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem
Terra tegit, populus mœret, Olympus habet.*

Stay, passenger, why goest thou so fast ?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath placed
Within this monument :—Shakspeare, with whom
Quick nature died,—whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost, sith all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.

*Obiit anno Dom., 1616,
Ætatis 53—die 23d April.*

As I read this inscription, and turned away, taking a reluctant farewell of the place, I could not but reflect on the difference between this writer's

* "*In judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates, in art a Virgil: the earth covers, the nation grieves for, heaven has received him.*" It has been suggested that, instead of *Socratem*, we should read *Sophoclem*: this amendment would suit better both the sense and the metre, the *o* in *Socrates* being long in quantity.

fate, and that of Milton, the other great luminary of British literature. All the world crowds to Shakspeare's tomb, while Milton's is deserted. I suspect, that if most of the tourists that throng to Stratford—nay, if most literary men, even—were asked, where the remains of Milton lie, they could not tell. Similar, too, in great part, was the contrast in their respective conditions while living. Shakspeare went prosperously through life; he basked in the smiles of both court and people, and had "troops of friends:" he swam with the tide. Milton, on the contrary, had a rugged path to climb. His course was a studious and solitary one; or if, occasionally, he emerged from his retirement and stood before the public, it was rather as an opponent of the popular ideas, an antagonist of the follies and errors of his time: his life was spent in stemming the current. The latter, certainly, is the nobler career of the two: and if Shakspeare be pronounced the greater poet—a point, however, which is still doubtful—Milton was, without any doubt, the greater *man*.

Whence—I asked myself—whence is it, that even in our own day, when distance of time removes us from any personal or circumstantial bias, the current of popular feeling is still so much stronger in favor of Shakspeare, so that his birth-place and tomb receive their hundreds or thousands of visitors annually,—while Milton's are forgotten or unknown? In reflecting on the subject, I came to the conclusion that for this remarkable fact there are several reasons—some of them having reference, to the essential differences of character and intellect in

these two great writers, and others resulting merely from extrinsic circumstances. Milton's mind was grave, august, sublime, and his temperament comparatively cold: consequently, we feel him to be at a distance from us and unapproachable,—like a lofty mountain-peak, towering alone in its sublimity, admirable, but inaccessible and drear. We admire Milton, but we hardly love him. Shakspeare, on the other hand, great as he is, is yet warm-hearted, social, a good fellow, a boon companion. He may awe us a little in *Macbeth* or *Hamlet*; but presently, drawing off the mask, he laughs again, and talks to us wittily, like *Mercutio*, or lovingly like *Romeo*, or ridiculously like “*Snug, the joiner,*” and “*Bottom, the weaver.*” This puts us at once at our ease. We are always at home with Shakspeare, and entertain a friendly and even affectionate feeling towards him.

In this distinguishing character of Shakspeare's intellect, no doubt, lies in great part the secret of his wider popularity. Yet it is not to be attributed to this alone: there is another efficient cause for it, namely, the *dramatic* character of his writings. Milton's “*Paradise Lost*” is read in private by the scholar in his study, by the lady at her fireside, or, at most, is listened to by a family-circle. But Shakspeare's works, being dramas, are recited in public, with all the attractive accompaniments of scenic exhibition, before thousands at once,—and this, night after night, and year after year. Hence, they have made an indelible impression on the public mind, and have become as familiar to us as household words. In this circumstance, which is quite independent of

the intrinsic excellence of their compositions, Shakspeare has an immense advantage over Milton on the score of popularity.

In addition to these two chief reasons, may perhaps be added a third, which in great part, I think, accounts for the number of pilgrimages made to Shakspeare's birth-place and tomb, while Milton's remain in obscurity. It is the simple fact of their being isolated, and in the country. In this respect, the warning lines on Shakspeare's tomb have been the means of adding much to his posthumous fame,—if this be any advantage. For it was at one time proposed, as is said, to remove his remains to Westminster Abbey; but fear of the malediction, or rather, perhaps, a respect for the wish expressed in it, prevented the plan from being carried into execution. But, had this been done—were Shakspeare's tomb merely one among the many in "Poets' Corner,"—or were it even, like Milton's, in one of the obscure churches of the great metropolis,—and, like Milton's, were his birth-place there, also, scarcely discoverable or recognizable among the numerous changes in the city streets and localities—under these circumstances, but little more regard, it is probable, would be paid to these relics of Shakspeare, than have been bestowed on those of Milton.

I may here add, that, while visiting the thousand sights of London, I, for one, did not forget to search for the resting-place of the great epic poet. It is in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, which stands on what was at one time the very boundary of the city proper—for a piece of the old London wall still

remains in the yard. It is a rich old church, and must have been a noted place of worship in its day. The marble floor, dark old oaken pews, richly carved pulpit, and chancel filled with tablets and monuments, all tell of grandeur and antiquity. About the middle of the church, on the left hand, appears a bust of the poet, affixed in a prominent position against one of the pillars that support the gallery. The bust represents him as he appeared in his later years,—the long hair flowing down picturesquely on his shoulders, but the face thin and somewhat haggard, with a look of sadness in the expression, and wrinkles over the eyes, such as often appear in the countenances of the blind,—an effect which seems to be caused by the unavailing effort of the internal sight to exert itself by its proper organ. The likeness—the clerk informed us—is an excellent one, said to be one of the best extant. Beneath the bust is a tablet with this inscription: *John Milton, Author of Paradise Lost—Born Dec. 1608—Died Nov. 1674.—His father, John Milton, died March, 1646.—They were both interred in this Church.* The remains, as we learned from the clerk (a sensible, intelligent personage), were buried, it is believed, under the desk, in the body of the church. “Now, the desk,” said he, “used to stand here” (pointing to a spot in front of the next pillar, a few feet from the bust): “it has been since removed to the opposite side of the church. But,” he added, “this traditional belief, derived from the statement of the earliest biographers, contradicts the church-register, which says, he was buried under the chancel.”—The clerk knew nothing of the story, which appeared

in the newspapers some years ago, of the grave being opened, and the remains violated.

This church contains the remains and monuments of several other worthies famed in history or literature. John Fox, author of the "Book of Martyrs," was buried here, and a tablet to his memory is seen in the chancel, on the right hand. Next to this, is one to Speed, the antiquary, accompanied by a bust. Above, there is a singular monument: it represents a woman rising out of a tomb, and stretching up her hands as if in prayer for help. "There is a tale connected with this," said the clerk,— "a tradition, that she was buried in a trance; that soon after, the grave-digger or some other person venturing to open the coffin to get her rich finger-rings, she suddenly woke and started up." "The monument, however," added the prudent clerk, "was, in fact, only intended to represent the resurrection." But, as I afterwards learned from other persons, this tradition is generally current in the neighbourhood. An old lady informed me, that when a child, she had often heard St. Giles's spoken of as a church where there was a monument of a woman buried alive, and that she had been frightened by the story. And, what was remarkable, it appears that the lady to whom this monument refers, was no other than a grand-daughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Shakspearian memory. Here, then, thought I, in this old church of St. Giles's, the memories of Shakspeare and Milton meet. There is another Shakspearian association connected with this church. As appears from the church-register, Ben Jonson, the friend and companion of

the poet, was married here. And who knows but Shakspeare himself may have been present on the occasion, and may thus have stood in this very church: it is certain that Shakspeare was god-father to one of Ben Jonson's children. And thus, from this digression to the tomb of Milton, we are naturally brought round again to the proper subject of the present paper.

To return, then, to Shakspeare. How little, we may presume, did the great dramatist imagine that his writings would reach that immense height of distinction which they have attained:—that he would be reckoned the first poet of his country, and one of the first of the world. The seeming indifference of Shakspeare to his own literary fame has been wondered at and admired; and it has been sometimes compared—rather in disparagement of Milton—with the latter's youthful boast, that he would yet produce something which “the world would not willingly let die.” But no one, who has studied the characters of the two men, can believe that, in any moral excellence, at least, the high-souled Milton was inferior to Shakspeare. If Milton displayed something of what he terms “the last infirmity of noble minds,”—ambition, or the love of fame—(though we are to remember it was in his youth he made that declaration—and in truth it was rather the utterance of an *aspiration* than a boast),—and if, on the other hand, Shakspeare manifested no such weakness, yet we can hardly suppose that this is ascribable to the latter's moral superiority. Shakspeare's seeming indifference to his future literary fame is traceable to other causes.

The true explanation, no doubt, is to be found in a remark made by one of his biographers, that "he wrote merely for the theatre: his purpose was answered, if his pieces were successful on the stage." Except his Sonnets, and the two short poems, "Venus and Adonis," and the "Rape of Lucrece," Shakspeare himself published little; the plays that were printed in his life-time, were for the most part published surreptitiously: and it was not till seven or eight years after his death, that his collected works were given to the world. He was an actor and manager of a theatre; and his chief or sole end in writing was to furnish his theatre with good plays: beyond this he did not look. And in this he was eminently successful; he obtained both applause and profit, and he was satisfied. He probably considered himself a good play-wright and nothing more. The idea of a great *reading* public, present or future, probably never entered his mind: it was the *seeing* and *hearing* public that he addressed, and by this he was flatteringly received. He obtained his fame; he secured his end; and in his latter years retired to competence and ease.

That Shakspeare was a man of kindly and genial disposition, is proved by the concurrent testimony of all tradition, as well as by the recorded and yet extant declarations of his cotemporaries and friends: from which we may draw the not unimportant inference that poets do not all belong to the *genus irritabile*, and that a man of genius is not necessarily morose or misanthropic, reckless or vagabond. Shakspeare was none of these; he was not only gentle and kind-hearted, but he was also

prudent and circumspect ; and while taking an affectionate interest in the affairs of others, he was not neglectful of his own. There is every reason to presume, too, judging from his works (and, indeed, it is expressly so declared in his will), that he was a believer in revealed religion. On the whole, he was, in his own sphere, a man of very estimable character. The two greatest geniuses—it may be remarked—which England has produced, Shakspeare and Milton, have been on the side of religion, virtue, and good sense,—thus showing that there is no necessary connection between genius and unbelief or immorality.

That the admiration of Shakspeare's genius has not, in some instances, been carried to an unwarrantable height, I am not sure. Both in his own country and in Germany, he has been made, by some, an intellectual idol, and regarded as a kind of demi-god. Hear, for instance, this language of Schlegel : "The world of spirits and of nature had laid all their treasures at his feet. In strength a demi-god, in profundity of view a prophet, in all-seeing wisdom a protecting spirit of a higher order, he yet lowered himself to mortals, as if unconscious of his superiority." Such adulation as this, of a weak mortal like ourselves, is fulsome and slavish. No one would have been more ready than Shakspeare himself to ridicule such man-worship as this. The Creator had, indeed, gifted Shakspeare with great endowments,—great excellences both of mind and heart. But he had, also, like other men, his faults and weaknesses ; and to torture these, as some of his admirers have done, into virtues—or to hold

up his literary defects as models of excellence—is ridiculous and injurious. His cotemporary and personal friend, Ben Jonson, took a more sensible view of the man and his writings. “I remember,” he says, “that the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakspeare, that in writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, *Would he had blotted out a thousand!* which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to command their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candor,—for I loved the man, and do honor to his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. His wit was in his own power: would the rule of it had been so, too. Many times he fell into those things that could not escape laughter; as when he said, in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him,

‘Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,’

he replied,

‘Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause,’*

and such like, which were ridiculous.” Ben Jonson,

* In our present copies this error has been corrected, and the passage stands thus:—

“Know Cæsar did not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.”

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act III, Scene 1.

The latter line, however, is thus left defective.

however, very properly adds: "But he redeemed his vices with his virtues; there was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."

It curiously disturbs our exalted notions of Shakspeare, to think that he was *lame*. Yet such is stated to have been the fact; and proof is adduced from his Sonnets; as for instance, the 37th, where he writes,

"So I, made *lame* by Fortune's dearest spite;"

and the 89th,

"Speak of my *lameness*, and I straight will halt."

Commenting on this last passage, one of his biographers* suggests that his lameness may have been of a character similar to Byron's or Walter Scott's, which could be in some degree disguised; and adds, that this was possibly the reason for his not attempting active parts on the stage, but rather those of elderly persons, or such as his *chef d'œuvre*, the "Ghost" in Hamlet, in which only slow movement was required. It should be added, however, that many of Shakspeare's biographers regard his language about "lameness" as merely figurative.

That Shakspeare had his troubles and discontents, too, like other men, is also evinced by the testimony of his Sonnets. "Courtied, praised, and rewarded, as he was," says the biographer just referred to, "the stage, as a profession, was little fitted to the disposition of our poet. In his Sonnets, which afford us the only means of attaining a knowledge of his sentiments on the subject, we

* Rev. William Harness.

find him lamenting the nature of his life, with that dissatisfaction which every noble spirit would suffer, in a state of unimportant labor and undignified publicity. In the 110th, he exclaims,

"Alas ! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley* to the view."

And again in the 111th, with evident allusion to his being obliged to appear on the stage, and write for the theatre, he repeats,

"O for my sake, do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
' That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds."

We thus find, that Shakspeare's lot,—though, to our fancy charmed by distance, it sometimes appears so fortunate and happy a one,—was in reality no exception to that of common humanity. He had his cares, his labors, his struggles, his temptations, as all other men have. We now behold only the glorious result : God alone, and the author himself, knew the painful processes by which that result was attained.

His facility in writing, was, like that of all good writers, the result of practice. His first dramatic composition, the "Titus Andronicus," is a heavy and labored composition. "The author had not yet acquired," remarks the biographer before quoted, "that facility of composition for which he was afterwards distinguished. He wrote with labor, and left in every line the trace of the labor with

* i.e., fool, a buffoon.

which he wrote. He had not yet discovered (and it was he who made the discovery) that the true language of nature and of passion is that which passes most directly to the heart."

Unquestionably, Shakspeare was by nature a free-hearted, open-minded person; and this, moreover, was one secret of his success. Self-conceit and extreme anxiety for applause both tend to close the mind against that stream of light and warmth from above, which is the real source of literary power. Shakspeare's free-heartedness, by permitting him to turn his attention away from himself to the work before him, left open the avenues of his mind to the full influx of that Divine illumination, which is the true inspiration. He had an object to accomplish, a use to effect: he wished to prepare a good and effective play for his theatre,—one that would entertain and delight his audience. Forgetting himself, and thinking only of his work, he plunged into the composition; and, throwing open his mind to the full influx, dashed off scene after scene, often making blunders, but careless of these so long as the general effect was good. This free turn of mind was the source, in a degree, both of his excellences and defects. It was not the exact medium: a little more caution would have given more perfect works, would have avoided the numerous faults which now mar his writings, without the loss, perhaps, of any solid excellences or true beauties. Shakspeare was not an artist in the full sense of the term. He never, like Demosthenes, for instance, attained that perfection in writing, which presents a perfect soul in a perfect body; which

sets forth the full glow and blaze of thought and feeling, without any obscurities of style to mar the effect; which, using language as a transparent medium, clothes the sense as with a veil of gauze, gracefully draping it, without hiding the least of its beauty or its strength. Shakspeare, nevertheless, has left works, which, founded as they are on the rock of nature, and inspired with wisdom and virtue, will doubtless continue to instruct and delight mankind for ages to come; and will cease to be popular, only when, in their upward progress, men shall reach that elevated state of thought and feeling, in which none but pictures of goodness and innocence will be able to please, and tragedy itself will have passed away from the dramatic stage, as the evil passions on which tragedy is founded shall have passed away from the hearts of mankind.

THE "THUNDERER."

Let me play the lion, too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, Let him roar again, Let him roar again.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

THE ruling powers of England might be ranged under three heads, namely, the Ministry, the Parliament, and the "Times" newspaper,—the last, perhaps, the most potent of the three. That the English are fond of monarchy, is shown in the fact that they must have a monarch even in their journalism. This king among journals is the "Times;" and the English bow down to his dominion, almost with the reverence of the orientals to their despots. Nay, they exalt this monarch above ordinary sovereigns, and make a Jupiter of him; for they call him the "Thunderer,"—and ministry, parliament, and people all "tremble at his nod." Even the aristocracy, who fear nobody else, are afraid of him. Yet, though trembling, they cling to him. They cannot eat their breakfast without his presence; breakfast and the "Times" are in their minds naturally associated. They dare not stir out to a "morning concert" at two o'clock, or creep sluggishly into the parliament-house at four or five, without having first paid their respects to the despot, listened to his remarks, and bowed to his

commands. Not to have seen the "Times," is not to have waked in the morning. And to venture to go into parliament, without knowing what course of action has been prescribed by the "Thunderer," is to risk political ruin.

Now, this species of despotism may have its good as well as its bad side: it may have its uses, just as the Popedom has or once had; but, on the whole, it is odious and mischievous. For it is not the power of wisdom or truth that sustains this lofty dominion,—it is simply custom and effrontery; and, above all, the might of *anonymousness* (to coin a word for my purpose). In the first place, custom. The English are such reverers of custom, they are such lovers of old things merely because they are old, they have such a fear of disturbing "vested rights," that the fact of this journal having held tyrannical dominion for the last twenty or forty years, is considered the very best reason why it should continue to hold it, and why every loyal Englishman should bow down before it. Then, its assurance fairly masters them: a voice that dares to speak out so boldly, must, they think, have the right so to speak; just as, in English traveling, the stranger that puts on a haughty air, and finds fault, and gives orders sharply, is regarded by the vulgar as the real aristocrat, the true gentleman, and receives attention accordingly.

But, above all, it is the might of *anonymousness*, that, in conjunction with the other forces, gives the "Times" its power. It is this, chiefly, which makes it the "Thunderer"—the source whence the voice proceeds being unknown or unseen: it is the mystery far more than the majesty, that makes

the sound terrible. The force which this quality of secrecy carries with it, has been thus well described by an English writer: "The power of the press, as every one knows, is greatly aided by the mystery which shrouds the writer, merging all personality of the individual in the mysterious plurality of the organ through which he speaks. The 'we' of John or Thomas, uttered through the speaking trumpet of the 'Times,' becomes a very different pronoun from the 'I' of these gentlemen, uttered through their individual windpipes. It is not John or Thomas, that proclaims the danger of a nation, the incapacity of a minister, the justice or injustice of a deed. It is an unknown voice uttered out of darkness, and therefore formidable. The voice of a Greek Tragedian sounded, through his mask, more awful than it really was; and the majestic buskin raised a very ordinary figure to the kingly height of Agamemnon."

This is the fact, and this, too, is the wrong. All falsity produces evil, in one way or another. This is sham thunder, and yet men take it for real thunder, and are alarmed at it as if it were. The "Times," as everybody knows, is a great mischief-maker. It has bred more ill-blood between England and America, than all other periodicals together (always excepting the outrageous "Quarterly," as it was under the abusive Gifford and the supercilious Lockhart). And what is the reason? Because it is permitted to sway this potent rod of *anonymousness*, to cover itself with this mask of mystery, beneath which it makes its cowardly assaults. Think you that a great country like

America would care what was said of it by the "John" or "Thomas" (or whatever may happen to be the name of the person who is at the head of the "Times"*)? An obscure individual might say what he pleased of the country or its course, and his voice would be unheard, or an answer disdained. But when he puts on the great mask of a wide-spread newspaper, and through this roars out so as to stir all England, and make them listen to his abuse of our country, and thus turns all eyes upon us, the little person becomes of consequence; and still more, when he represents himself, or is considered, the mouth-piece of all England.

It would be well, if, when we read the "Times" (or, indeed, any other abusive British journal), we should recollect that it is a mere individual uttering his own conceits. We should picture to ourselves a person sitting at his desk, dipping his pen into the ink, and dashing off anything that comes into his head,—full of conceit at the thought that this will appear to-morrow as a "leader," and will attract the attention of the country, and make a stir. Let but this thought be kept steadily in mind, as we read, and we should find the thunder die away in our ears, and the "Thunderer" sink into a very innocuous personage.

That just in this way, and from precisely this spirit, the renowned "leaders" in the "Times" are produced, is plain from internal evidence. More

* The original "Thunderer," it appears, was a Captain Stirling. (See "Men of the Time," for 1852.) Whether he was a captain of artillery, and so, in a manner, trained to thunder, I have not discovered. The present editor is, I believe, a Mr. John Delaine.

bombastic and sophomorical compositions are not produced in England, than some of these sounding articles. They have in general, I have observed, far more sparkle and show, than solid sense and real ability. They are not to be compared, in solidity and wisdom, with the "leaders" of many other papers, as, for instance, the "Examiner," the "Daily News," the "Liverpool Mercury," and some others. And I ascribe this to the fact, that the writer or writers are always on stilts. Being raised so much above their compeers, they deem themselves objects of general observation. Every word they write, they consider will be gazed upon and devoured by the whole country. Hence they are always on the stage—always acting; they are never simple and true. To me, the "Times" leaders are, nine times out of ten, unpleasant to read—whatever subject they may be treating upon—simply from the insincerity, frivolousness of spirit, and flippancy of style which they manifest. They often make, too, very gross misrepresentations, distorting the facts to answer the end they have in view. Their ends change and vary, too, with the inconstancy of the wind; and the spirit of the articles varies accordingly. Sometimes they are blustering and boastful: sometimes small and sycophantic. This variation is especially shown in treating on American affairs. They come out, one day, with threatening, contumely, and war. Then, finding they have gone too far, they will creep out, a day or two after, with a very humble look, never having the nobleness to make a frank apology, but trying to make up for their previous abuse by sneaking and partial praise.

In fact, the English have reason to be ashamed of the "Times;" and so they often are. "The 'Times,' " remarks one London paper (the "Saturday Review"), "is so curious a mixture of greatness and littleness, that it is difficult to say whether Englishmen have more reason to be proud or ashamed of their self-constituted representative." So, in the following observation, made by another British journal* at the time of the difficulties between England and the United States on the Central American Question, the spirit of the Times "leaders" is justly rebuked. "Let our press," it says, "have the sense and self-respect, to desist from the miserable see-saw between irritating bravado and canting servility, which to-day provokes hostility, and to-morrow emboldens insolence. There is nothing to be gained, with the Americans, either by truculence or fawning." Another journal, anxious to convince our countrymen that the "Times" is no true exponent of English feeling, thus speaks: "Our well informed Transatlantic friends understand too much about the English press, to fall into the error that the voice of our people is uttered in the columns of the 'Times.' This organ will not be mistaken, in the United States, for the real exponent of public opinion in England."†

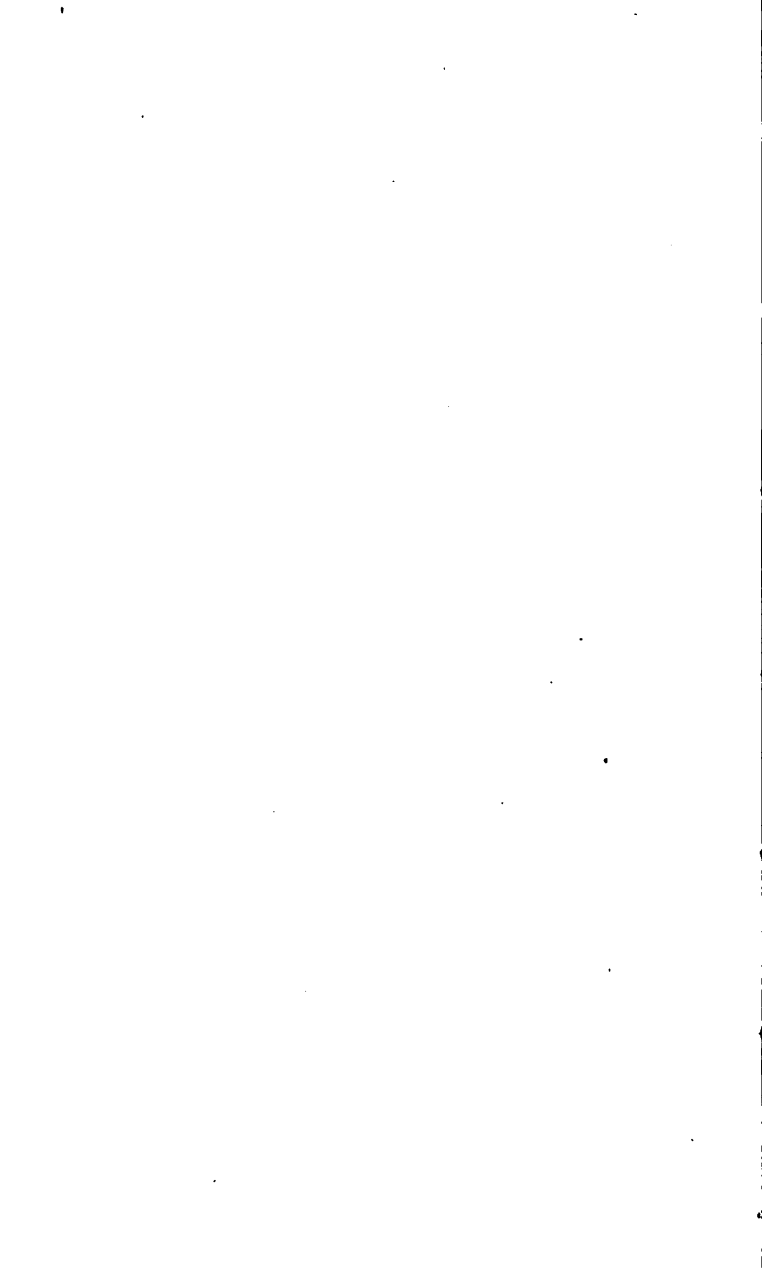
Remarks similar to these, I have often observed in the other British journals, showing that the "Times" is not, in fact, respected in England by the wise and good. And yet it continues to be taken and read, on the same ground that the New York "Herald"

* *Liverpool Mercury*

† *London Christian News.*

is, in America,—for the amount of information, which, through its numerous correspondents, it has peculiar facilities for procuring. But its moral weight is not much greater than that of the "Herald."* There is, however, this difference between them. The "Herald," as everybody understands, is but the mouth-piece of a single individual, the editor himself, whose name is given in full at the head of the paper,—as is the case with all the American journals. But the editor of the "Times," sheltering his individuality behind the great mask of the paper, pours forth his oracular sentences in blustering tones, and the loud sound is mistaken by many for great sense. But either the law or the force of public opinion ought to tear off this mask, and compel the individual to show himself. The name of a responsible person should be required to be attached to this and the other British journals, as in the United States, and we should soon hear no more of the "Thunderer." The "Times" would presently fall into its proper place among the British journals, and would have only so much weight as its real ability would entitle it to; and thus its power for mischief would be in great part taken away.

* It should be a source of self-gratulation to us, that the editor of this journal is not an American, but a foreigner—I am sorry to add, a Scotchman.



ABBAY RUINS.

An other abbaï is ther bi,
Forsoth a gret nunnerie ;
Up a river of swet milk
Whar is plente gret of silk.
When the summeris dai is hote,
The yung nunnes takith a bote,
And doth ham* forth in that river,
Both with oris† and with stera.‡

OLD SAXON POEM, *of* A.D., 1150.

THE lovers of the picturesque have certainly cause to thank King Henry the Eighth for having provided for them so many objects of admiration. He did for England what time alone has done for Greece and Italy—namely, create ruins. That monarch, selfish and unprincipled as he was, was yet, in a remarkable manner, made the involuntary instrument of rendering great services to the cause both of the true and of the beautiful. Having little or no sincere regard for religious truth, he was yet the means of breaking up the corrupt institutions and practices of popery in England, and thus of preparing the way for the establishment of the Reformation. In like manner, caring little himself, probably, for beautiful scenes and objects in nature or art,—being wholly occupied with the gratifica-

* Doth ham, *i.e.*, go them.

† Oars.

‡ Rudder.

tion of his lower passions and propensities—nevertheless, it was through his instrumentality, chiefly, that the country was covered with those picturesque ruins, which are among the most famous ornaments of English scenery.

Henry's opposition to Rome was wholly personal: he hated the Pope, because the Pope opposed his private inclinations. For a similar reason he suppressed the monasteries,—because the monks were the Pope's adherents and servants, and were accused of fomenting conspiracies. Had the king been opposed to monastic institutions on principle, he might simply have removed the inmates of the monasteries, and then turned the buildings themselves to protestant uses,—just as the Catholic cathedrals were left in their integrity, and are now the pride of the English Establishment. But Henry, in his violent hostility to the monks, not only ejected the occupants of the monasteries, but laid rude hands on the very edifices which had harbored them, tore off the roofs, and left them to destruction. It may be added, that the king's cupidity, as well as his violence, was an agent in producing this result. "When we view," says an English writer, "the ruins of Fountaynes and other magnificent abbeys, the glory of architecture and pride of our island, it is impossible to suppress a sigh at such Vandalic devastation, as was then committed, or to avoid wishing that some more of these stately edifices had been preserved, and a portion of their revenues appropriated to their maintenance. But the very lead which roofed them sufficed to attract the royal cupidity. The abbot's house and offices

were left standing, for the use of the grantee or purchaser ; but the church and all the other buildings were stripped, and let go to ruin." *

The "Vandalic devastation" complained of, may, however, in the present case, be considered as tantamount to ornamental erection. Many a "ruin" has been *built*, to adorn a landscape : but a ruin *left*, a genuine ruin, is as much better than a ruin built, as truth is better than fiction. One is hardly disposed to agree with the writer just quoted, in regretting that these "stately edifices" had not been spared. There are plenty of stately edifices that have been spared, namely, all the cathedrals, and some of the abbeyes, as, for instance, Westminster Abbey : and these we view with all the pleasure of admiration. But in contemplating a fine old ruin, there is a deeper pleasure than that of mere admiration. There is the pleasure of memory, there is the charm of association, there is the feeling of tender melancholy that is awakened at the sight of relics, the remains of life that is departed ;—there are the hollow echoes,—there is the solemn silence as of the tomb. Add to this, there are lights and shadows and graceful adornments gathered about such a ruin, which no perfect building, however magnificent, can present. There is the "rare old plant, the ivy green," hanging its festoons upon the pillars and the walls ; there is the green sward beneath your feet, in place of the stone floor—its freshness and life contrasting strangely with the dead gray walls that encompass it ; and answering

* Keightley's *History of England*, vol. iii., p. 49.

to the green beneath, is the blue sky above,—a roof more beautiful than the finest fretwork; and lastly, the golden sunbeams streaming in through the arches of the windows, like the eyes of heaven penetrating the dark places of the earth. And if you are so fortunate as to stand—as I have stood—in the midst of one of these ruined piles, alone, and in the silence of night, and behold the full moon pouring in her flood of mellow light through the great eastern window, and along the floor, and on the shattered columns, dimly lighting up the recesses of the ruin, and casting fantastic shadows, and drawing forms of the delicate tracery on the ground;—and then, as you stand there in the silence, hearing suddenly the bell from the top of the wall tolling the night-hour, and awaking the slumbering echoes, —when you have witnessed this scene, you will recross the Atlantic, carrying back with you a remembrance which will pleasingly haunt your mind through the rest of your earthly pilgrimage.

The first of these venerable ruins that I visited, was that of Kirkstall Abbey, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. This, though not considered the finest or most extensive of these venerable piles, yet, being the first that I saw, made the deepest impression upon my imagination.

I set out from Leeds, with a friend, one fine August morning, to visit the spot. I felt the greatest curiosity in regard to the appearance which an abbey-ruin would present: they had haunted my imagination from childhood, and now I was about to behold one of them. Emerging from the gloom and bustle of the town, we walked on for a

mile or two amidst pleasant rural scenery, when, suddenly, on reaching the summit of a hill over which the road passed, I beheld the ruin in the valley, a short distance before us. A most picturesque, yet melancholy object! The gray roofless walls—the hollow windows—the crumbling tower or half-tower (for one half of it was gone)—the parasitical ivy creeping about it, as

“The worms creep in and the worms creep out,”

—it stood up there in the sunlight, still and solemn, like death amidst life, the very picture of melancholy desolation.

As we approached, the sound of the busy black-birds singing and flitting to and fro among the trees and bushes in the ruins, tended rather to increase by contrast the feeling of melancholy: it seemed like a song of triumph over the dead. Entering, we found the interior in tolerable preservation, especially the aisles, and nearly all the massy columns; but the nave was entirely unroofed and open to the sky. The groined arches were very fine, showing how substantially as well as elegantly the structure had been built. It is delightfully situated on a grassy mead, just at a bend in the river Aire, a pretty stream which goes purling by, its banks fringed with trees and bushes to the water's edge.

This Abbey was founded about the middle of the twelfth century; thus, for some seven hundred years these walls had stood here through sunshine and storm, summer and winter, with the stream flowing softly by. What varied scenes have been witnessed

within its precincts! acts of sincere devotion—deeds, perchance, of iniquity and impurity,—melancholy thoughts, earnest heart-struggles! All are now passed away from earth, but the record is kept in heaven.

There has been preserved a complete list of the abbots, from the first, Alexander, in the year 1147, to the last, John Ripley, in 1528. Some of the rules of the house, also, have been preserved. It appears from these, that the stated times for prayer and praise were at cock-crowing, that is to say, at two o'clock in the morning, matins at six, called the "first" hour, then prayers at nine, twelve, and three o'clock, and vespers at six in the evening; and lastly, the complectory was sung at seven o'clock, after which, till eight, the hour of retiring to rest, a profound silence was required to be observed, so that if a monk had anything urgent to communicate, he was allowed to do it only by signs, or in so low a whisper that a third might not hear. Petty offences, such as returning to bed after matins, coming in to dinner after grace had been said, breaking the ewer when washing the hands, being out of time in singing the Psalm, and like irregularities, were punished by dining alone three hours after the rest, until the abbot considered a sufficient atonement had been made. It does not appear, however, but that they might retire again to rest after cock-crowing: and it was considered excusable to come at that early hour, through haste, even without shoes, or with unwashed hands, provided they had sprinkled themselves with holy water. Greater offences were punished by suspension from table

and prayers ; and incorrigible monks were expelled the house.

Strict rules were, no doubt, needed to preserve order amongst these, as amongst other bodies of men ; but, after all, it must have been a slavish life. "Midnight mass" may seem to the imagination very solemn, holy, and poetical. At a distance from the reality, it may seem very charming to read or sing such lines as the following which I met with in a Puseyite hymn-book, in one of the Scottish Isles :

"Nature 'neath the shadow lies:
Let the sons of light arise:
All throughout night's stillness deep,
Holy symphonies to keep.

"While the dead world sleeps around,
Let the sacred temples sound:
Law and prophet and blest Psalm,
Lit with holy light so calm."

This seems certainly very ideal : but if we had it to do, three hundred and sixty-five nights in the year, we should assuredly get tired of it. To be waked out of a sound sleep at midnight, or at "cock-crowing," two o'clock in the morning, and have to rise in the cold and dark,—perhaps a pitiless storm beating against the windows,—and go shivering into a cheerless chapel, to say or sing over again a service we had recited a thousand times before,—would, after all, not be very agreeable, nor would it tend greatly to increase one's spirit of devotion or fitness for heaven. Nor has our good Creator required any such slavish or pain-

ful practice in His worship. This is all of man's devising; these tortures are all self-inflicted; and such untimely devotion, equally with the Indian's self-immolation beneath Juggernaut's car, is superstitious and idolatrous. For we are not worshipping the true God, who is a Lord of love and goodness, but we are adoring an idol of our own imagination, when we suppose that He requires so cruel and unnatural a service. "He giveth his beloved sleep," says the Psalmist; and He does not give it to take it away again, nor to break it in the midst, by calling upon us to rise at the dead of night to sing Psalms or offer up our prayers. When He wishes us to rise, He sends his messenger, the morning light, to wake us.

With the ruins of this Abbey, it is said, is connected the story, on which is founded Southey's ballad, "Mary, the Maid of the Inn." The story is briefly as follows:—Hard by the ruins was a noted inn, known by the lively name of "Hark to, Rover," which inn, says the chronicle, was, about a century ago, the haunt of many a poacher and highwayman. One stormy night, as two travelers sat by the comfortable fire, the conversation naturally turned on the neighboring abbey-ruins. Picturing to themselves the awful character of a night storm in such a place, with the wind howling round the old columns, and whistling through the windows and crevices, and "shaking the hoarse ivy overhead," they at length laid a wager that Mary, the maid, would not dare to go to the place, and bring back a sprig of the elder-tree growing in the aisle. Mary, however, declared she was not afraid, and set out.

She had entered the ruins and nearly reached the tree, when she heard the sound of voices,—a conversation, seemingly, in low tones between two men. Trembling with affright, she hid behind a pillar,—which she had scarcely time to do, before their footsteps were heard approaching. As they passed near the place where she stood, suddenly a black object driven by the wind rolled almost to her feet. “Curse the hat,” said one, “haste on, though, and hide the body.” Just then, by a glimmer of moonlight between the driving clouds, she saw two men bearing a corpse, which, from their language, she judged to be that of a person they had murdered. Horrified as she was, she had yet the presence of mind to seize the hat and fly; and darting from among the ruins, she reached the inn in safety,—bringing, instead of the slip of elder, this witness against the murderers. The hat was hastily inspected; when, to her horror, she read the name of Richard —, the man to whom she was about to be married. She sunk senseless to the floor; and on her recovering from the swoon, her reason had fled for ever.

This story Southey has versified after his own manner, and we have it, among other horrors, in his volume of “Metrical Tales and Ballads.” We learned that the inn was still standing; and, on our return, we called at what was reputed to be the house, and inquired whether that was the place where “Mary” had lived, and were answered in the affirmative: with how much correctness, however, it is impossible to be assured, as these old traditions are readily seized on by proprietors of public houses

in this country, as constituting no inconsiderable part of their capital.

"In former days," says the guide-book, "Kirkstall was much haunted by shades of departed monks and others 're-visiting the glimpses of the moon;' but either they have finished their probation, or our eyes have become dimmer, or what is more likely, perhaps, than either, our intellects have become brighter; at any rate, such visitors are now rarely, if ever, met with."

From the same traveler's repository, I copied the following not unpoetical lines :—

"Though now these roofless aisles among,
Is heard no more devotion's hymn,
Nor robéd priests in splendour throng
That altar in its brightness dim;

"Though here no more doth piety
Resort to pay her wonted vow,
Nor pilgrim seek the charity
Its peaceful hearth could once bestow;

"At matin, still, and vesper hours,
Is heard the blackbird's plaintive voice;
And the fair moon her radiance pours,
And bids the hoary walls rejoice."

Another famed ruin which I visited, was that of Fountaynes Abbey, near Ripon in Yorkshire. This is grander and more extensive than Kirkstall; and all the more interesting, from being situated in the midst of the magnificent gardens of Studley Park, said to be among the finest in England.

After traversing the fine old park, which was covered with deer feeding under the trees, we took a guide through the grounds and abbey. He was an old man, and had been, as he said, forty-five years on the place. He was enthusiastic in the discharge of his duties as guide, anxious to point out to us the finest views, and delighted to see us pleased with them. First, he called our attention to a beautiful ivy bank; next, he pointed out two American pines; then, some exquisite beds of flowers; and lastly, he took us through a series of charming vistas and lake prospects. The river Skell runs through the grounds, and is artificially formed here and there into little lakes. These grounds were laid out about a hundred years ago, and are, indeed, exceedingly beautiful. They are adorned with many little structures and monuments: here was the "Octagon Tower," there the "Temple of Piety," and we saw a handsome monument, erected to the memory of General Wolfe who fell at Quebec. Among other curious objects, was a tree growing to a considerable height in two separate parts, and then uniting perfectly into one,—an emblem, as our guide remarked, of true marriage.

On arriving, at length, at the summit of a hill, the guide requested us to turn our backs for a moment, while he opened the doors of a summer-house. We did as he desired; and presently, on his giving us the signal to turn round, we beheld through the open doors the ruins of Fountaynes Abbey, far below us in the distance. The effect was magical: the high square tower rising among the trees; the roofless walls thickly overgrown with

ivy; the hollow arches of the great east and west windows; and a bright sun and sky beaming down upon all,—it was a sight long to be remembered.

We descended the hill to inspect the ruins more closely. They are very extensive: the main building is nearly four hundred feet in length from east to west; and the great east window is fifty feet high. Our guide pointed out many curiosities. There is shown the grave of an Earl of Northumberland, buried here as long ago as the year 1315. It is remarkable that there remains but a single piece of wood attached to the ruins, and that is an oaken pulley, from which was once suspended a bell, or perhaps a lamp, let down from it over the church aisle. That small object took my fancy greatly: the solitary pulley seemed a kind of relic and memento of the motion and life that once existed within these walls. Another living thing, as it seemed to be, amidst the desolation, was an inscription in large letters, still to be seen high up on the south side of the tower, SOLI DEO HONOR ET GLORIA, IN SAECULA SAECULORUM,—*To God alone be honor and glory for ever and ever*: it seemed like a voice from the dead.

The cloisters are still in a state of perfect preservation: they are three hundred feet in length, and must have afforded a grand promenade to the monks in stormy weather. This Abbey was founded about the year 1130, by some monks of the order of Benedictines, who came hither from York. When they arrived, says the chronicle, they found the country a wilderness. The only shelter they could get for themselves, while laying the foundations of

the building, was that afforded by a solitary elm and seven yew trees. The building was erected: the Abbey flourished in grandeur for several hundred years: it has now gone to decay, and nought is left but its ruined walls. But the old yew trees (or some of them) still stand, and still are green. Such are the works of man, compared with those of God. One of these yews is remarkable: though still living, it is a mere shell; but, what is interesting, two young shoots have sprung up from its roots within the body of the tree, and attaching themselves to the trunk, seem fondly to cling to it and hold it up. What prettier emblem could be pictured of filial duty and affection! This tree, in the opinion of M. de Candolle and other eminent botanists, must be some 1300 years old: it is the most interesting specimen of the yew species in England.

On the whole, the ruins of Fountaynes Abbey are grand. Yet the effect, to my eye, is much injured by the meddling of man. All the rubbish has been carefully removed, and the whole floor of the interior is a fine green sward. Great pains, also, have been evidently taken to preserve the walls; there are marks, here and there, of fresh plastering; and one room, the "court room," as it is called, looks as if the stone had been just laid, the new mortar is so plainly visible. This mixture of old and new—of the ruinous with the marks of care to save from ruin—gives an unnatural artificial look to the place not at all agreeable: and by this procedure, the charm of the ruin, as such, is greatly diminished. The utmost, it seems to me, that

should be done, by way of preservation, is to prevent mischievous persons from injuring,—in a word, to prevent artificial ruination. Man should not be suffered to touch it, either to injure or preserve: the moment he does so, the effect is lost. The idea you wish to present to the mind is that of a ruin, a real ruin, the handiwork of time, the fanciful architecture of ages; and a part of this picturesqueness appears in the very rubbish which the hand of Time has thrown down. The old fellow is a fine architect; he has nice taste. Here he hangs a festoon of ivy; there he opens a chink in the wall; and in another place he throws down a stone or two, and arranges them picturesquely at the bottom,—not so far off, however, but you may see where they belonged: and thus you get two ideas for one,—you see where the stones are, and may imagine where they were. But here, man's hand has, in many places, interfered with Time's; stripped off, for instance, the ivy, in order to show the arches, giving the stones an unnaturally bare and bald appearance; removed all the venerable rubbish, making the place as neat and trim as a modern mansion; filled up crevices with modern mortar, an unnatural and irreverend union for these old stones. The old man, our guide, told us that he himself had been carefully over the walls, "putting them to rights." Then, too, when a stone has fallen, it has been carefully and cruelly removed from its old friends and companions, whom it was, no doubt, a pleasure even to be near,—for misery, we know, loves company, and adversity makes brethren cling more closely to each other.

In fine, a preserved ruin seems to me next in absurdity to an artificial one.

It is probable, however, that the guardians of the place would not concur in the view here expressed. They would argue—and perhaps with some show of justice,—that it is their duty to preserve the ruin for the gratification and delight of visitors in the ages that are coming, as it has been preserved in the two or three centuries that are past; that when we are dead and gone, guides and visitors both,—these old walls, thus carefully preserved, will still stand for the profit and pleasure of guides and visitors yet unborn; that this venerable pile will still show its gray sides to the moon, and the flaunting ivy still wave in the night-wind; that, perched on these walls, the blackbirds will continue to sing their evening-hymn; and in the stillness of the morning-light, the old square tower, for many ages yet, will greet the sun at his coming. May it be so! I should be sorry to see a stone thrown down, or the ruin grow more ruinous, or anything happen to lessen the attraction of the place: but, at least, let the ivy grow at random, and creep where it will; do not trim it like a gentleman's hedge or a shaven lawn; do not pluck the moss from the venerable stones—it is like plucking the beards of the aged; but leave the old pile in its melancholy beauty, a touching monument of days that are gone.

As we were about taking our departure, the guide led us to a spot near the ruin, where a remarkable echo is returned from the walls. “No mass!” cried the guide aloud: “no mass!” echoed the walls. “No wine!”—“no wine!” was the

reply. "No!" screamed the guide:—"No!" cried the old Abbey. "No!" said the guide, as we turned away, "no more mass, no more wine there!"

A third Abbey-ruin which I visited, and the last which I shall undertake at present to describe, was the far-famed Tintern, situated on the banks of the Wye, on the borders of Wales. This ruin owes its reputation quite as much, perhaps, to the romantic scenery in the midst of which it stands, as to its own intrinsic beauty.

In company with a friend, I set out from Bristol, one fine autumn morning, on a visit to the ruin. We took the steamer for Chepstow, a village in the neighborhood of Tintern. As we sailed down between the towering cliffs of the Avon, I thought the scenery partook more of the grand than any which I had seen in England. The evening before, I had stood upon one of these cliffs, called St. Vincent's Rock, and from that height had looked down upon the river on which I was now sailing. It is a tremendous precipice,—some three hundred feet in perpendicular height. Persons walking at the foot of the cliff, looked literally like ants in size. I could now fully realize the description in "King Lear":—

"Come on, Sir: here's the place: stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,

Diminished to her cock ; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."

And yet, off this fearful place, a young lady, as I was informed, had, about a month before, fallen, and was dashed to pieces,—a portion of the rock having given way under her. What a terrific death!—The cliff on the opposite side is nearly as high, but there is a wide cleft in it, leading to a romantic wooded vale, called "Nightingale Valley."

As we sailed down the Avon, there was pointed out, on a wooded hill, a tower called "Cook's Folly," with which a tradition is connected. It is said to have been erected by a person, whose son, it had been predicted, would die from the bite of a snake. The father erected this tower for his son's safety. But his folly lay in placing it in the midst of a wood abounding with snakes. The consequence was, that in spite of all his precautions, the dreaded event occurred. A snake chanced to be brought in, amongst sticks for a fire, and the son was bitten and died. So goes the tale.

We at length emerged into the bay, at a point near which three rivers met, the Avon, Severn, and Wye. Crossing the bay, we entered the river Wye, and landed at Chepstow, after a pleasant sail of between two and three hours. While waiting for a coach, to take us to Tintern (some four miles distant), we visited Chepstow Castle. It is a mere ruin now, though a considerable portion of the wall is

still standing. We walked on the ramparts, and ascended a watch-tower; and while standing there, my ear was caught by the sound of distant village bells. Most musical and sweet was the sound, as it came to us through the still noon-tide air, as we stood on that castle-wall. There is a sweet song, the "Evening Bells," which I had often listened to with delight, far, far away from this spot, on the banks of the beautiful Ohio. And now, as I listened to the bells themselves—though, indeed, they were "Morning" not "Evening" Bells (it mattered not)—the music of that song, borne to my mind's ear on the soft breezes of memory, and mingling with the sounds I actually heard, melted my heart: it was like "a song of home."

The coach was now ready: and mounting it, we rode on through the charming and picturesque scenery for which the river Wye is renowned. On our left towered a lofty cliff, called "Wind-Cliff," the sides of which were covered with wild woods and shrubbery. Here is a pretty place, embowered among trees, called "Moss Cottage;"—a little cot, on the hill side, lined and covered with moss within and without, a very oread's home. It contained a rustic table and seats. A charming retreat this, shaded and cool in summer, and warm in winter, the light coming in through little-stained glass lattices; a sweet, romantic place, fancy's own dwelling. Let those who sigh for romance and love in a cottage, come here; it is just the place. Taking the fair occupant for a guide, we ascended the cliff by steep flights of steps either cut in the rock, or rudely set here and there, and winding from side

to side,—a true zig-zag path. But on reaching the top, we were rewarded for our toil by the charming prospect. Emerging from the woody steep, we found ourselves on an artificial platform, safely railed in,—a place which is denominated “Bird’s Eye View.” And such truly it was: it was like looking down from an eagle’s perch. Full five hundred feet beneath, you behold the road, winding away among the hills; and, lower still, the Wye, which just here makes a grand bend, sweeping round through three quarters of a circle, thus returning nearly to the place whence it set out; and then turning off, and winding away and away to join its sister Severn, and return again to the bosom of their old mother Ocean. On the cliff opposite, are a series of singularly shaped rocks, named the “Twelve Apostles,” and a thirteenth which is called “St. Peter’s Thumb.” The whole scene was on a high degree wild and picturesque.

Proceeding on our way, we reached the brow of a hill,—and there, in the distance, in a charming nook, just where the river sweeps round in another graceful curve, holding in its embrace a soft piece of meadow-land,—stood the gray walls of Tintern Abbey. It is charmingly situated, as indeed I found to be almost uniformly the case with these Abbeys. Their monkish founders seem certainly, in their choice of sites to have had an eye to the picturesque, as well as a regard for physical comforts and conveniences.

Tintern Abbey seemed in a better state of preservation than any other I had seen. All the four walls are standing, with their gables complete, as if

the roof had been simply lifted off. We knocked at the gate, and it was opened by an old man, the keeper of the place, whose residence was in a cottage hard by. We entered and surveyed the ruin. The west window remains in a very perfect state, with its mullions entire. But the great east window has suffered much more, having only the centre upright remaining, and that supported by iron bars. The columns of one aisle are in a state of almost complete preservation; and the four arches which form the centre of the cross, are still quite perfect and very beautiful. A few statues remain, among which is one mailed figure, lying in a broken state, which is said to be the effigy of Strongbow, the famed invader of Ireland in Henry the Second's time. Ascending a flight of steps, we reached the top of the walls, whence we had a fine view at once of the roofless Abbey within, and of the picturesque scenery without. Descending again, we lingered for some time about the place, loath to depart; for there is a sphere of meditative quiet about these old ruins, which is very pleasing to the mind, especially in the pensive autumn days.

We at length took our departure, and ascending the hill, reached a spot, near a little old church, whence there is a fine view of the Abbey. There, as we looked, behold—not only the customary black-birds, which seem to love these old haunts,—but, what do you think, reader?—a pair of turtle-doves, just on the top of the walls, where a little before, we had ourselves been standing;—a very pretty sight!

But I must explain about these turtle-doves. The truth is, they were a pair of lovers, or, more

probably, a new-married couple, who had ridden with us part of the way from Chepstow. They were probably on a bridal tour. They had pretended to enjoy the prospect, but the pleasantest view, evidently, was that of each other. They had got out, when, about half-way, for the purpose of walking, and so, as they said, enjoying the prospect more at their leisure. They had, by this time, reached the Abbey, and now appeared on the walls. This is the mystery of the turtle-doves.

Descending the hill, we set out on our return, passing the Abbey again on our way. The finest view, we thought, is from the road itself, where it crosses the rising ground. There we stopped, and turned to take a last look. There, in the distance, stood the gray old walls, in their melancholy desolation and solitude and silence. How often, thought I, from those now roofless walls, has been heard, in times gone by, the matin-bell, in the "morning gray," or the vesper-bell at evening, sending forth its sober tones through this sweet valley! How often has the swell of the organ pealed through the still air at the midnight hour, when the silent stars were looking down from the sky above, or peeping over the tops of the surrounding hills! How many a fervent prayer has gone up from the hearts of some of the dwellers within those walls! how many a festive laugh, too, has there been heard! Here, Crime, conscience-stricken, had come to feed on the bitterness of its remorse, hoping, by ceaseless prayer and bodily mortification, to obtain the pardon of offended Heaven. Here, Grief had come to hide its tears from an unfeeling world. Here, youthful

Devotion had come, seeking time and opportunity to cherish its heavenward aspirations. And here, too, perhaps, Sloth and Sensuality had come, to revel in idle self-indulgence. But all—all have gone now: the remorse of the conscience-stricken, the tears of the heart-broken, the prayers of the devout, the boisterous mirth of the sensual—are all alike passed away from this spot and this earth. But have those individuals—I asked myself—passed out of existence? are those human beings extinct? have those different courses of life had no corresponding results? Ah! those persons are still living, though it be in another place and state of existence; that remorse, those tears, those prayers, that sensuality, have all had their due and exact effect, and the result is doubtless, at this moment, realized by each of those individuals in the eternal world, and will continue to be felt through coming ages. There they still live, and will continue to live,—in good or in evil,—in happiness or unhappiness,—just according to their course and conduct while here on earth. Life in this world soon passes, but its impressions and effects remain eternally. This life is the balance, which weighs man's everlasting destiny: goodness and blessedness lie in the one scale,—evil and wretchedness in the other. To every man is given the power to turn the scale to which side he chooses, and thus to determine his own lot and fix his own fate. But whichever way it settles, it remains: on whichever side the beam sinks, it rises no more. Death, with his dart, *rivets* it in the position he finds it in, and so it stays for ever.

ENGLISH SKIES.

From clear to cloudy tossed, from hot to cold,
From dry to moist, with inward-eating change.

THOMSON.

THE English climate is very peculiar,—in some respects disagreeable, in others admirable. In regard to wet, the skies are the most fickle in the world. Except at mid-summer, you can hardly be assured of fair weather for an hour. Nay, the rain will sometimes come upon you, without a moment's warning. The whole horizon may seem clear, and the sun or moon be shining brightly,—and suddenly, without any apparent cause, a mist will gather over the face of the sky, clouds have formed, and rain begins to fall. I saw now the meaning of the old saying, which I once took for a jest,—“If it does *not* rain, by all means take your umbrella: if it does, you can do as you please.”

This is no climate for serenaders: it is no wonder that the practice of the guitar is not fashionable for gentlemen in England, as it is in Spain and Italy, and also in America—particularly in the west. A serenader here has three things against him: first, the chill of the atmosphere, cooling alike to his ardor and his fingers; secondly, the probable wetting of himself and his instrument, by a sudden

shower ; thirdly, the shut window of his lady-love (for the opening of a window to the night-air would be almost certain to entail cold and quinsey, which are not at all romantic). Such circumstances are sufficient to put an extinguisher on all "fairy-like music" out of doors.

Then the moon here is so exceedingly modest, that she is seldom to be seen without her veil of cloud. A full bright moon shining all night long, as it does night after night with us, is indeed a rarity. And when she at times does shine out brightly, it is just a coquettish glance : perhaps the next minute, or within the half hour almost certainly, she will have called up her mists and enveloped herself. As to the stars, they look out and look in again, as if they were playing "hide and seek" with each other : it must be a most tantalizing sky to an astronomer.

This, now, is the dark side of the subject : but there is also a bright one. The climate of Britain is admirable for its temperateness both in winter and summer : there are no great extremes either of cold or heat. In winter, there is little of that clear, sharp, piercing cold which we suffer, when through the transparent atmosphere a sun of cold seems to dart its icy rays,—as in summer a sun of fire. Here, the dun fog seems to wrap itself round you, like a cloak, to keep you warm. In summer, on the other hand, light clouds, perpetually veiling the brightness of the sun, shield you from its scorching heat ; and, under the pleasant canopy, the mild breezes breathe upon you scents of fresh flowers. The fields are ever green, and the landscape is thus always

pleasant to look upon. This is a great charm. On the whole, the climate of England is healthy and agreeable. And as to the ladies, its temperate breezes blow roses on their cheeks, and its mild moisture gives roundness to their beauty.

ANGLICISMS.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

A GREAT deal has been said, and still continues to be said, by British travelers and reviewers, about *Americanisms*. I propose, here, to say a few words about *Anglicisms*: it is well to hear both sides of a question.

By an "Anglicism," I mean a departure from the true standard of the language, in writing or speech, by Englishmen, as an "Americanism" is the same by an American, or a "Scotticism" by a Scotchman.

One would really suppose, from the constant harping, by British writers, on our "Americanisms," that they themselves possessed a perfect purity of speech. But I found it to be far otherwise: indeed, I was well aware of the fact, before visiting this country. Taking the length and breadth of the land, the degree of purity with which the English language is spoken, is altogether in favor of America. This fact, indeed, has been admitted by British travelers themselves. One of the last of these, Chambers, affirms that he found no *patois* or provincial dialects in the different parts of the

country through which he traveled, and remarks, that the English language was almost universally well spoken. But how is it in England? Almost every county has its patois, its provincial dialect; and some of them barbarous enough, and scarcely intelligible. There is the Lancashire dialect, the Yorkshire dialect, the Northumberland dialect, all different; and, lastly, the "cockney" dialect, the patois of the capital itself. The education of the masses is so defective, that it has not had the power, as in America, to root out the provincialisms, which have gathered in the course of ages, like moss on lying stones; and, consequently, these weeds of speech luxuriate all over the land.

It is not, however, to these monstrosities of speech that I refer, when I speak of "Anglicisms," but to words and phrases in use among the educated and polished, the writers and speakers of the country—the class that indulge themselves, so often, in criticising American language and manners.

One of the first peculiarities of speech, that fall upon the ear of an American, landing at Liverpool, or indeed in any part of England, is the use of the word *coals*, in the plural number: "coals are scarce," "coals are dear," "a ton of coals." This is an expression never heard in America, and at once distinguishes an Englishman. And it is a palpable impropriety. The name of a substance which, like this, is taken in the *mass*, and is in that manner bought, sold, and used, has no plural. Coal is a mineral, like gold or iron: we do not say "gold," "silvers:" it would be as proper to say a "ton of irons," as a "ton of coals." It matters not though

the iron be in parts or pieces, we speak of it in the mass, and say, "a ton of iron:" in like manner, should we say, a "ton of coal," "coal is scarce," "coal is dear," and other like phrases.

Another solecism, not perhaps universal, but found among English writers of great eminence at the present day, is the use of the word "directly," for "as soon as;" thus: "directly I came here," "directly I saw him," instead of "as soon as I came here," "so soon as I saw him." If I mistake not, it was Bulwer who first introduced this phrase—at least into books: it may have been, and probably was, current in London society before. I remember well the comments made upon it by our Boston critics, at the time Bulwer's novels first came out. The impropriety of the phrase is obvious: it lies in the omission of a term of comparison. The intention of the writer is to compare the times of the occurrence of two different events. "As soon as he saw him, he cried out." The idea to be expressed is, that a certain action, viz., "crying out," took place at the same moment with another circumstance, viz., "seeing him." But if I say, "directly I saw him," it is no more than saying "I saw him directly;" it is a statement of an isolated fact, having no allusion to any other, and implying no comparison whatever. Thus, then, the idea in the writer's mind is not set forth by the phrase he uses, and he therefore has expressed himself defectively; and as the expression is a departure from the idiom of the language, it is an impropriety, a solecism; and being committed by an Englishman, it is an *Anglicism*.

One of the first oddities of expression, however, which I took notice of, myself, in England, was the phrase "different *to*," instead of "different *from*;" as, "this is different *to* that;" "doing this, is very different *to* doing that:"—instead of "*from* that," "*from* doing that." When I heard this expression, I could scarcely credit my ears: "Different *to*!" I said to myself,—what is the meaning of this? The preposition *to* conveys the idea of approach—unison; but to differ is not to approach, but to depart from. Hence the impropriety of the phrase. "Different *from*" is the correct expression: "different *to*" is a solecism.

I was not aware, at that time, of the general use made of this expression by English writers as well as speakers. But I have since observed it to be very common—indeed, nearly universal. Another American critic, as I have lately observed, has taken notice of the same Anglicism,—Mr. White, the able commentator on Shakspeare.* He remarks: "There is one gross and radical error of language, into which all Englishmen of the present day fall, without exception. Oxford men and Cambridge men speak it; and all English authors (Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Landor not excepted) write it. They say that one thing is different *to* another, instead of *from* another. This is not an idiom, or a colloquialism, it is radically, absurdly wrong."

The same writer has some sensible remarks on

* *Shakspeare's Scholar; being historical and critical studies of his text, characters, and commentators; with an examination of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.* By Richard Grant White, A.M. New York, 1854.

what are called "Americanisms." He says: "Most of those words and phrases which it pleases John Bull to call 'Americanisms,' are English of the purest and best, which have lived here, while they have died out in the mother-country. If there be two words, for the use of which, more than any others, our English cousins twit us, they are *Well!* as an interrogative exclamation, and *guess*. Milton uses both, as Shakspeare also frequently does; and exactly in the way in which they are used in America. Here we have them both in half a line:—

'Well! as you guess?'

Richard III., Act iv., Scene 4."

It is the same with many other expressions; for instance, "sick." In England, the term "ill" is generally used, the former word being employed only to describe nausea, as in the phrase, "sea-sick." But this is a modern affectation. What do you find in the Bible, the acknowledged standard of pure English even now, and the depository of the best English current at the time our fathers emigrated to America—two centuries and a-half ago?—"Behold, thy father is *sick*." "Hezekiah was *sick* unto death." "Peter's wife's mother lay *sick* of a fever." "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are *sick*." But the term *ill* is nowhere used in King James's translation in the sense of "sick." In America, we have retained the pure English term which our ancestors brought from England with them: but British critics ignorantly call it an "Americanism." And so in numberless other instances.

I may add that the liberal-minded Sir Charles Lyell, in his work on America, confirms the justness of this view, and remarks, that Americans should not suffer themselves to be laughed out of these correct expressions.*

But to return. It is really astonishing to witness the blunders which are made in the use of the letter *h*. I refer, here, principally to the uneducated classes. The error, however, is not confined to the very lowest: it is often met with among persons moving in respectable society. A well dressed Englishman, sailing down the Clyde, was overheard remarking to a fellow passenger, pointing to the Kilpatrick range of hills, "'andsome 'ills those,—very 'andsome 'ills." This was told me by a Scotchman with great glee—for the Scotch laugh at the English, as much as we do, for this peculiarity.

This defect does not, however, in all cases, seem to be a mere mistake, a mere slip of the tongue, but

* *Second Visit to the United States*, vol. i., p. 162. I wish, here, to introduce a very sensible remark of Sir Charles Lyell's, which, though not strictly pertinent to the subject before us, may, without impropriety, be adduced in this connection. "The Americans," he says, "have, in general, more self-possession and self-confidence than Englishmen. On the other hand, the members of the great republic are sensitive and touchy about their country,—a point on which the English are imperturbably indifferent, being proud of everything British even to a fault, since contempt for the opinion of other nations may be carried so far as to diminish the prospect of improvement. It might be better if each of the great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family would borrow something from the qualities of the other,—if John Bull had less *mauvaise honte*, so as to care less of what others thought of him individually, and if Jonathan cared less for what others are thinking of his country."—*Ibid*, vol. i., p. 164.

amounts to a positive perverseness of mind, an inability or an unwillingness to perceive and make use of the correct sound. A young Englishman, in a respectable condition of life, being on a visit to Scotland, and making some inquiry about the route to the Highlands, asked, "Have you ever visited the 'eelands? I don't mean the *hilands* on the coast—but the 'eelands?" When his error in pronunciation was laughingly pointed out to him, he insisted on his own correctness, and maintained that the proper pronunciation of *islands* was *hilands*.

I had an English domestic, who manifested this disposition still more strikingly. She was of the lowest class, entirely uneducated, and we strove to teach her to read. She did tolerably well, till she came to some word beginning with an *h*, when she always met with difficulty. She would say '*at* for *hat*; it was in vain that we explained to her the composition of the word, repeated again and again the sound of the *h*, and showed her the distinct force of the letter;—when called upon to pronounce the word, it seemed as if she really could not. She would strive, and jerk, and try to cough it up, but after all there would come out nothing but—'*at*. Yet it was not from inability to pronounce the letter *h*: it would come forth fast enough in the wrong place: she could say *heggs* and *henglish* without difficulty.

The same tendency to the omission of the letter *h* without reason, is, in fact, observable even in the highest and most polished classes. And as these establish the fashion, and as fashion or custom, as Walker erroneously lays it down, gives law to pro-

nunciation, it follows that this defect is sought to be legalized even by the standard English dictionaries. Thus, Walker pronounces hospital '*ospital*', and hostler '*osler*', and so these words are pronounced in England even by the best speakers. What is this but the vulgar error, with the aristocratic stamp upon it? There is no more reason for saying '*osler*' than '*orse*', and no more propriety in pronouncing hospital '*ospital*', than in calling hospitality '*ospitality*'. In America, these words are pronounced correctly, *hospital* and *hostler*. We have, however, unfortunately,—by taking Walker for our standard, before we had a more trustworthy guide of our own—borrowed a few of these Anglicisms, and they are still current among us; but the sooner they are rooted out, the better. For instance, the words *humble* and *humor* are more frequently heard without the *h*, than with. Worcester, who rather follows custom, makes them doubtful; but Dr. Webster, in his profound and original work, has settled this and all similar questions, on grounds, not of changeful custom, but of immutable law and principle. On the word *humble* he makes no comment: on *humor*, however, he remarks (with a little Johnsonian indignation), "the pronunciation *yumour* is odiously vulgar."

While on the subject of pronunciation, I may mention a few other peculiarities which I have observed in English speakers, particularly those of London,—where, in fact, if my observations were correctly made, more numerous errors in pronunciation are to be detected than among educated persons in other parts of England,—more affecta-

tions, certainly. For instance, it is not uncommon to hear knowledge called *no-ledge* (this is a purism). Neither and either are almost universally pronounced *nither*, *ither*.* Door is spoken very broadly—somewhat like *dor*; and more, *mor*. Year is *yar* (or with but a slight sound of the *e*); and sure, *shor*. In fact, almost all words ending in the letter *r*, are pronounced very broadly, with the mouth wide open. Henry I heard a certain distinguished lecturer pronounce as *Henery*, and children *chil-deren*: the same speaker called greatness *greatnuz*, and business *businuz*. He was exceedingly precise and distinct in his enunciation—and this, I suppose, was merely a little excess. I was much struck with a London musical lecturer's pronunciation of *how*, *cow*, and words of similar sound. He gave them almost the same sound as is heard in our New England country districts, and which is laughed at in Boston, thus: *haou*, *caou*. I do not think this pronunciation by any means universal: but I have observed a tendency towards it even among the best educated speakers of the capital.

The English use of the word *clever*, as distinguished from the American, is well known. They make great use of the term, and they mean by it intelligent, able, skilful, applying it to the

* It may be observed, that the use of *either* instead of *each* is very common, as "on either side of the street," for "on each side." This is incorrect. *Either* means one or the other, but not both; as in the sentence, "which will you have? I will take either of them," meaning the one or the other: whereas *each* means both, but separately considered; as in the sentence, "each world, the spiritual and the natural, has its joys,"—meaning *both* worlds.

intellectual faculties : such a writer is *clever*, that is, has talents. We, on the contrary, apply it to the disposition, rather : a "clever fellow," with us, is a kindly, good-natured fellow. We have another term, which we use much in the sense of the English *clever*, namely, *smart*. A *smart fellow* is a ready, brisk, energetic person. The English, however, use the term chiefly in the sense of being gaily or showily dressed. Our use of the term the English call an Americanism : but we have good literary authority for it. This is, probably, one of those expressions, which, though pure English, has gone out of use, in this sense, in England, while it remains in America. Young says, for instance,

"Who, for the poor renown of being *smart*,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?"

In this couplet, the term is applied to the mind, though it is here used in the confined sense of *witty*.

Another fashionable vulgarism is the phrase "knocked up" for *fatigued*,—as "knocked up" by a jaunt or by late hours. I was astonished to hear this coarse expression from the lips of ladies : no fashion can make it elegant. Mrs. Stowe, I observe, in her "Sunny Memories," takes notice of it.

The expression "take a ride," or "go out for a ride," that is, in a vehicle, the English call an Americanism ; they say, "go out for a drive." But the fact is,—the latter, rather, is an Anglicism : the departure from the correct standard is on their side. The expression, "to ride," is as properly applicable to motion in a vehicle, as on horseback. For proof, we may again appeal to the Bible, where

“riding in a chariot” is spoken of (Genesis xli. 43, and in other places). The term “drive” is properly confined to the act of holding the reins and managing the horse. Only the person driving, therefore, “takes a drive,” the rest *ride*. This Anglicism arose, possibly, from the peculiar fondness of the English—even of ladies—for the manual operation of driving a horse or horses: I have seen a lady driving her own phaëton and pair, while the servant, who should have been the driver, was seated, with his arms folded, behind. It was not a pleasing sight: the lady looked as if taking her servant an airing.

I shall conclude my criticisms with some remarks on the use of the term *Yankees*, as applied to Americans indiscriminately. Such application of the term may, not improperly, be called an Anglicism, as it is the English who make it. The word *Yankees* is simply a corruption of *English*.* The history of the corruption is, I believe, somewhat as follows. The English, who, in 1620 and the succeeding years, settled at Plymouth and other parts of the coast which they named “New England,” were called by the natives *Yengheese*, a thick way of speaking the difficult word *English*. By a still further modification, by way of shortness, it came to be *Yankees*. But this name was not given to the English who settled Virginia or other southern parts of America: these were called by the natives Long-knives. The name *Yankees* was peculiar to

* In Webster’s Dictionary, “Yankee” is thus defined: “A corrupt pronunciation of the word *English*, by the native Indians of America: or, more probably, of the French word *Anglois*.”

the settlers of New England—Massachusetts and the neighboring colonies : it became a local appellation, confined to the inhabitants of that part of the country. The title, therefore, never belonged to the people of the country generally. This is the more evident from the fact, that some parts of the coast were not settled by the English, but by other nations ; as New York by the Dutch, and New Jersey by the Swedes.

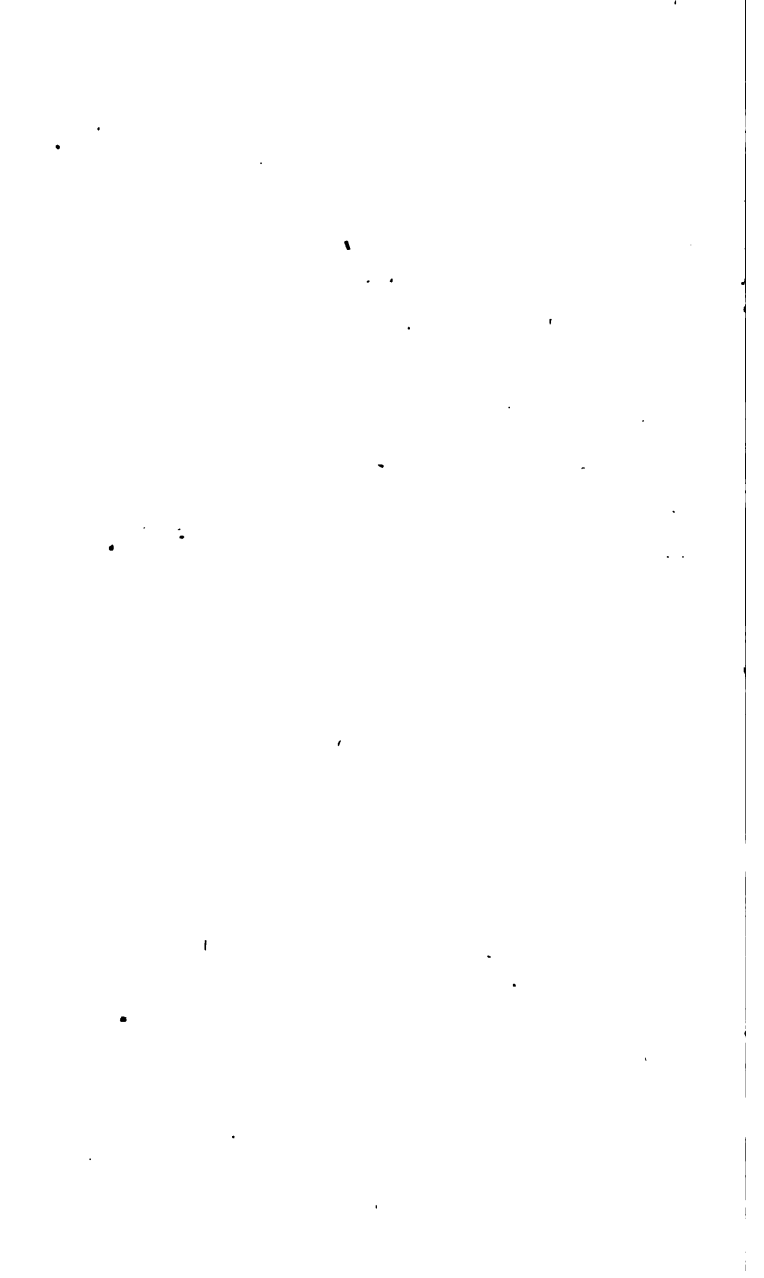
I may here, in passing, state the origin of our burlesque national air, "Yankee Doodle." It was the composition of an Englishman. In the summer of 1755, in the time of the old French war, the colonists came in large numbers to join the British army, which lay encamped on the banks of the Hudson. "Their march, their accoutrements, and all the arrangements of their troops furnished matter of amusement to the wits of the British army. Their band played airs two centuries old. A physician of the British army, by the name of Dr. Shackburg, composed a tune and recommended it to the officers as a celebrated air. The joke took ; in a few days nothing was heard in the Provincial camp but the air of 'Yankee Doodle.' In less than thirty years after, Lord Cornwallis and his army marched, prisoners, into the American lines, to that tune."*

To return, however, to the term "Yankee." We may thus see that its application to Americans generally had no propriety, even when we were English colonists. But since we threw off the

* *Encyclopædia Americana.*

British yoke, and became a nation, it has had still less. We are no longer English, but Americans: and therefore, we are not *Yankees*, for that signifies *English*. I sometimes tell my English friends laughingly, that they are the "Yankees" now: the name belongs on their side of the water.

To conclude, now, my remarks on Anglicisms. It is an ungracious task to point out the defects of one's neighbors. What has been said is set forth, not by the way of offense, but rather of defense, and for the purpose of reminding such British critics as are fond of harping on "Americanisms,"—of the old proverb, "Those that live in glass houses should not throw stones."



THE SCOTCH.

From scenes like these Old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE Scotch have been called "the New-Englanders of Britain." And, certainly, there is a resemblance between the general character of the Scotch and that of the people of New England, the descendants of the Puritans. There is the same native shrewdness, general intelligence, cool cautiousness on the surface, with an under-current of ardor and fervor; the same tendency to plainness and disregard of forms and externals, especially in religion; and a general solidity of character, which looks to the substance of things, and is not disposed to be carried away by appearances. An American, especially a New-Englander, feels himself at once at home in Scotland. This is particularly the case on the Sabbath. The plainness of the churches and the simplicity of the forms of worship, as well as the reverence with which the day is kept, remind him strongly of his native land. Whereas, in England, the merry chiming of the bells, the stateliness of the cathedrals, and the formality and pomp of the service, with its long-drawn *A-mens*,

cause him at once to perceive that he is in a foreign country.

The phrase "canny Scot" is proverbial. And if "canny" means, as I understand it, cautious, careful, prudent, the Scotch no doubt merit the title. It is, beyond all question, one of their distinguishing characteristics, as a people, although I have met with many individuals, who are complete exceptions to it—who are as free, careless, off-hand persons as are anywhere to be found; still, the general rule holds good.

This trait may be observed in numberless peculiarities of custom, public and private. For instance, it is exceedingly common, almost universal, as far as my observation extends, to keep the household clock half an hour fast. This is to guard against being too late at church or other places; it is to "take Time by the forelock:" they are determined that the old scythe-bearer himself shall not catch them unawares. This is one form which their caution takes;—innocent enough, and perhaps commendable; though when I first came into the country, and before I was used to the custom, I thought it really a moral wrong to keep all these time-pieces hourly telling untruths. Moreover, I question whether the end proposed, after all, is attained by this course; for every one knows so well that these household guides do not speak the truth, that nobody believes them, but allowance is quietly made for the amount of fabrication. On the whole, therefore, I think it would be quite as well, and rather better, in this as in all other cases, to speak the simple truth,—to let the clock tell the true time.

You may see the national spirit of carefulness, in the form of economy, even in walking the streets. It is very common, for instance, to observe but one carter to two horses and carts. The carter walks by the side of the first horse and cart, and the other follows; the second horse's head being attached to the first cart by a rope. This manner of proceeding saves the cost of one man's labor; and it seems to work just as well. Whether the Scotch horses are uncommonly intelligent, I do not know; but the after-horse seems to be quite able to take care of himself.

Again, take a walk by the canal-basin in the outskirts of Glasgow, for instance, and you may see men shoveling coal out of the canal-boats, entirely naked down to the waist, their faces and bodies begrimed with coal dust. This, I presume, is to save the wear and tear of a shirt. Again, you may meet women on the roads which lead to the city, —women decently, even handsomely, dressed (I remember seeing one in a silk dress and with a veil on her bonnet), walking barefoot and carrying their shoes in their hand. This is to save shoe-leather: they know that foot-skin costs less than calf-skin. This struck me as carrying the matter of economy a little too far. The custom, however, appears to be an old one: Burns alludes to it in his "Holy Fair":

"The lassies skelpin barefoot thrang,
In silks and scarlets glitter."

What is remarkable, though you often see women in Scotland going barefoot, you seldom see men. I

have often wondered at this: the fact does not seem to me to do honor to Scottish gallantry.

The spirit of caution and economy, though it may be carried occasionally to these extremes, is yet the very foundation of that manly independence of character, for which the Scotch are remarkable. Look at the Irish: their general carelessness and improvidence, however conjoined, as it is said to be, with a spirit of generosity and hospitality, is yet the parent of that wide-spread beggary which exists among them; while the Scotch, though living on a much less fertile soil, are yet enabled, by their frugality, to keep themselves in a state of independence, at least, if not of wealth. In this respect, likewise, it may be added, the Scotch resemble the New-Englanders. The latter, also, have a country for the most part rocky and unproductive: yet their energy and industry, joined with prudence and principle, have rendered them comparatively rich.

The Scotch are, as a people, highly intelligent. In consequence of the existence, now for a century or more, of their parish-school system, their native shrewdness has been cultivated by general education, to a far greater extent than in England. The lowest classes of the English, gross and utterly uneducated, are complete boors, scarcely raised in intelligence above their own beasts of burden. I have been struck with this: they are heavy and clownish to the last degree. But the corresponding class among the Scotch are of a very different character: they have minds: they are thoughtful, shrewd, and inquiring; and though their education may have been very limited, yet they have evi-

dently made the most of it; they have put two and two together, and drawn their own inferences, thus showing intellectual activity. Often have I satisfied myself with testing this, by entering into conversation with the driver of a donkey-cart by the road-side, or with a cow-feeder in the country, as I stepped into his cot to get a bowl of milk. I was sure of hearing intelligent remarks on whatever subject was brought up.

On the other hand, education among the better classes is not carried to the same degree of refinement and completeness, perhaps, in Scotland as in England. This is particularly the case in regard to classical education. The Scotch colleges are, in fact, little more than High Schools, and a large proportion of the students are mere boys. I doubt, indeed, whether, as a general rule, the Scotch graduates could stand competition with our Boston Latin-School boys, in the composition of Latin verses, or the niceties of Greek prosody and the dialects.

The Scotch, underneath their cool and cautious exterior, are exceedingly warm-hearted and affectionate. This is observable in their fondness for diminutives. Nowhere but in Scotland, so far as I have observed, do you hear full-grown men called "Jamie" and "Charlie"; this always sounds to me very affectionate and kindly. You may observe this peculiarity especially in their songs,—a species of composition in which feeling predominates: thus we have "Royal Charlie," "Sandy and Jenny," and many more.

This leads me to speak of the Scottish dialect. When a boy in Boston, reading Scott's novels, I

could make nothing of the quantities of Scotch I found in them: I thought it tedious and odious: "mere broken English," I used to call it. But after hearing it from the mouths of the Scotch themselves, it appears to me something very different: it has become pleasant to my ears. Jeffrey, in his manly vindication of the Scottish dialect, thus speaks of it: "This Scotch," he says, "is not to be considered as a provincial dialect, the vehicle only of rustic vulgarity, and rude local humor. It is the language of a whole country,—long an independent kingdom, and still separate in laws, character, and manners. It is by no means peculiar to the vulgar, but is the common speech of the whole nation in early life; and though it be true that, in later times, it has been in some measure laid aside by the more ambitious and aspiring of the present generation, it is still recollected even by them, as the familiar language of their childhood, and of those who were the earliest objects of their love and veneration. It is connected, in their imagination, not only with that olden time, which is uniformly conceived as more pure, lofty, and simple than the present, but also with all the soft and bright colors of remembered childhood and domestic affection. All its phrases conjure up images of school-day innocence, and sports, and friendships which have no pattern in succeeding years. Add to all this, that it is the language of a great body of poetry, with which almost all Scotchmen are familiar; and, in particular, of a great multitude of songs, written with more tenderness, nature and feeling, than any other lyric compositions that are

extant. And we may perhaps be allowed to say, that the Scotch is, in reality, a highly poetical language; and that it is an ignorant as well as illiberal prejudice, which would seek to confound it with the barbarous dialects of Yorkshire or of Devon."

This I should consider, from my own observation, a very just view of the subject. The Scotch is not merely a vulgar dialect: it is used in familiar life by the best educated, especially in addressing children. It is pleasant to observe the manner in which a Scottish lady will sometimes turn from the refined English in which she may be addressing her guest, and speak to her children or servants in language, which, though not properly "broad Scotch," yet often contains terms and phrases not readily intelligible to an Englishman or American. The broad Scotch of Hume's day, indeed, you seldom hear now, especially in cities. Words that are properly English, are for the most part spoken by the educated in the English manner; thus they say "two" not "twa." But there are a great many words in the Scottish dialect, that are not at all English, but purely Scotch, having either a Celtic, Norwegian, or French root. This will be readily seen by referring to Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, or indeed to any ordinary Glossary attached to Burns's Poems. For instance, the word "fashed" is much used by Scottish ladies: "I can't be fashed with it," that is "troubled," or "bothered" (to adduce a not very refined English term). This is evidently derived from the French *faché*, grieved. Indeed there are many traces of the close connec-

tions which Scotland maintained with France in former days, before the union with England. This is observable both in the use of terms evidently derived from the French, and also in a French or continental style of pronouncing some of the vowels. Thus in the pronunciation of Latin, the Scotch use the broad *a*, and *i* they call *e*. So, in Scotch, *die* is pronounced *dee*, and a *lie* is softened into a *lee*. They have also compound vowels or diphthongs nearly resembling the French *eu*, but still more difficult of pronunciation. Thus "poor" is written "*puir*," and pronounced in a manner not describable by the pen, but somewhere between *pure* and *pare*: I do not pretend to speak it. Indeed, Scotch is the most difficult language to speak correctly, of which I have any knowledge. *Good*, written *guid*, is still worse to pronounce than *puir*: it is something like *gid*, but with a delicate twist of the *u*, that only a Scotch tongue can give. The little word *too* is pronounced in a manner that bids defiance to an English mouth: it is something like *tae*. The guttural *ch* the Scotch maintain is unpronounceable by the English; and the test they commonly give them, is to say "Loch Lomond." They are sure to call it *Lock*, which brings down a laugh from the Scottish listeners. However, I do not consider this sound so difficult of attainment as many others. But my concluding advice both to English and Americans, is, never to attempt to read or speak Scotch in the presence of Scotchmen; they will be sure to make themselves ridiculous.

To pass from language to manners, there is one class of Scotch customs most objectionable—namely,

the drinking customs. When a boy in America, I had read that Russian ladies drank brandy: I did not credit it, but regarded it as a traveler's story. But I can credit it now; for I have seen Scotch ladies drinking whisky—not, indeed, pure whisky, but whisky-toddy. What would our American ladies think of that? The manner of it is this. Towards the close of the evening-party (or, in some houses, it is done regularly, whether there be company or not), whisky, hot water, and sugar are brought in, and before each gentleman is set a large goblet, called a “rummer,” with a silver ladle in it, and a wine-glass beside it. The gentlemen proceed to mix their toddy, and thence ladeling it into the wine-glasses, these are politely handed to the ladies, who receive them without shrinking. This is the “good old” (that is to say, *bad* old) Scottish fashion, and though beginning to decline, it is still, I am sorry to say, too much in vogue.* (The still older custom, of introducing an enormous punch-bowl, has now about disappeared.) I am glad to add, that great efforts are now, and have been for some years, making, to abolish this with other drinking-customs. A “Scottish Temperance League” has been formed, which is using strenuous exertions to spread temperance principles and induce temperance habits, throughout the land. And it has been to a considerable degree successful. The great temper-

* Even this, however, is not so bad as a practice I have heard of as existing in some parts of England,—that of pouring *rum* into tea, yes! into *children's* tea, at holiday gatherings. What shall be said of that? I once, myself, saw *whisky* poured into tea, in Scotland.

ance orator, Gough, from America, has given them a helping hand, too, and the good work is going steadily on. Yet a great deal remains to be done. The Scottish ministers, I am sorry to say, have been among the last to join this righteous cause, and some have even taken open ground against it. There have been, indeed, some noble exceptions; but this is too true of them as a body, and it is, it must be acknowledged, a very discreditable truth. That men, whose profession and solemn duty it is, to preach and to practise—not only theology but morality, should take a stand against, or be indifferent to, one of the most needed moral movements of the day,—only shows how much more religion there is in the head and on the tongue, than in the heart and life.

Another general custom in Scotland, not altogether to be approved, is that of late rising in the morning. With the exception of the “working classes,” so called, who go to their work early enough, namely, at six o’clock, being rung up by the town bells at half-past five,—few persons rise earlier than seven or eight. The breakfast hour is from eight to nine; and the shops are not generally open till nine. And what would American boys think of going to school at *ten*? for that is the usual hour here,—at least for the higher-class schools and seminaries. And not only is so large a part of every day wasted, but, in addition to this, no less than one-sixth of the whole year is thrown away, and worse than thrown away, in school holidays, the summer vacations being usually *two months*. American school-boys (at least Bostonians—I can

speaking for them) are glad to get their two *weeks*—they seldom get more. (And the hours for school are nine in winter and eight in summer). Perhaps it may be said, we carry this to an extreme, and give our children too little relaxation. If this be so, let the time be extended to three or even four weeks: but a school vacation of two months is a sheer waste of time.*

But now, I daresay, my Scottish friends will defend themselves, in the matter of late rising, on the score that the sun himself is lazy in these latitudes. There is no gainsaying that: the Scotch sun *does* get up late, especially in winter. He comes looking in upon you through the fog, with his dull and sleepy eye, somewhere about nine o'clock. With such an unworthy example before them, is it any wonder that the people learn indolent habits? The fact is, however, that Scotland is considerably nearer the North Pole, than it is to the equator. Glasgow is in the latitude of fifty-six, about the same parallel that in America is inhabited by the Esquimaux Indians, and occupied by the ice of Hudson's Bay—a region of perpetual sterility. Is it surprising, then, that the people get up late, and the sun too? Nevertheless, the sun makes up for it in summer, but the people do not—and there is the difference. At that season, the sun comes

* There is one branch of instruction which seems to be greatly neglected in Scotland—namely, *astronomy*. I cannot hear of its being taught systematically in any even of the higher seminaries—especially not in those for young ladies. And it is not uncommon to find persons even in cultivated life, who scarcely know the distinction between a planet and a fixed star.

walking in upon you, and waking you, too, about three in the morning. He takes his walks through the silent Glasgow streets, not a soul astir but himself and the watchmen. It is really solemn, at this hour, to step forth or look forth into the streets of the city, and behold the sun's rays beaming bright and warm on every object,—and yet no one moving—the spacious streets all deserted and solitary, the shops shut and barred, the “very houses asleep,” as Wordsworth says in his Sonnet on “London at Sunrise.” It is strange and solemn—it makes you think of a city ravaged by the plague and deserted: it reminds you of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

This is a sight seldom witnessed in America—day awake and man asleep. One reason is, that there the sun rises at seasonable hours both in summer and winter. The other is, that the people are more prompt to follow his example, and get up when he does. In this respect, then, our countrymen have the decided advantage: not only do they “go a-head” faster, but they take an earlier start. Under these circumstances,—and unless the old country bestirs herself,—it is very plain that ere long her young competitor will fairly beat her both in hand-work and head-work, and in all forms of exertion.

But, in spite of all this, I like the Scotch and their ways, in general, very much. I like their honest, manly faces, and it pleases me now to hear the rough roll of their *r*, and their *hame* for home. This Doric English, now that I have got used to it, has a charm for my ear. I was amused, the other day, in the street, at the broad Scotch and the sturdy independence of a message-boy. He was sitting on

some steps resting himself, when a young aristocrat, some ten or twelve years old, strutting about in his kilt and bare legs—which some foolish mother had dressed him up in—came up and spoke to him reprovingly: “Now, boy, why do you sit here? why don’t you go about your errand?” The boy, giving him a disdainful look, condescended no other answer than “Gang awa’ hame, and put on your breeks” (breeches). I turned away, laughing heartily. That, thought I, is a born republican.

The Scotch are both fond and proud of their country,—and not without reason. It is not indeed so extensive, rich, or populous as England; but it has certain peculiar attractions. Scotland has been justly called the “Switzerland of the North”: it is full of wild and romantic scenery. Its lofty mountains and lonely glens, the numerous islands scattered along its shores, the remarkable indentations of the coast, by which the sea stretches its long arms far inland, forming deep and solitary lochs—all these features are peculiar and picturesque. It might be an interesting question, how far the Scotch are indebted to the rugged features of their scenery for their sternness and thoughtfulness of character. It seems certain, that in an open and level country, like a great part of England, it would have been scarcely possible for the devoted Covenanters to have made the noble stand they did for religious liberty; nor would the hardy Highlanders have retained so long their peculiarities of manners and language, or their devotion to “Prince Charlie.”

Nor are the charms or the influence of the wild scenery of Scotland confined to their native inhabitants. Every year the people of the cities flock to

the sea-shore, the islands, or the quiet glens of the country, to spend the whole or part of the summer; and they return in the autumn, refreshed and invigorated both in body and mind. This is one of the charms of a residence in Scotland. Hither, too, great numbers of the "Southrons," the English, come, every season, to ramble among the mountains, or shoot grouse upon the moors, or to visit those far-famed localities connected with Scottish history, which the writings of the "northern enchanter" have made so celebrated. The Queen herself seeks, every autumn, the same privilege, of retiring from the bustle of London and the formality and business of a court, to breathe the fresh air, and rove among the heather, of the Scottish Highlands. England has, on this and many other accounts, quite as much reason to be thankful for the Union, as Scotland has.

Contests about the merits of their respective countries sometimes run high between the Scotch and English. I remember an anecdote in connection with this. An Englishman and Scotchman were on one occasion arguing the question stoutly, the Englishman asserting the superiority of England, and the Scotchman maintaining the equality, at least, of Scotland, in language, manners, education, and a variety of other points. At last, the Englishman exclaimed triumphantly, "Well, well, you will allow the superiority of England in one respect at any rate: it is, at least, *larger* than Scotland." "Ha! I don't know that," said Sawney, "Scotland, remember, is awfu' hilly: roll her out flat, like England, and I'll warrant she'd be bigger."

The Scottish cities are very elegant, being built

entirely of stone: brick is not allowed to be used, except for back-buildings. Another cause of the streets having a lofty and stately appearance, is the plan on which the houses are constructed. It is the Parisian or Continental plan, as distinguished from the English or American. In the two latter countries, each family, for the most part, occupies a separate dwelling-house, standing on its own piece of ground. Several ill consequences flow from this. In the first place, the rent is necessarily much higher; and hence it is, that so many married people, especially young couples, go to lodgings or boarding houses,—a thing seldom done in Scotland. Another result is, that the uniformity of the streets is destroyed: there must be large and small houses to accommodate families of various sizes and means. But on the Continental and Scottish plan, families occupy each only one story or “flat” as it is termed, of a building, having a common entrance and stair. The result is, that there are several houses or habitations covering the same piece of ground: consequently the rents are much lower. Moreover, it is easy to make houses large or small, having many rooms or few, without disturbing the uniform appearance of the exterior of the building: and hence a street can be constructed entirely of tall and stately buildings, while, within, the houses vary exceedingly as to extent and costliness.

The idea of dwelling in a house built on this plan does not at first strike an English or American mind pleasantly: it seems like occupying only a part of a house: he fancies that he should not feel it like a “home.” But, I can assure him, that this is only

fancy. The houses are as perfectly distinct, as if they stood on different pieces of ground. Each has its own "front-door," as it may be called, in the stair, with bell and name-plate, just as if it were really a front-door on the street. And within that door, the house is a sanctum and a home, with which the neighbors have nothing to do. The stair, (or rather flight of steps, always of stone) and the entrance passage way, are held in common: all else is entirely private. The conveniences and advantages of this system of dwelling are very great, and I should like much to see it introduced into our American cities. There is no running up and down stairs, as with us, from parlour to chamber, and from kitchen to dining-room: all the rooms are on the same floor, and you step in a quiet manner from room to room, as a West Indian planter does in his spacious, one-storied mansion. There is no creeping up stairs to bed, of a cold winter's night,—a necessity of life of which all American children know the dread, but your chamber is just in the next room: and even though it may contain no fire, yet it seems warm to your fancy, as it is just next to the warm parlour you have left. Then, too, young people getting married can go at once to house-keeping; for a neat and even elegant house, containing from two to four rooms, can be had at a rent of from fifty to a hundred dollars a year. The cost of furnishing, moreover, in consequence of the smallness of the house, is proportionately reduced. Are not these advantages and inducements? I hope that my young American friends, who are looking forward to

marriage, will rouse some of the capitalists to construct some buildings on the Scottish plan.

While speaking of manners and customs, I may refer to one particular, in which, for their own comfort and enjoyment, I think our American ladies might take a lesson from the Scottish (and the English, too.) I mean their fearlessness in regard to going out at night. In America, a lady dares not stir out after night-fall without an escort. The Scotch and English ladies—even young ladies—go out fearlessly in the evening almost as readily as in the day-time—to church, to meetings, even to evening-parties, alone. How immensely does this comparative independence of the attendance of gentlemen add to the Scottish ladies' sense of freedom and enjoyment; whereas our young ladies, unless they happen to have a brother or father to attend them, are, after dark, immured at home, like prisoners. It is all a matter of custom and training; there is no more to be afraid of in America, than in Britain.

I have spoken of Scottish *drink* with reprobation; I wish now to speak of Scottish *food* with approbation.

“Parritch, chief o' Scotia's food,”

says one of her poets. This “parritch,” or porridge, made of oatmeal, is the universal food of the lower classes in Scotland, and the food of the children among all classes. And it is an excellent, healthy, and hearty kind of food, a blessing to Scotland. The Scotch can afford to disregard Johnson's somewhat sarcastic definition of *oats*, “a grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.” Yes; and it supports

them in comfort, health, and above all, in independence. Content with this simple fare, they can defy want, and despise extravagance. I greatly enjoy a sight which I often behold in my morning walks—that, namely, of a workman, a mechanic or a laborer, sitting on a stone by the road-side, with his wife or little daughter near him, and “supping” (as they call it, even at breakfast-time) his bowl of porridge and milk which she has just brought him. It looks primitive and innocent.

There is another dish which the Scotch are fond of, namely, *brose*. It is composed either of oatmeal or peasemeal. It is quickly and easily made, by simply pouring boiling water on meal, sometimes adding a little butter. Connected with this *brose*, I remember a good story which I heard in Edinburgh, and with the relation of this I will conclude my remarks on the Scotch. I may preface it by mentioning that the poorer classes, though taking only porridge for their week-day breakfast, yet sometimes indulge themselves with a cup of tea on Sunday. A little Scotch laddie, sitting by his mother’s side one Saturday night, says, somewhat listlessly, looking up in his mother’s face,—

“What day’s the morn, mither?”

“Sunday, laddie.”

“And will we ha’e *tea*, the morn?”

“Ay, laddie, if we’re spared.”

“And if we’re *no spared*, will we ha’e *brose*?”

WALLACE'S TREE.

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled.

BURNS.

WALLACE has been called the "Washington of Scotland." This comparison has, very probably, been often made, for it is somewhat obvious. But the person I first heard it from, was an old Scotchman, who acted as guide through the ruins of Melrose Abbey; and coming from such a source, in such a place, I was much struck with it. Whether the old man had heard the remark dropped by one of his visitors, or whether he had conceived it himself, while wandering about the solitary ruins, and meditating on times gone by and the deeds of the illustrious dead—thoughts natural to arise in the stillness and solemnity of such a place,—I cannot tell. But, at any rate, when he once got possession of it, he no doubt laid it carefully by in his memory, to be brought forth by way of compliment to American visitors like myself.

Be that as it may, there is certainly much justice in the comparison. Wallace was a true patriot, high-minded, disinterested, devoted. He loved his

country with his whole soul, and for her good was ready to sacrifice every private interest: and did he not sacrifice everything, his life included? In Scotland his name is revered,—yet not, it seemed to me, with the enthusiasm it deserves. At least, I have seldom heard allusion made to it, on occasions, either private or public, when, as it seemed to me, such allusion would have been natural. Perhaps, his comparative want of success, and his ignominious death at the hands of the barbarous Edward, may, in the view of some weak minds, have cast a shade over his fame: whereas, in the case of Washington, the union of the loftiest intrinsic greatness of character with the completest success, and, added to these, the splendid results that have followed his efforts, in the establishment of a great nation, have caused his name to shine with the splendor of the sun.

It may be the case, moreover, that the union with England, their old enemy, has somewhat cooled Scottish enthusiasm in regard to the exploits of their ancestors in the former wars between the two countries. In fact, I am sure that this is the case: I have not unfrequently heard it urged as a duty to suppress Scottish national feeling, and to think of the British kingdom only as a unit. And it is, no doubt, a duty, both in a political and in a Christian view, to lay aside all feelings of animosity between the two countries, and to make the union a hearty one. But does it follow that Scotchmen must forget the glories of their past history, and dishonor by neglect the deeds of their patriotic ancestors? I hope that the bitter hostility that has so long

existed, also, between England and America—engendered by former wars—is destined to die out and become extinguished, and that feelings of mutual friendship and regard will spring up in its place: but are we, therefore, to forget our Washington and Jefferson? Are we to cast aside the glorious memories of Bunker Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown? or to forget the exploits of our naval heroes in the last war? Never, while we remain a nation!*

And this train of remark leads me to the expression of a thought which has often occurred to my mind, in explanation of the reason why our countrymen have, in general, a kindlier feeling towards Scotland than towards the sister country,—though both, in fact, under the common name of Britain, were our enemies in both wars. The explanation, in part at least, is to be found, I think, in our love for the name and memory of Wallace and his patriotic exploits. All American boys are familiar with the history of Wallace,—nearly as much so as with that of Washington and William Tell. When a boy myself, I remember well the copy of his *Life*, which I owned and most highly prized, the frontispiece of which displayed the hero, with his two-handed claymore, shearing away the thigh of an English knight. And heartily did I wish him success in putting to rout and death his country's invaders. Another popular book, too, has

* Since the above was written, I have been glad to observe that a grand public demonstration has been made in Scotland in honor of Wallace, and there is to be a monument erected to his memory at Stirling: This is as it should be.

made the story of Wallace universally known among the youth of America — Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs." Cheap editions of that favorite work, circulating widely through the land, have made Wallace and his comrades-in-arms dear to every American heart. And these recollections of Scottish history we naturally connect in a manner with the remembrance of our own. We remember that Scotchmen, in former days, gallantly and desperately fought for their liberties against the same tyrannic power that oppressed us, namely, the Monarch and Government of England; and we naturally, therefore, have a fellow-feeling with them, as having been once in the same trying situation as ourselves.

With these thoughts and recollections in my mind,—when, on the occasion of a visit to Paisley, I was informed that Wallace's birth-place, and also a famous tree, called "Wallace's Tree" or "Wallace's Oak," were in the neighborhood, I gladly seized the opportunity of visiting them. They are situated in the village of Elderslie, about three miles from Paisley.

When about half way to the place, there came on a storm of wind and rain—a truly Scottish one; and, of all rain-storms, the Scottish are certainly the most pitiless, penetrating and persevering. We kept on, however, and came, at length, in sight of the Tree. It stood in a garden by the road-side. It was an immense oak, which had evidently seen many centuries. It was gnarled and knotted, and now nearly dead; only one branch was green: the three other enormous ones were barkless and bare.

"Yes!" said an old woman, who happened to be passing at the moment, and paused at observing our interest in the venerable object,—“Yes! that was Wallace's tree—he often hid in that from the enemy. I remember it when it spread clear over the road, but now it is almost gone,—the branches are dead and half lopped off.”

I contemplated the venerable object with great interest. There it had stood, that “brave old oak,” these five hundred years and more, battling with the winter storms and enjoying the summer sunshine. Wallace had known it in its green youth: it had been his friend, and with its covering of leaves had often sheltered him from his ruthless pursuers. It was a better friend to him than his own countrymen; for betrayed, at last, by a dastardly Scot, Sir John Monteith (let his name, like our own Arnold's, be ever held in execration!) this noble patriot suffered the cruel and most unjust death of a traitor. And now the old tree stands here bare and lone, like a father who has lost his children,—like old King Lear, majestic in his sorrow.*

We next visited the house, hard by, in which the hero was born. It has been much altered since his day; yet a part of the original building still remains. Among these is the ancient kitchen, which is built with the strength of a castle-keep or a prison cell,

* The venerable tree, I am sorry to relate, is now no more, having been thrown down during a violent storm or hurricane on the night of the 6th of February, 1856. Our famed “Charter Oak,” at Hartford, Connecticut, has also lately perished in the same way.

being both floored and vaulted with stone. There was an immense fire-place, and in it a most ancient iron grate, the bars of which were worn extremely thin with age. This was declared to be the very original grate of Wallace's day, but that seemed improbable. Within the chimney, a little way up, and not easily discovered, is the entrance to a subterranean passage, extending, it is said, under the garden as far as Wallace's tree. This passage, as I learned, had been lately explored. It was intended, no doubt, as a hiding-place, and one would think it a secure one. How astonished would his enemies have been, if, after seeing Wallace enter this room in his flight from them, they had broken in and found no one there! In those barbarous ages, when men hunted each other like wild beasts, all these stratagems were had recourse to. We may talk of the chivalry and romance of the middle ages, but, after all, how much happier are our own peaceful days.

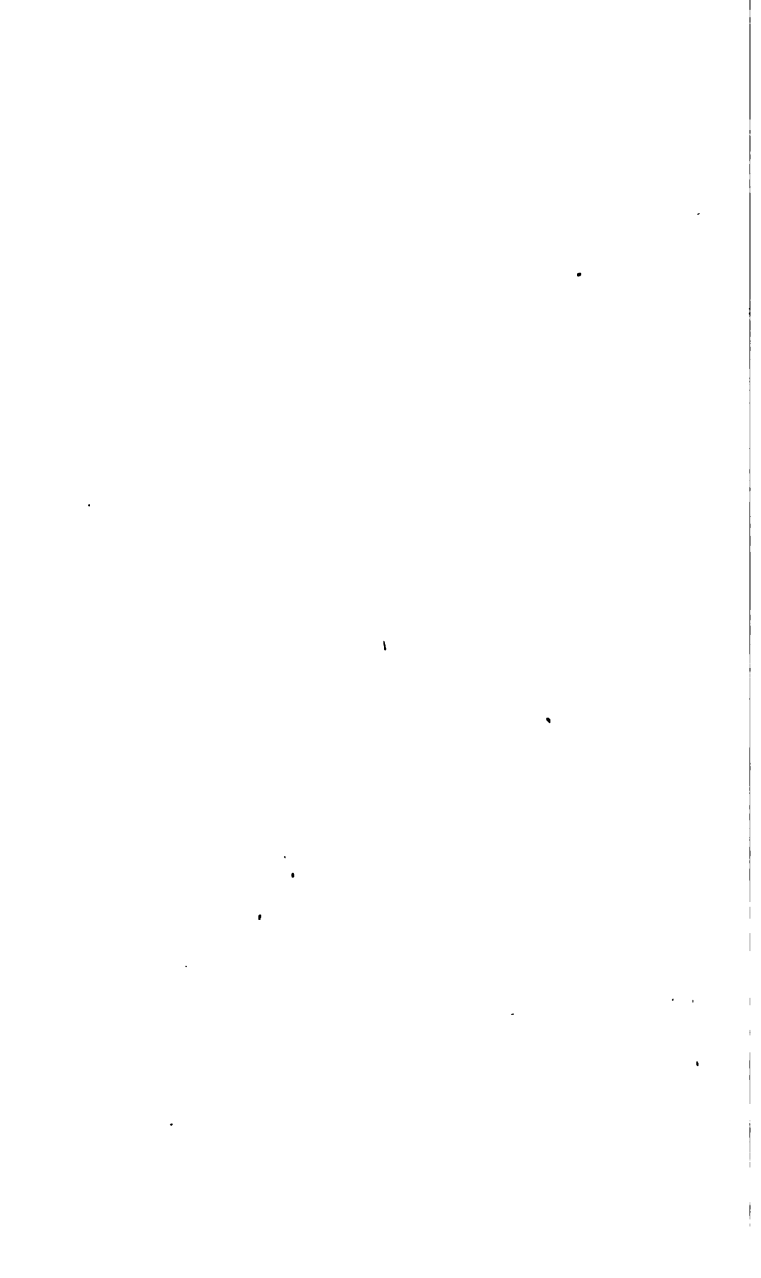
In the garden, at a short distance from the house, is another ancient tree, called "Wallace's Yew." It wears the mark of great age, but it has borne time's brunt much better than the oak, for it is still green and flourishing, and supporting a progeny of spreading branches. This is a better emblem than the oak, of Wallace's fame, which will be ever green.

"Wallace," says the historian of Paisley, "was the second son of a Scottish knight. His uncle, a priest, took great pains to inspire his nephew with free and generous sentiments. One maxim, which

he strove to impress strongly upon his memory, was the following, which the hero seems to have made the motto of his life :

Dico tibi verum, libertas optima verum ;
Nunquam servili sub nexu vivito, fili.

(I will tell you a truth—the best of possessions is liberty ; never, my son, live beneath a servile yoke.)
While valor in war,” continues the historian, “fortitude in adversity, and disinterestedness in peace, shall be deemed cardinal virtues of mankind, the name of Wallace will be remembered in Scotland with deep veneration.”



TANNAHILL'S HOLE.

—Dreadful attempt,
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge.—
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission :
Like sentries that must keep their destined stand,
And wait the appointed hour, till they're relieved.
Those only are the brave, who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last.

BLAIR.

ON the way to Wallace's Tree, I stopped to contemplate with melancholy feelings a spot called "Tannahill's Hole," where that unhappy poet drowned himself. It is by the side of the canal that leads to Glasgow. Here, a small stream, called the Candron Burn, falls into a deep hole, some ten feet in diameter, and, passing under the canal, rises on the other side. This was the miserable place into which the unfortunate man plunged, to rise no more. He was, no doubt, immediately carried by the force of the current under the canal, so that it was not in his power to extricate himself, even supposing that he had at once repented, as so many others have under similar circumstances done, of the rash and fatal step he had taken. His hat and coat were found on a stone at the top, and thus plainly pointed out where and how he had perished.

A black man, a diver, called "black Peter," was at once employed to search for the body; and he found it, as was expected, under the canal. The family of Tannahill were so grateful to Peter for this effort, that, to the end of his life, they gave him a house rent-free; and when he died, the only surviving brother of the poet followed his remains to the grave as chief mourner. He died a few years ago, at a good old age, and, as my informant expressed it, "the best of the town was at his funeral." Tannahill's death took place in 1810, when he was but thirty-six years old,—about the same age as Burns and Byron.

It is really time that these tragedies of poetic life were ended: we have had enough of them: in fact, the thought of them begins to be painful and disgusting rather than interesting. I must confess, that I feel more inclined to blame than to pity these self-immolators. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, if not in all cases whatever, their miserable ends have been the result of their own want of moral and religious principle. The poet, indeed, by the necessary constitution of his temperament, is sensitive and excitable; his nerves are more finely strung than those of most men, for otherwise he would not be susceptible of those delicate impressions which he receives and utters again in song;—just as, without its peculiar form and tight-drawn strings, the *Æolian* harp could not catch and breathe forth the music that is hidden in the wind. But this delicacy or susceptibility of constitution is no sufficient excuse for misery or self-murder. The good Creator, who gave that sensitive temperament,

gives also its counter-balancing supports and preservatives. The poet, if he possesses more feeling, has also more intellect than other men. None displayed stronger common sense than Burns or Byron, when they chose to exercise it. What poetical temperament was ever more finely strung than that of Moore? his soul breathed music; and yet he could make as good a bargain in the way of business as any merchant on 'change; so could Scott; and Byron, too, when he was disposed. Southey—as well as numberless others—has shown that a poet may be as prudent and discreet as other men, and as kind a husband and father; and Wordsworth, and Milton himself, have proved that one may be all a poet, and yet a highly moral and religious man.

It is time that the false and pernicious idea that a poet and a genius must be a wretch,—that they who are high in intellect, must be low in morals,—that those whom God has most richly gifted in spirit, are destined inevitably to be poor and miserable in body and in this world's needs,—it is time, I say, that this notion should be banished from the world. And, in fact, it is fast dying out. Men will no longer excuse, or tolerate in good society, a profligate and unprincipled man, under the plea that he is a genius: they will hold him to all the sterner account, if he has been gifted by his Maker with more than ordinary abilities; and they will require him to use and not abuse his endowments, under pain of being branded as a traitor to his kind.

In regard to Tannahill, it is some relief to know

that he was not properly himself, at the time of his committing the fatal deed. He had previously given such manifest proofs of derangement of mind, as to require to be closely watched. It must nevertheless be confessed, that his own weakness—to use the mildest term,—his want of moral firmness in withstanding temptation, and his hasty passionateness and absence of self-command, had been in great part the cause of that derangement.

- . He had published in 1807 a volume of poems which had been well received by the public, were admired, and brought him considerable celebrity (a very undesirable thing, by the way, to possess, however flattering it may be to one's self-love, and however charming it may seem to lookers on). This led him into company, and that to the tavern. The abominable drinking customs, which were then and still are the disgrace of Scotland (though, I am happy to say, earnest efforts are now making to abolish them), led him into irregularities which injured at once his health of body and his peace of mind. "He became peevish," says his biographer, "and imagined that his warmest friends intended him evil. The despondency, to which he had been occasionally subject, became habitual, and his countenance assumed a pale, emaciated look, that but too well corresponded with his feelings within."

"Things were in this unhappy state," continues the writer, "when he offered a new collection of his poems, carefully corrected and greatly enlarged, to Mr. Constable of Edinburgh, for a very trifling sum. This proposition was unfortunately declined. This was the crowning blow; and, shortly after it

occurred, he came to the resolution of burning all his papers. So unsparing was he in this resolve, that he requested his friends to give him up any scraps of manuscript he might have given them. Weakened in judgment, wasted in body, and weighed down by the bitterness of disappointed hopes, he unhappily executed his purpose. All his corrected poems, with many original ones, were thrown into the flames, and lost to his country for ever. On the day after his papers were destroyed, he showed such unequivocal proofs of a deranged state of mind, that his brothers were sent for in the evening to his mother's house, to watch over him. When they arrived, they found him sleeping, having been brought home from a considerable distance by some friends who had observed his condition. Unwilling to disturb his repose, his brothers left the house again for a time. An hour afterwards, one of them, returning, found the door open ; and, being immediately alarmed, rushed into Robert's room, and found the bed empty. Search was immediately made, and, in the dusk of the morning, the coat of the poet was discovered by the side of a pond near Paisley, pointing out too surely where his body was to be found."

Yes ! the body was found ; but what, meantime, had become of the soul—the spirit—Tannahill himself ? We are forbidden to judge as to the final state of any man,—and we may trust that Tannahill's, when we review his general correct course of life, was not a hopeless one. Yet, of the immediate effect of his rash and fearful act we must form to ourselves a sad picture, when we contem-

plate the following remarkable statement made by Swedenborg in regard to a suicide: "A certain person," says that extraordinary writer, "had been reduced by melancholy to despair, until, being instigated by diabolical spirits, he destroyed himself by thrusting a knife into his body. This spirit came to me, complaining that he was miserably treated by evil spirits, saying that he was amongst furies, who continually infested him.—He was also seen by me, holding a knife in his hand, as though he would plunge it into his breast, but with which he strove hard, as if wishing rather to cast it from him, but in vain. For what happens in the hour of death, as was told me, remains a long time before it vanishes away."* This is a solemn passage, and may be taken as a warning by such as contemplate escaping misery by suicide: to do that is to leap out of the smoke into the fire. Our Heavenly Father loves each one of us, and desires to place us in that state which, in His wisdom, he sees to be best and happiest for us in time and eternity. If, then, He saw it best for us to be taken out of life, He would immediately take us out. And if He does not take us out, we may be sure that that change would not be good for us at present; and if we rashly and criminally break through the command, "Thou shalt not kill,"—which applies to ourselves as well as to others,—we but plunge ourselves into deeper miseries. The true way is, to bear on patiently through the storm, and by and by it will blow over, and the sunshine will break

* *Spiritual Diary*, n. 1836-7.

out again. "That is a long lane," says the proverb, "which has no turning."

What folly was it in Tannahill to burn all his papers, simply because a certain publisher did not find it convenient, just then, to undertake their publication! He was already a successful author, and would have been sure, sooner or later, of finding another publisher. Had he but exercised a little patience, he would probably, in the course of a few months, have been able to send forth to the world a second volume of his poems, and would have found his name and fame higher than ever, and his spirits up again. It is said that a scorpion, when it gets enraged, stings itself to death: that will do for a vile insect, but a *man* ought to be wiser. However, we should perhaps, in leniency, partially excuse Tannahill, on the ground that he was hardly in his proper senses at the time.

Some of Tannahill's songs are well known even in America, and are great favorites. Burns himself has scarcely written anything more exquisite than the "Braes O' Gleniffer," and "Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane." This "Jessie," by the way, turns out to have been only an imaginary personage. "Tannahill," says his biographer, "never was at Dumblane, nor did he know any one from its neighborhood." This is certainly "giving an airy nothing a local habitation and a name;" but, as his biographer justly remarks, the knowledge of this fact subtracts from the charm of the poem. There is nothing like truth and reality after all, even in poetry: nearly all Burns's heroines were real. Dumblane is a poor little place, remarkable for

nothing but the ruins of an old cathedral : why he selected that for the home of his charmer, I cannot tell. Before I knew the fact that "Jessie" was only a creation of the poet's fancy,—happening to be passing through the town of Dumblane, I looked eagerly at every lassie I met, to see whether I could not discover the "lovely young Jessie," or her daughter, or some one on whom her mantle of beauty had fallen. But alas ! if "flower" there had ever been in the place, it had withered, or else kept itself within doors ; for I chanced to see none but plain-looking country lasses, "nut-brown maids," whom a poet would hardly have been ready to die or sigh for.

WILSON, THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

Be't kent to a' the warld in rhyme,
That wi' richt mickle wark and toll,
For three lang years I've ser't my time,
Whiles feasted wi' the hazel oll.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

THE birth-place of another Scottish poet, of far less celebrity in that walk, but of perhaps greater in another, is also to be seen at Paisley. I refer to Alexander Wilson, author of the great work on American Ornithology. On the front of a house on the banks of the river Cart, which runs through the town, is to be seen a marble tablet, bearing the following inscription: "This tablet was erected in 1841, to mark the birth-place of Alexander Wilson, Paisley Poet and American Ornithologist." From a Memoir of Wilson, furnished me by a Paisley friend, I will present a few curious particulars of his early life.

Wilson's father was a Paisley weaver, and he himself was bred to the same employment, though his parents at first intended him for the ministry. Becoming restless under his dull routine of sedentary labor, he for a while turned peddler. About the same period—the year 1790, when he

was twenty-four years of age—he ventured to print a volume of poems, which he, like Tannahill, had composed from time to time, while sitting at the loom. He undertook to dispose of his goods and poems together : as he says in his journal, written about this time, “ I have resolved to make one bold push for the united interests of pack and poems. — I have therefore fitted up a proper budget, consisting of silks, muslins, prints, &c., for the accommodation of those good people who may prove my customers, together with a sufficient quantity of ‘ proposals ’ for my poetical friends ; and to prevent those tedious harangues, which otherwise I would be obliged to deliver at every threshold, I have, according to the custom of the more polite peddlers, committed the contents of my pack to a hand-bill, though in a style somewhat remote from any I have yet seen :—

“ ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

“ Fair ladies, I pray for one moment to stay,
Until with submission I tell you,
What muslins so curious, for uses so various,
A poet has here brought to sell you.

“ Here’s handkerchiefs charming, book-muslin like ermine,
Brocaded, striped, corded, and checked ;
Sweet Venus, they say, on Cupid’s birth-day,
In British-made muslins was decked.

“ If these can’t content ye, here’s muslins in plenty,
From one shilling up to a dozen,
That Juno might wear, and more beauteous appear,
When she means the old Thunderer to cozen.

“ Here are fine jaconets, of numberless sets,
With spotted and sprigged festoons ;
And lovely tambours, with elegant flowers,
For bonnets, cloaks, aprons, or gowns.

“ Now, ye fair, if ye choose any piece to peruse,
With pleasure I'll instantly show it :
If the *peddler* should fail to be favored with sale,
Then I hope you'll encourage the *poet*.”

This was certainly a remarkable setting out in life for the great Ornithologist. How long it is, with many men, before they find their true place and use in the world !

In spite of all his efforts, the volume of poems did not sell : only about two hundred, out of seven hundred, copies were got off. His success, whether as poet or peddler, was but small. He says, at the conclusion of his journal, that he “ had measured the height of a hundred stairs, and explored the recesses of twice that number of miserable habitations, in one day, and gained by it only two shillings of worldly pelf.” This was discouraging ; and weary of his roving life, he resumed his weaving.

The next year, Wilson made one more appeal to the public, and put forth what he called a second edition of his poems, which, however, was nothing more than the unsold five hundred copies of the first, with a new title-page, and a few additional pieces. His success was no greater than before. Wilson, in after years, ascribed his want of success to publishing too early. On the blank leaf of a copy of his poems have been found these words : “ I published these poems when only twenty-two, — an age more abundant in sail than ballast.”

One poem, however, entitled "Watty and Meg," which he published in the following year anonymously, met with an astonishing sale, was universally admired, and was considered to have so great merit, as to be generally ascribed to Burns himself, who was just then at the height of his fame. "Wilson," says his biographer, "felt this to be a high though unconscious acknowledgment of his merits, by that public, who had so unfavorably received his former and avowed productions; and, for a considerable time, allowed the report to spread uncontradicted, enjoying great satisfaction." No fewer, it is said, than a hundred thousand copies of this poem were sold by the printer, in the course of a few weeks. The author, however, as is too common in such cases, reaped but little pecuniary benefit from the sale.

It was not long after this, that Wilson's turn for versification and satire together, brought him into serious difficulty. In a dispute that arose between the weavers and manufacturers, Wilson, naturally taking part with the former, wrote several pungent satirical pieces against certain individuals of the latter party. For one of these he was prosecuted, and sentenced to a short imprisonment, and to the additional mortification of publicly burning his own poem at the Paisley "Cross."* The prosecutors, however, were not vindictive; and "such respect," says his biographer, "was paid to his feelings, that no notice was published of the hour of his punishment, and it was witnessed only by those who

* In the town where Wilson was thus disgraced, preparations are at this moment making to erect a monument in his honor.

happened to be passing at the time." In after-years, Wilson was justly ashamed of these satirical pieces; and happening to meet with a collection of them, threw them into the fire, saying, "These were the follies of youth."

About this time, the French Revolution broke out; and Wilson, like many other liberals and reformers in Britain, rejoiced at the prospect of freedom and republicanism being established in Europe. His extreme political sentiments becoming known, made him still more obnoxious to the authorities, already incensed against him by the indulgence of his satirical talent. "In this state," says his biographer, "sickened by his repeated efforts to gain the fame of the poet so ardently desired,—hated by those who had severely felt his lash,—depressed by poverty which ever haunted him as his shadow,—a marked man by the authorities on account of his politics,—his life became so uncomfortable, that he formed the noble resolution of bidding farewell to his native country, and seeking a happier home among strangers in some foreign land. Like many sons of toil, he was not bound by any very strong ties of sentiment to his native country; and, what is a little remarkable in a poet's life, he never formed any attachment of the heart, such as bind men to their homes.—Hearing favorable accounts of America, and it being considered as the abode of liberty, he resolved on going thither. He did not possess, however, sufficient funds to pay his passage. Yet, with his characteristic determination, he gave up every other pursuit, and for four months labored with increased

industry at his loom, confining the expenses of his living, during that time, to *one shilling a week*. By this rigid economy, he amassed the necessary sum, but no more. He then paid farewell visits to his most intimate acquaintances, and, after visiting some of his favorite haunts, bade a final adieu to his native country. He went on foot to Portpatrick, thence crossed to Belfast, and, on Friday, May 23, 1794, about six in the morning, embarked as a deck-passenger on board the American ship, *Swift*, bound for Newcastle, in the State of Delaware." Tannahill, who was a warm friend of Wilson's, wrote some feeling stanzas on the occasion of his departure: among them are the following, which show the esteem in which he was held, both as a man and a poet:—

"Is there wha feels the melting glow
Of sympathy for ithers' woe?
Come let our tears together flow:
O, join my mane!
For Wilson, worthiest of us a'
For aye is gane.

"He bravely strave 'gainst fortune's stream,
While hope held forth ae distant gleam,
Till dashed, and dashed, time after time,
On life's rough sea,
He weeped his thankless native clime,
And sailed away.

"Farewell, thou much neglected bard,
These lines will speak my warm regard,
While strangers on a foreign sward
Thy worth hold dear:
Still some kind heart thy name shall guard,
Unsalied here."

The rest of Wilson's career is better known. It is a remarkable circumstance, that scarcely had he landed on the American shore, when his attention was attracted to that subject of interest, which he was destined afterwards to pursue with such ardor, and which was to bring him that distinction among his fellows which he had so long yearned for. Fame is a coquettish damsel, and is seldom caught by pursuit; but when, forgetting her, we quietly follow the path of duty, she presently comes tripping after, and overtakes us unawares. On his very first American journey—from Newcastle to Philadelphia—which he made on foot, with his gun upon his shoulder, Wilson was struck with the beauty of the birds. "He was delighted," says his biographer, "with everything he saw, and his attention was strongly arrested by the beautiful birds which everywhere met his view. He shot one of them, a red-headed wood-pecker, the beautiful plumage of which is unsurpassed; and, in his latter years, he described with warmth his delight at the first sight of this beautiful bird."

Many years, however, of irksome toil still intervened between him and success: they were, no doubt, necessary to prepare him for that success. He first took to his old occupation of weaving. After a time, abandoning his loom, he once more turned peddler, and traversed, in this capacity, a large part of the State of New Jersey. On these journeys, he kept a diary, in which, from his frequent allusion to the birds he saw, he shows that he was beginning to take a deep interest in the natures and habits of the feathered creation. Tired,

at length, of the occupation of a peddler, he settled down as a teacher in a village school in Pennsylvania. While thus employed, he soon became sensible of the defects in his early education, and, by diligent application to study in his leisure hours, strove to supply these deficiencies. This was another step taken in the path of preparation for his future literary labors. How wonderfully does a good Providence guide our course, step by step, towards that goal of prosperity and usefulness for which he destines us !

The years thus spent in the quiet duties of a country schoolmaster, seem to have passed peacefully on ; and the picture, which he has given of himself and the scenery amidst which he dwelt, in his sweet poem of the "Solitary Tutor," is a very pleasing one. This poem is written in the Spenserian measure, and the versification is flowing and harmonious. I will quote a few stanzas :—

" Whoe'er across the Schuylkill's winding tide,
Beyond Gray's Ferry half a mile has been,
Down at a bridge, built hollow, must have spied
A neat stone school-house on a sloping green ;
There tufted cedars scattered round are seen,
And stripling poplars planted in a row ;
Some old gray white-oaks overhang the scene,
Pleased to look down upon the youths below,
Whose noisy noontide sports no care or sorrow know.

* * * * *

" Here, many a tour the lonely tutor takes,
Long known to solitude, his partner dear ;
For rustling woods his empty school forsakes,
At morn, still noon, and silent evening clear.

Wild Nature's scenes amuse his wanderings here,
The old gray rocks that overhang the stream,
The nodding flowers that on their peaks appear,
Plants, birds, and insects, are a feast to him,
Howe'er obscure, deformed, minute, or huge they seem.

"One charming nymph with transport he adores,
Fair Science, crowned with many a figured sign:
Her smiles and sweet society implores,
And mixes jocund with th' encircling Nine:
While Mathematics solve his dark design,
Sweet Music soothes him with her syren strains,
Seraphic Poetry, with warmth Divine,
Exalts him far above terrestrial plains,
And Painting's fairy hand his mimic pencil trains.

"Thus peaceful pass his lonely hours away;
Thus, in retirement from his school affairs,
He tastes a bliss unknown to worldlings gay,
A soothing antidote for all his cares.
Adoring nature's God, he joyous shares
With happy millions Freedom's fairest scene:
His evening-hymn, some plaintive Scottish airs
Breathed from the flute or melting violin,
With life-inspiring airs and merry jigs between."

It was while pursuing his daily task in this quiet retreat, that the idea of his great work on Ornithology first dawned upon him. Writing to a Paisley friend in 1803, he says, "Close application to the duties of my profession, which I have followed since November, 1795, has deeply injured my constitution; the more so, that my rambling disposition was the worst calculated, of any in the world, for the austere regularity of a teacher's life. I have had many pursuits since I left Scotland—mathematics, the German language, music, drawing, &c., and I am about to make a collection of all our finest birds."

The design once conceived, he pursued it with characteristic ardor. It was an undertaking, indeed, that seemed to Wilson's friends altogether impracticable for one situated as he was, without patronage or fortune. But he overruled all their objections, terming them the maxims of a cold and calculating philosophy; and declared his resolution of proceeding, if it should cost him his life: "I shall, at least," he said, "leave a small beacon to point out where I perished."

This was heroic, and his resolution was fully tried. Many years of weary waitings, toils, disappointments had he to pass through, before any prospect of success opened upon him. But his perseverance, aided by a favoring Providence, at length opened the way. He found at last an enterprising publisher in Mr. Bradford, of Philadelphia; and in the month of September, 1808, the first volume of the "American Ornithology" was sent forth, in a style of magnificence which did as much honor to the country, as the matter of the work did to its author.

Other volumes followed in successive years, making Wilson's name and powers known through the length and breadth of the land. His toil in preparing the work, making and coloring the drawings, as well as in undertaking extensive journeys to collect materials through the wild West and South, was excessive. In fact, he died, at length, a martyr to his labors and to the earnest pursuit of his darling object. In the year 1813, while engaged upon the eighth volume of his work, a circumstance occurred which brought him to his end. "Sitting, one day," says his biographer,

“ conversing with a friend, he caught a glimpse, from the window, of a rare bird which he had long been desirous of seeing. With his usual enthusiasm, the moment he beheld it, he seized his gun, rushed out of the house in pursuit, and, after an arduous search, during which he swam across a river, he succeeded in shooting it; but he succeeded at the expense of his life. He caught a severe cold, which brought on an attack of his former foe, the dysentery, which, after an illness of ten days’ duration, ended his worldly career.”

So died Alexander Wilson, a true martyr to the love of science in one of its most pleasing forms. He found at last his true place and use in the world. May his memory long be revered both in his own and in his adopted country! I may add that Wilson’s love for America, the land of his adoption, was at least equal to that which he felt for the land of his birth. This appears in all his letters. It shows itself, also, in an oration which he pronounced on the occasion of Mr. Jefferson’s entering upon the presidency, March 4, 1801. And the same spirit appears in the following lines, in which he expresses his regret that the magnificent scenery of the western world had found as yet so few poetical describers :

“ Yet nature’s charms, that bloom so lovely here,
Unhail’d arrive, unheeded disappear,
While bare black heaths and brooks of half a mile
Can rouse the thousand bards of Britain’s isle.
There scarce a stream creeps from its narrow bed,
There scarce a hillock lifts its little head,
Or humble hamlet peeps their glades among,
But lives and murmurs in immortal song.

Our western world, with all its matchless floods,
Our vast transparent lakes and boundless woods,
Stamped with the traits of majesty sublime,
Unhonored weep the silent lapse of time;
Spread their wild grandeur to th' unconscious sky,
In sweetest seasons pass unheeded by;
While scarce one Muse returns the songs they gave,
Or seeks to snatch their glories from the grave."

Since Wilson's day, however, a great change has taken place in this respect. A Bryant, a Percival, a Sigourney, a Longfellow, and many more, have arisen to paint in verse the charms of American scenery. And as years roll on, still other poets will arise, not only to describe their country's scenes, but also to narrate their countrymen's *deeds*, "in thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." America asks only *time*.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires.

Yet read the names that know not death,—
Few nobler ones than Burns are there,
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

HALLECK.

ONE pleasant morning in the month of September, I set out with a friend from Glasgow, to pay a visit to the "Land of Burns"—his birth-place, monument, and the other scenes and places on the banks of the Doon, which are hallowed by association with the poet's memory.

Ayr, which we first reached, is rather a handsome town, especially in the more modern parts. I viewed it with much interest, from the double train of associations it awakened—with Burns and with Wallace. With what eyes did I gaze at the spot where stood those "barns of Ayr," which Wallace burned, with the "Southron" tyrants in them. The river Ayr is a broad, fine stream. On reaching it, there we beheld the "Twa Brigs," which Burns has celebrated. The new bridge is lower down the

stream, and broader than the other. To pay due respect to both, we crossed the former in going, and the latter in returning.

Burns's monument and birth-place are distant about two and a half miles from Ayr. The scenery, as we rode on, struck me as being rather English than Scotch, having that neat, trim, and cultivated look, which is so characteristic of England,—green hedges, with occasionally a reach of stone wall and handsome gateways, and on all sides well tilled fields.

Our first visit was to the monument. This is an elegant structure. It is a kind of little temple, open on all sides, and supported by small columns of the rich Corinthian order. Below, is a room containing a bust of the poet, and several curiosities connected with his history. Among these is a Bible in two small volumes,—the same, it is said, which Burns gave to his "Highland Mary." This book, we were informed, had once been in America, and had been procured at a high cost. It contained the poet's autograph.

After viewing these interesting relics, we ascended to the top of the monument, where a lovely prospect met our eyes. Just below us was the flowing Doon, with its "banks and braes." It seemed a swift stream, here and there bubbling and foaming as it went. It had steep banks, and from the opposite one the ground sloped gradually upward to a high hill, which was surmounted with pretty groves, interspersed with glades and openings. On this side also the ground ascended, but very gradually; and, stretching far away to the left,

presented a pleasant view of fields and meadows, with sheep and cattle grazing. The Doon, all along its course as far as visible, was bordered with trees and thick foliage. And there, a little to the left of us, was the "auld brig,"—Tam O' Shanter's brig,—the very one over which Tam raced that night, with the witches after him, till he reached the "key-stane" and was safe. While behind us, at a little distance, stood "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," which Tam saw "all in a bleeze," and within whose walls he beheld the witches dancing. It was a charmed scene,—one, over which poetry had thrown its magic lights, and I gazed upon it with rapture. All around us, too, there was the sweetest singing of birds from bush and tree. All things seemed to combine to make the scene charming and in agreement with the poet's sweet picture of the banks of "Bonnie Doon," blooming "sae fresh and fair." And while we stood there looking down, two blackbirds,—which sing most sweetly in this region, and which, indeed, seem to be among the sweetest songsters of the country—came and alighted on a tree directly beneath the monument (a pretty pair), and poured forth their strains as if in honor of the poet. I thought of Burns's words,

"And ilka bird sang o' its love."

At length descending from the monument, and going a few steps farther in the grounds, we entered another building, where was the sculptor Thom's famed group of "Tam O' Shanter and Souter Johnny." How admirably executed!

•

Souter Johnny, with his broad face full of humor, and knowing twist of mouth, sits, with mug on knee, while Tam, roaring at his jokes, stops, with brimming cup raised, to have his laugh out before he can drink! How little Tam dreamed, in his glee, what was coming to pass presently, after he should be mounted on his mare Meg, on his way home!

We next wended our way down to the "auld brig." It is no longer in use, as the road passes over a new bridge, which has been erected a little lower down the stream. I was pleased at this: like an old war-horse or work-horse, which has done his duty faithfully in his day of strength, and in his age is suffered to be quiet and at rest,—so, this old bridge had borne its loads, and had its victorious triumphs, too (witness Tam O' Shanter and the witches)—and now was allowed to stand unmolested and in stillness. The grass was growing freely upon it, and no marks of wheels or of horses' feet were visible.

Crossing it, we found ourselves in a green lane, where all was "still as a Sabbath-day"—as my Scotch friend expressed it. We turned to the right through a little gate, and descended the bank to the river's brink. The stream, at this point, is only some fifteen or twenty yards wide; the bridge spans it with a single arch. The old gray stones looked venerable enough; and, what added much to the seeming antiquity of the bridge as well as to its picturesqueness, was the ivy, which had crept along its side and underneath as far as the middle, where, like the witches, it had stopped,—about at

the "key-stane"—as if it feared to cross. I suspect, in fact, that there must be some secret connection between this "rare old plant," that so loves haunted and desolate places—and the witch-family; yet I have never heard of the witch-ivy, though I have heard of the "witch-hazel."

Standing under the bridge, we sang the sweet old song, "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." Often, when a child, far away in the Western world—had I heard a beloved mother sing that song, accompanying it with her guitar: it was almost a sacred song to me. How little, at that time, did I think that I should one day sing it myself, standing on the very banks of the "bonnie Doon," and accompanied—not by the notes of a guitar, but by the purling murmurs of its own waters! But so it is. Young America visits Old England, wanders with delight over the scenes of its father-land, and finds distance and romance turned into presence and reality. And now, from this present it looks back again to that childhood's past and that distant home, and finds that memory has thrown its tender charm over the land it has left, and that the romance which once dwelt here, has taken wing and departed to those western shores. Thus, vain creatures that we are, ever are we chasing shadows, and finding that after all

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

"Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon," says Burns. Yes! I doubt it not. The cottage in which he was born stands but a little way off—a quarter of

a mile, perhaps,—and often, no doubt, in his boyhood and youth, must the fairy of his genius have led him to this sweet spot at “morn or even-tide,” or when the setting sun was throwing its golden hues on the hill-tops above, and the birds were singing their last song ere they sunk to sleep,—or, when the bright moon was up, and pouring down her silver beams through the trees on the rippling waters of the Doon. How often has he leaned over this “old bridge,” and gazed and meditated and dreamed, till the tear of rapture filled his eye,—and the deep stirrings and longings of his heart, mingled with a thousand wild and indefinite fancies, and vague images of the beautiful and the grand, came thronging upon him, till, carried out of himself, and overwhelmed with the flood of mingled emotions, conceptions, aspirations, he has bowed down his head on the cold stone and wept!

Ah! little thought the youthful poet, as he wandered about these banks, dreaming, and longing, and composing his songs—that here would one day stand a monument to his memory, which would be visited by his loving admirers from all parts of the earth! But so it is. Time rolls on. The fire which burned hot in his young heart and kindled his imagination, was at length to blaze out upon mankind, and stir the hearts of his countrymen and the world.

Climbing the bank, we entered the road, and recrossed the river by the new bridge. From this point was to be seen a handsome avenue of oaks and beeches on the left, and, below us, a pretty little island in the river.

We now proceeded to explore Alloway Kirk. The old gray walls are all standing entire, with the two gable-ends rising high above the rest; but the building is quite roofless. Daylight looks full in upon the desolate old church, and the moon and starlight do the same. Witches may have their dances there at night, but birds sing there in the morning, and bats, very likely, flit about it at evening.

“Where ghaists and howlets nightly cry,”

says Burns. In the gable-end next the road, and about half way up, is the window—a small Gothic double-arch,—the “winnock bunker in the east,” where “sat auld Nick,” as the poet relates, making music for the witches. At the top of the wall, just over the window, is a little belfry, in which a bell was still hanging, with a chain suspended from it, all ready to be pulled by the “ghaists” and warlocks for their midnight gathering.

The space in the interior is exceedingly scanty; and, small as it was, was partitioned off, one part being occupied by a tomb surrounded by an iron railing. In fact, there would not be room now, beneath the “winnock-bunker,” for a dance of witches, unless, indeed, they could perform their evolutions without space, as perhaps they might. We stood just beneath the window, and read the poem aloud. And standing, as we were, on the very enchanted ground, where, according to the poet, the dance had taken place, our interest in the narrative, naturally enough, was doubled. We figured before us, as well as we could, the monster-

musician, "in the shape o' beast," sitting in the window :

" A towsie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl."

But alas! "roof and rafters," as before said, are all gone now; so that, with the broad, bright sky over our heads, it was not easy to realize the fantastic, horrible scene, in which

" Coffins stood round like open presses,
That showed the dead in their last dresses,
And, by some devilish cantraip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light."

The poem of Tam O' Shanter is certainly the most vigorous, if not the most pleasing effort of Burns's genius. In the awful particulars of this scene, he has displayed an imagination approaching, if not equaling, Shakspeare's; while, in the rich play of humor exhibited in other parts of the poem, he seems to me unsurpassed by Shakspeare or any other writer. In truth, I think that not without justice has Burns been sometimes called "the Shakspeare of Scotland." And this, not wholly nor chiefly on account of the richness of fancy or force of imagination that appear in some of his poems, but more for the *heart* that is in them,—and the true portraiture of humanity. Burns's poems are truly dramatic, though they have not the form of dramas; for they correctly and feelingly set forth varieties of human character—and that is the essence

of the drama. What is there more dramatic than the poem of "Death and Dr. Hornbook?" It has been remarked of some of Shakspeare's strange creations—such, for instance, as Caliban—that if they could be supposed to have a real existence, we are sure they would use just such language as the poet puts into their mouths. Now, could we conceive of such a real personage as Death to be met going about with his bare ribs and scythe on shoulder, we are sure he would speak just in the lofty style he uses in reply to the threat of a knife:

"Guidman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,
I'm no designed to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle
 To be mislear'd,
I wad na mind it, no that spittle
 Out-owre my beard."

Horace says, speaking of his poems,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,

"I have erected myself a monument more durable than brass." So Burns might with truth have said; but on this visit to the banks of Doon, I found that he had not only the "more durable" monument, but the "brass" besides. For on the back of a chair, at the hotel near the Doon, I found the whole poem of Tam O' Shanter actually inscribed on a brazen plate. This shows, at least, his countrymen's devotion to his memory and appreciation of his writings.

From "Kirk-Alloway," we went on to "Burns's Cottage"—the poet's birth-place. It is a low

building, of stone, with a thatched roof, and is now converted into a tavern, or rather, ale-house; but it was nevertheless in good order, neat and clean, and the decent landlady appeared to be justly proud of her domicile. She showed us the room in which the poet was born, in a recess of which (after the Scottish style) was the bed; and near it, a little window, through which the infant, destined to be so celebrated, first "saw the light." The thought occurred to my mind, how often through this little window did the sun, as Hood says, "come peeping in at morn" upon the poet. But not exactly so either; for I found it was on the west side of the house: however, I consoled myself with the thought, that, at least, it might have here poured in its setting glories on him.

We had still one important visit to make, before taking leave of the "land of Burns," and that was to a sister of the poet, Mrs. Begg, who, as we were surprised and pleased to hear, was still living, and in the neighborhood. Her house was about half a mile from the cottage.

The old lady received us very politely, seeming gratified at the regard paid to her brother's memory by a visitor from beyond the sea. Byron, as appears from his journal, was exceedingly proud of his American reputation: when informed that his poems were very popular in the United States—"These," said he, "are the first tidings that have ever sounded like *fame* to my ears—to be read on the banks of the Ohio!"* Burns, were he living,

* *Moore's Life of Byron*, chap. xix.

would feel equal gratification at knowing how widely his name is loved and revered in the same distant land. I have myself sat in the midst of a company, in a house on the "banks of the Ohio," — on a Saturday evening, too — and heard that charming poem, the "Cotter's Saturday Night," read aloud in the true Scottish style and by a Scottish tongue. I considered that a literary treat.

Mrs. Begg, as we learned from herself, is only about thirteen years younger than her brother; and consequently, at the time of our visit, must have been nearly eighty years of age. But she appeared hale and intelligent-looking, with bright black eyes, not unlike the description we have of her brother's. In the course of conversation, she remarked that "Holy Willie" was an elder in a neighboring parish, a very hypocritical sort of person—she remembered him well. It was not religion, she said, but hypocrisy, that her brother meant to take off, in that remarkable composition, "Holy Willie's Prayer." He had a respect for true religion, she replied, in answer to my inquiry. "Yes!" she continued, "he was brought up religiously;" and added that the main features of the scene in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," were drawn from what Burns had been accustomed to witness in his father's own household. I took note of this as an interesting fact.

Burns, indeed, in a letter to one of his friends, has declared his religious creed in full. He says: "I will lay before you the outlines of my belief. He, who is our Father and Preserver and will one day be our Judge, must be (not for His sake in the way of duty, but from the natural impulse of our hearts)

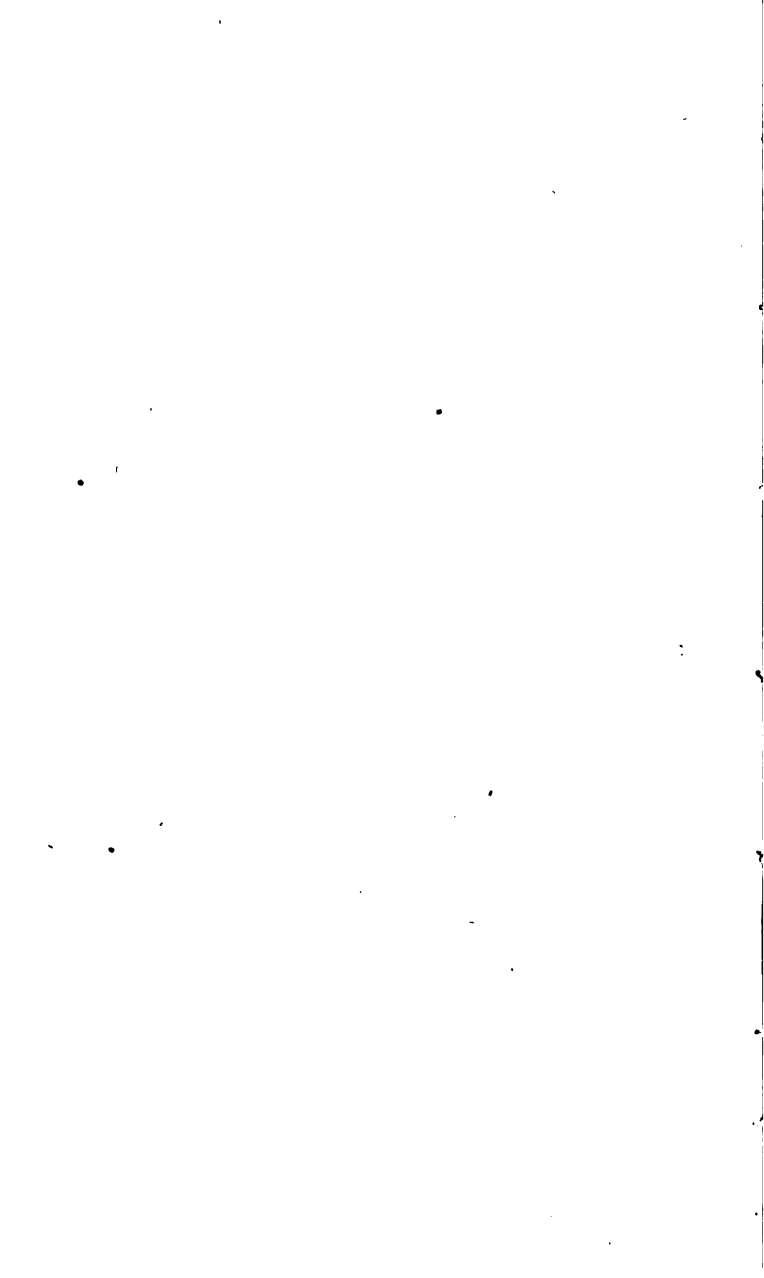
the Object of our reverential awe and adoration. He is Almighty and all-bounteous: we are weak and dependent; hence prayer and every other sort of devotion. He is 'not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to everlasting life;' consequently it must be in every one's power to embrace his offer of 'everlasting life,'—otherwise, he could not in justice condemn those who did not. A mind pervaded, actuated, and governed by purity, truth, and charity, though it does not *merit* heaven, yet is an absolutely necessary pre-requisite, without which heaven can neither be obtained nor enjoyed: and, by Divine promise, such a mind shall never fail of attaining 'everlasting life.' Hence, the impure, the deceiving, and the uncharitable, extrude themselves from eternal bliss by their unfitness for enjoying it. The Supreme Being has put the immediate administration of all this—for wise and good ends known to Himself—into the hands of Jesus Christ, a great Personage, whose relation to Him we cannot comprehend, but whose relation to us is a Guide and a Saviour; and who, except for our own obstinacy and misconduct, will bring us all, through various ways and by various means, to bliss at last."

This is not the language of an irreligious mind or of a corrupt heart; and the remarks concerning God's goodness and promises, with the sentiment that nothing but our own evil will shut us out from heaven, are equally true and beautiful. I trust, too, that, ere this, Burns has learned the relation which the Great Personage of whom he speaks bears to the Divine Being,—the relation, namely, of perfect union, nay, of unity;—that the good

Creator was Himself, also, the Saviour ;—that Jesus Christ was truly “God manifest in the flesh.”

Mrs. Begg spoke, also, of “Dr. Hornbook.” He was, she said, a schoolmaster in the neighborhood (hence, the name “Horn-book”): she herself went to his school. The school being small, he sought to improve his circumstances by setting up an apothecary’s shop. This was what Burns was disposed to take off, in his witty poem of “Death and Dr. Hornbook.” The poet’s wit was too much for him ; and the poor man, it is said, was obliged in consequence to leave the neighborhood. He was a “kindly sort of man,” Mrs. Begg remarked, “of great simplicity of character ;” so that one is disposed to feel pity for him, and to wish that Burns had reserved his satire for some more unworthy object.

‘ We saw, also, at Mrs. Begg’s a niece and a grand-niece of the poet’s. After half an hour, spent in a manner exceedingly gratifying and long to be remembered, we took our leave, feeling that in seeing and conversing with such near relations, we had experienced a satisfaction second only to that of beholding Burns himself.



A DAY'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS.

Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

SONG.

AFTER spending the night at the village of Callander, which lies at the entrance of the Highlands, I rose early to go out to the famed "Bracklinn chasm," which is but a little way off. It was a clear and beautiful morning. A light cloud, indeed, wrapped the head of Benledi, which towered above us on the right; and a partial mist lay here and there among the tree-tops in the valley: but these just served as delicate shades to the picture, setting off more strikingly the general brightness of the scene. The hill-sides and the plain looked green and fresh, and sparkled with dew, while in the distance the blue waters of Loch Vennachar lay sleeping under the morning beams. It was altogether a lovely view, and was, I thought, a charming foretaste of Highland scenery. Alas! we know not what a day may bring forth! But I must not anticipate.

A little sturdy Highland lad offered himself as our guide; and on we went, over bog and through brake, stopping every now and then, to contemplate

the beauty of the prospect. At length, after crossing a hill-side, we came suddenly upon a deep glen,—and there, looking down, we beheld the “Bracklinn chasm.” A mountain stream, the Keltie, flowing over and winding among rocks for a long distance, precipitates itself at this point over a rock fifty feet in height into a deep and dark chasm. A rustic bridge has been thrown across, on which we stood and surveyed the scene. It is wild and picturesque, reminding me much of the Falls of the Miami and the “Haunted Spring,” in Ohio. Scott, in one of his poems, has alluded to this place :—

“As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep
Receives the roaring linn.”

On our way back, we were met on the hill-side by four Highland girls, rough-looking like Macbeth's witches in miniature, who offered to sing us a Gaelic song, which they did, keeping good time. The Gaelic is not a very musical tongue, but its roughness corresponded to the scenery around, and we were well pleased. We asked what was the subject of the song ; they replied that it was about a man who had a scolding wife, and he threatened to shoot her, on which gentle hint she promised amendment.

After breakfast, we set out in an open carriage for the Trosachs, some ten miles distant. We had a charming ride through the valley at the foot of Benledi. On the left, we passed a place called Coilantogle Ford, which was the scene of the combat between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu, so graphically described in the “Lady of the Lake.”

A little farther on, we reached Loch Vennachar, a pretty sheet of water, five miles in length. Beyond the lake, was pointed out a level headland, which was the mustering place of Clan Alpin; and on the right, the hill covered with brake and heather, on which Roderick's followers lay in ambush, and suddenly started up, like spirits, at their leader's whistle :—

“ He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprang up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart;
The rushes and the willow wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life,
To plaided warrior armed for strife.”

Presently we came upon another pretty lake, Achray; and near it, in a romantic glen, the hamlet of Duncraggan. If one wished to retire from the world, and shut himself up amongst rocks and hills, and meadows and waters, this, it struck me, was the place to come to. How charming, I thought, this spot would look by moonlight!

A little farther on, the road began to wind among higher hills, giving indications of our approaching the Trosachs; and at length the famed place itself appeared. It is a wild pass through the Grampians. On the right towers Benan, with its rocky pinnacles; and on the left rise the great round sides of Ben-venue: a narrow road runs between them. In a

dark and wooded ravine, at the farther end of the pass, was pointed out the spot where fell Fitz-James and his "gallant grey," as described in the opening Canto of the "Lady of the Lake."

And now, at a sudden turn, appeared the waters of Loch Katrine. It seemed, at the first glance, only like a pretty pond, for the extent of the lake is hidden by the high hills and by the wooded island just in front. Embarking in a small steam-boat, well suited to the size of the lake, away we went. As we passed, we had a full view of the island—"Ellen's island," where Roderick hid Douglas and his daughter: and there, on the opposite shore, was the "pebbly strand" where Fitz-James stood and held converse with the lady in her boat. It is a very small island,—hardly large enough, it seemed to me, to contain or, at least, to hide, a house of any considerable size; and in fact, the island consists of but a single hill thickly wooded. The water, too, between it and the main land, was not very wide; it struck me that it was not so great a feat for the handsome Græme to swim across. In fact, all natural objects—lakes, islands, rivers—in this small country, called "Great Britain," seem so diminutive compared with corresponding ones in our vast continent, that one is disposed to wonder how so much could have been made of them. But, after all, it is not bulk of matter, but greatness of mind, that most interests us; and a cluster of ideas, gathered about the minutest or the homeliest spot, can make it charming.

In the present instance, the rich poetical associations connected with this little island, seemed to

convert it—to my imagination—almost into fairy land. As we sailed by, there I beheld the little nook into which the Lady guided her boat, and there was the very landing place, and the path up which she and the knight went. Yes! there was the whole scene before me. But I could hardly bear to look at it: it seemed to make romance too much a thing of reality,—it was bringing down imagination into common-place existence. I have often been conscious of this feeling, when actually beholding scenes which I had read and dreamed of. When I first beheld a castle, I felt disappointment: not because it was not grand and strong enough,—for that which I happened to see first, was a true and perfect castle, one of the few in England that still remain in a state of complete preservation—Alnwick Castle in Northumberland. But the disappointment arose from the simple fact that it was stone and lime—it was too material, too real: I would have had it like the castle of my imagination, indefinite and airy, with clouds for battlements—in a word, a “castle in the air.”

Somewhat such was the feeling I had in beholding Loch Katrine and this little island—“Ellen’s isle:” it was too earthly, too real. In truth, I was disappointed simply because nothing real could have satisfied me. What I had in my mind was a fairy isle—an island of the fancy; but this was a real and material island, and there were evidently no fairies there. Now, this, it struck me, was precisely like a youth’s dream of happiness: it never is realized—it never can be realized; and for the simple reason that it has no real existence either in

heaven or earth : it exists only in his own fancy. He is, therefore, sure to be disappointed, and he will continue to be disappointed, until, by repeated shocks, the morbid delicacy of his imagination becomes rectified,—till his notions of things become more substantial, and he gradually learns to content himself with God's realities, in the place of his own fancies ;—till he learns to relish the solid blessings which the good Creator has provided for him, and to see and feel that, in fact, they are better and sweeter and more delightful than any creations of his own imagination.

But to return. We continued our voyage down the lake, while ever and anon I cast a "longing, lingering look behind" to the little island, as to a gem I could not bear to part with. The rest of the lake shore is pretty, but not to be compared with the east end where the island is. The lake is about ten miles in length. Unfortunately, it was now raining. Just as we entered the Trosachs, the scene had begun to change : the sky, which had been so clear and beautiful in the morning, now became overcast, and large drops began to fall. One after another of the party reluctantly spread his umbrella, unwilling to shut out the view, or to acknowledge that his pleasure was at an end. Soon after passing Ellen's island, the rain rapidly increased, and before reaching the west end of the lake, it had thickened into a storm. This was but the beginning of our troubles. While on the steamer, we could retire from the storm to the cabin below ; but we were presently to be exposed to its full force on the land.

Arriving at the head of the lake, where usually carriages are taken to cross the intervening five miles to Loch Lomond, we saw at a glance that there were not conveyances enough to accommodate one half the party. There was a miserable-looking inn there, it is true : but what did that avail ? It was not a fit place to stay in, even if we had wished to stop. But stop we could not :—it was necessary to hurry on to be in time for the Loch Lomond steamer, that was to take us on our way to Glasgow ; which city most of us were anxious to reach that night,—especially as it was Saturday, and there would not be another opportunity till Monday. Such, then, was our situation.

As soon as the boat touched the shore, all sprang out and ran up the bank, each one bent on securing a conveyance for his own dear self at least, whatever might become of the rest of the party. O, this miserable selfishness ! what a contemptible and base thing it is ! How meanly it sneaks out, or rudely breaks out, in seasons of danger or difficulty, from those who, but a moment before, were so polite and attentive and seemingly disinterested ! O, we are poor creatures at best !

I was no doubt as anxious as the rest, and perhaps as selfish ; but I was at least more ashamed than some to show it by my haste ; and when I reached the place where the carts and carriages were standing, I found them all engaged. While I stood considering what was to be done in this emergency, there was brought forth from under a shed a little white pony, which the owner offered me. I gladly accepted the offer, thinking myself fortunate in find-

ing any mode of conveyance whatever. Others of the party, not yet provided for,—some of them ladies, to whom I was ready to give up my pony, if they could have availed themselves of it—set off on foot through the storm.

Behold me then presently mounted on the little white pony, and proceeding at a walk or short trot through the rain, with the umbrella over my head, which, however, I could scarcely hold for the wind—up hill and down—the well trained animal steadily keeping his face to the storm and plodding on, with the owner walking or running by his side. The pony went on very steadily and gently for the most part, and with laudable resolution ; but, once or twice, the tempest beat in his face so violently, that, what with the flapping of the umbrella over his head, and my uneasy position on his back, as I often strove to rise and gather my cloak about me to protect myself from the storm—he well nigh lost his self-possession and courage, and, sheering off to the right, seemed disposed to turn and escape by flight. But a timely check arrested him ; and, summoning all his energies, on he went again. Ponies, thought I, have their trials, as well as men. Once, too, in crossing a mountain-brook, which had become much swollen by the rains, and was rushing and foaming furiously, he became a little frightened, and was about to stop in the midst,—to give up, and be carried away by the current ; but again, a pull at the bridle, accompanied by a word of command uttered in a loud tone, recalled him to himself, and the little fellow plucking up heart worked his way safely through.

The scene, though by no means agreeable, was somewhat amusing, nevertheless, when I considered that I was on a pleasure excursion, and that this was a part of it,—and when I drew, in my fancy, a picture of myself, a respectable American citizen, astride of a Highland pony, in the midst of such a storm. This is romance, truly, said I to myself. Loch Katrine! the Lady of the Lake! Ellen!—and I laughed to myself, at the incongruity between these fancies of love and poetry, and the present realities. I was resolved, however, to make the best of it; and once or twice I ventured to look out from under my umbrella at the scenery, which was now, however, about drowned. Still I could discern the outlines of the mountains through the mist. Yes! this is the Highlands—the famed Highlands of Scotland, and this is a Highlander by my side, I'll warrant. “Friend,” said I, speaking from under the umbrella, “what *clan* do you belong to?” Now, be it observed, that the man was not arrayed in the Highland garb at all. There was no kilt with its graceful folds—no tartan hose topped by a ribbon—no plaid, thrown gracefully over the shoulder—nothing of all this; but a plain coat and pantaloons of coarse blue cloth, with a rent here and there, and most of the buttons off. Such was the picturesque garb of my attendant. Nevertheless, I had a secret confidence that he was a Highlander, and was determined to make him out such if possible. So, on the basis of that presumption, I put the question.

“What clan do you belong to?” said I.

“MacGregor, Sir,” was the answer.

MacGregor! capital! said I to myself: I was delighted: here was a real MacGregor. And for two minutes I forgot the storm, while I thought of the "MacGregor's Gathering," Rob Roy, and other romantic things, connected with that renowned clan.

"And that clan is the same as Clan Alpin, is it not?" I asked, remembering that I had heard or read so.

"Yes, Sir! it is a branch of that," was the answer, as nearly as I could make it out, amidst the howling of the storm.

"And how long is it since your clan have had a gathering?"

"O, not in my time, Sir," was the reply.

This cooled down my enthusiasm a little, as I thought of these piping times of peace and common place, and common sense, too. Nevertheless, here was a real MacGregor by my side, and I was riding on a MacGregor pony: that was something, in spite of the rain.

In this way we plodded on, up hill and down, and I thought the five miles exceedingly long. At length we came in sight of Loch Lomond. But by this time all my poetry had been washed out of me by the deluge; and all I thought of, in seeing Loch Lomond, was, that I was near an inn and at my journey's end. At last we reached the house on the border of the lake; and dismounting from my MacGregor pony, I was glad to get to a kitchen fire.

Here I found one or two who had arrived before me. One of these had had a pony, too, but a different animal altogether, by his account. "I had

hardly mounted," said he, "when off the pony went, at full gallop, over hill and dale, burn and brae,—there was no stopping him ;—and here I am and have been this half hour." And he congratulated himself on having been exposed for so much shorter a time to the storm.

"You are welcome," said I; "for my part, I should rather be in the storm a little longer, than be in it altogether; for I certainly should never have got here on such an animal at all. For what with the driving rain, and the effort of holding my umbrella and keeping my cloak around me at the same time, I had much ado to keep on my pony, steady as he was."

In a little while, in came the rest of the party, after experiencing all sorts of mishaps,—breakings down of the baggage cart, on which some of the ladies had ridden—slippings down of those who had walked—and all wet through and through. This is romance with a vengeance, thought I, as the pretty Scotch lasses, who had ridden on the baggage cart, came in, dripping, and, as they expressed it, "half blown to pieces."

Presently, the cry was heard that the steamer was coming, and that we must be off instantly. We hastened out, and crowding ourselves into a small boat, which was filled nearly to upsetting or swamping, we pushed off. The waves were boisterous—the ladies screamed with alarm—and I certainly thought, myself, that we should all go to the bottom. That would have been a very quiet way of ending our day's romance. But it would be something, thought I, to sleep at the bottom of Loch Lomond.

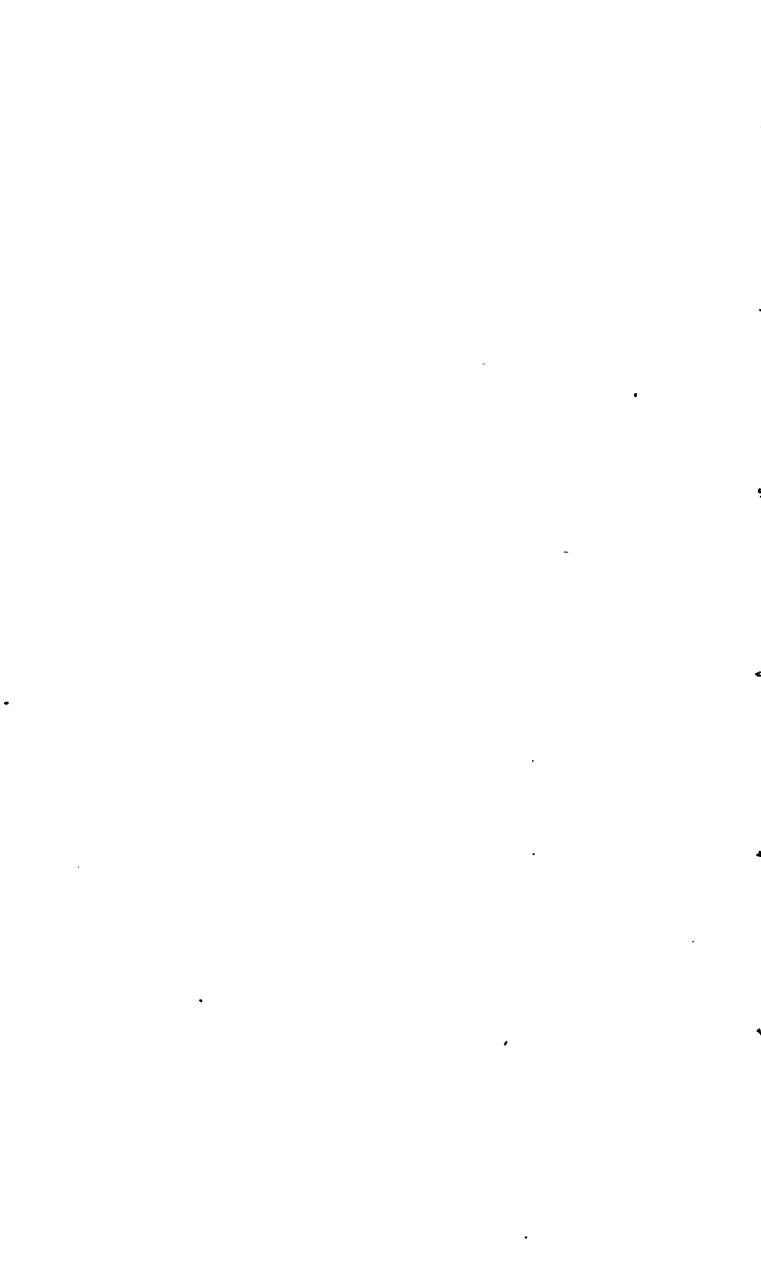
Then some poet, perhaps, would write a dirge for us, "a Lament;" and often, in after years, on bright moonlight nights, when the lake was smooth and still, would fair voices sing it over our watery graves. Would not that be romance?

The danger, however, was in fact not so great as it appeared. The boatmen bade us all sit down and keep still, and we were safe enough. After a few minutes' rowing, we reached the side of the steamer; and in the midst of the tossings of the boat, the roaring of the tempest, the noise of the engine letting off steam, and the exclamations of those on board, who hastened to our assistance,—we were at last safely deposited on the deck of the steamer, and away we went.

All the afternoon, the pelting of the storm continued. Ben Lomond, as we passed it, was shrouded in mist; we could not see its top at all—but were only told it was there. To aggravate our troubles,—as we approached the end of the lake, the steamer ran aground, and it was a considerable time before she could be got off. At last, however, we were landed; and mounting a coach, we drove over another five-mile isthmus, where we again took a steamer for Glasgow.

In the twilight, we passed the rock on which stands the far-famed Dumbarton Castle. A lamp gleamed here and there upon it. I thought of Wallace; and had we been in a less uncomfortable condition, I should have enjoyed exceedingly the historical reminiscences connected with this place. Soon after, the storm began to abate, the clouds broke away here and there, and a star or two

appeared. And, with the exception of running foul of another boat, and carrying away our wheel-house, we met with no farther adventures, but reached Glasgow in safety,—glad there to find kind friends awaiting us, and a hospitable fire to dry ourselves, after a day's not very romantic journey through the Highlands.



MELROSE ABBEY BY MOONLIGHT.

If thou wouldst see fair Melrose aright,
Go view it by the pale moonlight.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

AFTER visiting the far-famed mansion of the "Wizard of the North,"—Abbotsford, I proceeded to explore the neighboring ruins of Melrose Abbey. It is a magnificent old pile—the finest, I think, of the Abbey Ruins: at least it interested me more than any other—partly, perhaps, through the power of association. Many of the pillars and arches are in a perfect state of preservation, and parts of the original roof remain: the outer walls, also, are nearly entire. A flight of stone steps leads to the top, whence a fine view is obtained of the whole ruin, as well as of the surrounding country. In one of the old towers a bell still hangs, and in connection with it there has been inserted a modern clock,—an addition not altogether in keeping with the character of the place, but very useful, no doubt, to the inhabitants of the neighboring village.

As I stood looking from the top of the wall down on the great eastern window, the line from the "Lay" came to my mind,

"The moon on the east oriel shone."

What a world of associations came thronging upon my mind at the recollection of those words ! Back flew my imagination across the wide sea to the pleasant village where I first read that poem, on a sweet summer's evening. The tender remembrances of home and friends mingled themselves with the poet's fancies and with the picturesque ruins before me, and gave a double charm to the scene. I found what life and interest are given to dead matter by the power of association. I compared my present enraptured feelings with those which I had experienced in viewing the ruins of Fountaynes and other Abbeys, which, beautiful at they are, had not, like these, been embalmed by the poet's verse. Those were merely objects for the eye,—these for the soul. Fond memory, in truth, can wreath the stone with ornaments more beautiful either than those of the chisel or of the creeping ivy : imagination can gild a scene with lights richer than that of either sun or moon. After all, it is association, association, that is the charm : without its investing, what power is there in wood or stone to give more than a passing and outward pleasure to the mind ?

A respectable-looking old man acted as guard and guide to the ruins. Guides in general, indeed, at such places as this, are sadly in the way ;—their remarks, like the notes of commentators on Shakespeare, interrupting painfully the train of one's thoughts, with their cold, critical pointing out of beauties ; as if the eye capable of seeing them at all, would not find them out. However, both commentators and guides, no doubt, are occasionally useful. Some of this guide's remarks entertained

me. As I was speaking of Scott and his poems,—with which the old man seemed not unacquainted, especially so far as they were connected with the Abbey—he turned to me and said brightly, “And your country had some fine writers, too : there is Dr. Dwight—Dwight, isn’t it? and *Dr.* Brainard, and—and so on.” The good man’s acquaintance with American literature was evidently not very extensive ; but it was pleasant to find one in that retired place who knew anything about our worthies. As to Dwight, I may remark, I have often been surprised to observe what theological classics his works are in this country—even more so, it seems to me, than in our own : you see his great quartos in the windows of all the principal bookstores. And as to the youthful and devoted Brainard, he is, as he deserves to be, the admiration and love of pious minds in England as in America : his pure and noble example has stimulated not a few of the loftiest spirits of Britain to increased devotion to the service of God and the good of mankind : among these was the pious Henry Martyn, missionary to Persia, who often refers to him. Brainard died at Northampton, Massachusetts, so long ago as the year 1747,—more than a hundred years since. It is pleasing to reflect, that our country, young as it is, has already produced men, who have been, and continue to be, models to the great and good in England and throughout the world.

“But I *guess*,” continued the old guide, “you will not soon have a better man than Washington, after all :”—a position to which I readily assented.

He then made a remark precisely in agreement with an idea that had occurred to myself a day or two before: "He is like our Wallace," said he. "Yes!" I replied, "that is just what I had been thinking of, in regard to your Wallace: he was the Scottish Washington."

Soon after this conversation, I took my departure, —secretly resolved, however, to get another view of the Abbey under more favorable circumstances. I had a full remembrance of the poet's lines:—

"If thou wouldst see fair Melrose aright,
Go view it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seemed framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet hoots o'er the dead man's grave:—
Then go—but go *alone* the while,
Then view St. David's ruined pile."

These instructions of the poet chimed in with my fancy exactly, and I determined fully to obey them, —to come again, by moonlight and alone. From the top of the ruins, I had noted a place in the church-yard wall, over which I could climb; and by that way I was to make my approach, like a thief, in the silent hours of the night, to *steal* a moonlight view of the Abbey.

It was yet, however, but a little after mid-day, and the intervening hours I determined to employ in paying a visit to Dryburgh Abbey, some four miles distant, where lie the remains of the poet who has rendered these scenes so celebrated.

I crossed the Tweed at a ferry opposite Dryburgh, where, as the ferryman said, Scott himself had often crossed. In extent or beauty, these ruins can bear no comparison with those of Melrose: they are little more than fragments. But there was a moral interest attaching to them, in the fact of this being the burial-place of Scott and his ancestors. St. Mary's aisle, in which are the tombs of Scott and his wife, is the only part of the Abbey in a tolerable state of preservation. Here Scott was buried, on the 26th of September, 1832. The remains of his wife had been laid here a few years earlier; and but a few months before the period of my visit, those of their eldest son and hope of the family had been laid beside them. All Sir Walter Scott's hopes of building up a family have thus perished; this, his great weakness, has been signally and perhaps justly rebuked. To this poor ambition he sacrificed, it may be said, his health and life. Not content with the great and noble gifts of intellect, which Providence had bestowed upon him,—not satisfied even with the world-wide reputation which his works had procured him, and with abundant earthly comforts besides—he longingly coveted the miserable possession of an empty name—a sounding title, for himself and his posterity. One can scarcely speak dispassionately on this subject: it makes me indignant whenever I think of it:—to

see one of nature's noblemen, like Scott, bowing down to a mere nominal nobleman, called a duke, and afraid to open his lips before him, even in defence of a slandered friend.* Such is the power of education and habit, especially when the natural bias of the mind is in the same direction—inclined to a reverence for the past and for sounding names, rather than to a sober looking at present realities. O, when will England have done with these childish baubles—stars, and ribbons, and collars, and coronets, and put men in their right places, and call things by their right names?

But to return. On my way back, I passed near the foot of the famed Eildon hills, the summit of which is said by tradition to have been cleft into three by the word of the renowned wizard, Michael Scott. As I looked up to them, I felt a longing to ascend them. It was now near dusk, and the attempt was somewhat hazardous. But the ascent looked easy and not very long, and I fancied I might reach the top and get down again before it

* See Hogg's notices of the "Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott," with the editor's note, p. 133. It appears that the gamekeeper of a certain Duke had brought to his master a false accusation against the poet, Hogg, at which the Duke was much enraged. The latter mentioned it to Scott; "and though he (Scott)," says Hogg, "knew it to be a malicious and invidious lie, yet seeing his Grace so much irritated, he durst not open his lips further than by saying, 'But, my Lord Duke, you must always remember that Hogg is no ordinary man, although he may have shot a stray moor-cock.'" On this the editor remarks, "Scott could bow down and worship this boy idiot, this plaything of a rascally gamekeeper, who valued a moor-fowl more than a poet—because he was a *duke*."

was quite dark. But heights are generally deceitful, whether material or moral: they seem much easier to be reached than they really are, and so I found it in the present case. After walking eight or ten miles, moreover, as I had done that afternoon, I was not in the freshest condition for such an undertaking: but the mind kept up the body, and I felt full of energy and vigor. So, over the first wall I went, then made my way through a hedge, and after this found I had still some extent of ground to traverse before commencing the ascent. At length, however, I reached the foot of the hill, and began to climb. At first it was not very steep, and I enjoyed the effort. Before I had got half way up, however, the shades of evening began to settle upon the landscape. I could not but stop, and look around me to enjoy the fading view. The sweet lines of Gray's *Elegy* came to my mind,

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

And so it was: there was a "solemn stillness" over the whole wide landscape. I contemplated the scene with a poetic delight; and though warned by the gathering shadows that I should be diligent in my task if I meant to accomplish it, yet I could not refrain from pausing every few moments in the ascent, to stand and gaze over the lovely prospect. And as I looked, sweet fancies and memories would throng in and chain me to the spot. Walter Scott, *Abbotsford*, "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*," in which these hills are mentioned, Michael Scott, Gray, and innumerable other recollections, Scottish,

English, and American, all mingled together, filled my mind, and lighted up even the fading landscape.

But at length, I recollected myself: this would never do: up or down I must go. So I resumed the ascent. The higher I got, the steeper the hill became, and to proceed became at length a work of difficulty. The wind, too, began to rise and howl around me. But Perseverance, Hope, Ambition, all said, "Up, up: you have begun—go on." So, up I continued. At last, the steepness was so great that I was obliged to have recourse occasionally to my hands and knees, and the darkness became such that I could scarcely distinguish a rise from a hollow; and there was no path at all. However, "Excelsior" was the word, and I persevered and climbed on, till at length I found myself actually upon the top. I had succeeded in my undertaking, and felt exhilarated with my triumph over obstacles, and with the thought that I, a native of the Western World, was now standing on the top of the romantic Eildon hills.

This thought was pleasing to my fancy; but sober reason began quietly to ask, "But how, now, are you to get down again from your elevation?" It was by this time quite dark. The landscape had faded entirely from view. Nothing was to be seen but the lights in the distant village of Melrose, and the dusky forms of the two brother summits near, which seemed through the gloom to frown sternly on me for invading their solitudes. The wind, too, blew sharply at this height, giving me but a cold welcome. I began to feel like a trespasser, and was fain to steal down again as fast as I could. But

how? was the question: I could not see the ground distinctly even a few feet before me: nothing more than the general outline was discernible. Even to go down by the same side I had come up, was not an easy matter in the dark, on account of the steepness of the declivity; and moreover, I disliked the thought of going over all that ground again. I preferred attempting the descent on the other side, in the direction of Melrose: I should then, I thought, be making progress towards the place of my destination, at the same time that I was descending the hill. It seemed a shorter cut—and “short cuts” are so tempting!

I began the descent. With great caution I moved forward—not upright—that was out of the question—but rather, sliding on my hands and feet, trembling lest any moment I might come upon an abrupt hollow or ledge of rocks. Utterly ignorant of the ground as I was, it was certainly a somewhat rash undertaking. But though I had brought myself into the difficulty, I had a kind of faith that I should be brought out of it; and faith is a precious treasure, even in these small troubles. I met, indeed, with an occasional slip, which was a little startling, for I did not know where I might slip to: and sometimes I was brought to a full stand, in doubt which way to take the next step. My guiding stars were the lights in the village, and I steered as straight for them as possible: but I was sometimes turned from my course by steepes, or by bushes and briars; and when, at length, I had nearly reached the foot of the hill, I found myself stopped short by seemingly impassable hedges. My

good angel, however, brought me through all these difficulties, and I at length found myself in a foot-path, then in a lane, and at length I emerged triumphantly into the village of Melrose, as much gratified at the accomplishment of my small feat as if I had scaled the Alps. •

Reaching St. George's Inn, I refreshed myself with a cup of tea and an hour's rest, and then felt ready for my night's expedition to the Abbey. The poet's words were still in my mind,

"If thou wouldst see fair Melrose aright,
Go, view it by the pale moonlight."

I may here remark, that I had heard it said both at Melrose and at Edinburgh, that Scott himself never saw the Abbey by moonlight, except in the painting which hangs in his library. I thought this not improbable, for I remembered how the indolent Thomson praised early rising and the charms of morning. But though Scott might not have seen it, I was determined to see it, and thus do as he said, not as he did.

Consulting the almanac, I found that the moon rose at twenty-three minutes past nine o'clock. It was now about ten. Then, thought I, it is just the time: the moon will be shining full on the great east window. So out I sallied. And there, indeed, was the Moon—faithful to her appointment—just ascending the Eastern heaven. It was not full, nor indeed quite a half moon, yet the light was sufficient to produce a fine effect;—a better indeed, I fancied, than if it had been full: the light of that pale and waning orb seemed more in

keeping with the ancient and dismantled pile it shone upon.

Arriving at the place, I stepped lightly over the wall, and found myself amongst the venerable tombstones that thickly studded the Abbey church-yard. Beneath the light of the eastern moon, these threw their long shadows upon the ground and on each other, silently and solemnly; and my own shadow, still longer, stalked strangely over theirs, as I stealthily glided like a spirit among them.

At length I stood full in front of the eastern wall, and gazed on the ruin now dimly lighted by the pale beams.

“The moon on the east oriel shone,”

were the words which came involuntarily to my lips. Yes! there it was—the thing itself. The thought, that I—three thousand miles away from the home where I used to read those words, and picture the scene to my excited fancy—should be now actually standing by that lone Abbey, by night, and looking with my own eyes on that very “oriel” window, and the pale moon shining upon it—the thought was exhilarating and enrapturing to my imagination. I felt delighted at this accomplishment of my romantic dreams, and was rejoiced at my good fortune; or, more truly speaking, I felt grateful to the kind Providence, who had allowed me this innocent gratification.

Having contemplated this scene for some time, I stole round to the south side, and looked in through

the barred gate, which had been set in the ancient door-way, to protect the ruin. There was the solemn light coming in through the east window, falling on the bases of the columns, and glancing along the floor of the nave, while, at the same time, the recesses of the aisles were in deep shadow, with here and there a white stone or other object gleaming out of the darkness. A thrill came over me, as I looked into the still and solemn place : it was like a glance into a moon-lighted tomb.

But my curiosity was not yet satisfied : I wished to see and feel all : I was resolved to get within the ruin, and stand amongst those mouldering columns in the pale moonlight.

Retracing my steps, I clambered again over the church-yard wall, at the place where I had entered, and going round amongst the houses of the village, the lights of which were now extinguished, except here and there a solitary lamp, I reached the main entrance to the Abbey on the extreme west. Scaling the high gate, I found myself standing presently within the shadowy precincts of the ruin.

As I stepped stealthily forward, I was struck with the solemn beauty of the scene. A long line of moonlight, entering by the great east window, penetrated to the very farthest or westernmost column, and fell full upon it; while the other columns, farther forward, stood in shadow, with the reflected light just serving to show their massive outlines. Slowly moving on between the rows of columns, I advanced nearly up to the window ; and then turning round, I beheld the shadow of

the arched oriel, with all its delicate tracery, marked distinctly on the opposite wall. It was a beautiful sight. Says the poet,

“The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliage tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy hand
’Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.” *

Through the smaller windows, also, on the east, the moon’s rays streamed, throwing on the opposite wall the shadows of their graceful arches. And then, as I looked up, and beheld through the open roof the stars, with their distant light, looking silently down, or twinkling here and there through the little arches high up in the tower wall, while the ivy waved and whispered in the night-breeze—I thought it a charmed and solemn scene. Around me were the graves of the great of olden time. There, just in front, under the east window, were buried Alexander II., and some of the Douglasses, renowned knights of yore. There, too, was deposited the heart of Robert Bruce; and hard by, near the site of the altar, was the reputed tomb of that monarch, on which the monk and Deloraine sat down that night, as the poet tells:—

“They sat them down on a marble stone;
A Scottish monarch slept below.” *

Just by my side, in the aisle south of the chancel,

* *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto Second, xi. † *Ibid*, xii.

was the grave, as reported, of the famed wizard, Michael Scott. Near this, stood what seemed to be a low square column set against the wall, but which, on drawing nearer, I found to be a rude figure of a man, carved in stone. By the indistinct and reflected light of the moon, I could just distinguish the features—the great broad forehead, flattened nose, and matted beard. The face, in the dim light, had the look of one asleep, the eyes appearing to be closed; and in the solemn stillness this had a singular effect: it seemed to say that I ought to be asleep, too, and had no business here. As I stood gazing on the statue, I half expected, every instant, that the eyes would open and glare at me with indignation for violating the solemnity of the sacred place at such an hour. But venturing to put my hand on the face, I perceived, as I touched one of the eyes, that there was a hollow in the middle to represent the pupil, so that, in fact, the eyes were not shut, as I had supposed, but wide open and staring full at me. At this discovery, the whole expression of the image seemed, to my excited fancy, changed. It was not asleep, nor representing anybody asleep,—but wide awake, and watching all that I was doing. At the idea, I instinctively turned away with a kind of shudder, though in my sober thought I knew it was but a stone image.

I sat down on the tomb of Michael Scott, and contemplated the scene with a silent rapture. Surely this was romance itself,—to be sitting here alone amid these venerable ruins, at the dead of night, and beneath the “glimpses of the moon.”

One or twice I fancied I heard sounds in the distant parts of the ruin, like a step on the pavement, and again like a faint cough :—it was, doubtless, only imagination. There was no noise, not even the hooting of an owl, nor the flitting of a bat : it was silent as the grave.

I had not sat long, however, before I heard a real sound—the striking of the Abbey clock, which, as I before described, had been attached to the old bell at the top of the wall. Slowly it tolled—one—two—three—on to eleven. As this sound broke upon the stillness of the night, and reverberated among the hollow arches of the ruin, my blood curdled. It was enough : it completed and perfected the romance and solemnity of the scene. I rose slowly, and moved towards the gateway. Just then the moon went into a cloud, and for a few moments it was nearly dark ; but presently it broke out again, and the weird light streamed once more through the windows. Reaching the gate, I turned to take another look at the scene, and then departed. My last glimpse of the venerable pile, was the sight, from a distance, of the lofty tower, and the stars twinkling through its broken arches.

A SCOTTISH ELECTION.

Unless Corruption first deject the pride
And guardian vigor of the free-born soul,
All crude attempts of violence are vain.
But soon as Independence stoops the head,
To vice enslaved, and vice-created wants,
From man to man the blackening ruin runs,
Till the whole state unnerved in slavery sinks.

THOMSON'S "LIBERTY."

I WAS glad to have the opportunity of witnessing an election for Members of Parliament. As the manner of proceeding differs much from ours, I may give a short description of it.

As soon as it was known that there would be a dissolution of parliament, placards appeared upon the walls signed by individuals offering themselves as candidates for the new parliament. This unshrinking putting of one's self forward for a public office, was something novel to me: in America, a candidate assumes at least the semblance of modesty, and waits to be called forward by his friends or fellow-citizens. Indeed, it is a maxim with us, that one office, at least,—that of President—ought neither to be sought for by any good citizen, nor declined when it is imposed upon him. But here there are no such scruples: if a person wants an office, he must boldly ask for it. This

may be straightforward, but it did not strike me as altogether delicate. These things, however, are very much matters of custom.

I used to wonder at hearing of the great expensiveness of the British elections,—it being said to cost a member sometimes ten or twenty thousand pounds to obtain his seat: but I understand this better now. The cumbrous machinery of a British election is astonishing. After having announced himself for the office, the next thing the candidate has to do, is to appoint a committee for each ward in the city, to look after his interests. In addition to the considerable remuneration which these parties must, I presume, receive, there is the expense of hiring apartments—generally public halls or other large rooms—for a week or two, where these various ward committees hold their meetings.

The business of these committee-men is to go through the city, and call on each elector individually, and ask his vote for their candidate: this is called “canvassing” the city. Promises being thus obtained from the great majority of electors, a tolerably correct idea may be formed, some days before the election, as to who will be the successful candidate.

In addition to these expenses, vast sums were formerly expended in treating and bribery; but this is now forbidden under heavy penalties.

In the meantime, placards are seen posted on the church-doors, signed by the sheriff of the county, declaring that he has received notice to hold an election for a member or members of parliament (as the case may be), and naming a place and time

at which he will proceed to hold the election. The place thus appointed is called "the hustings," or perhaps this term may more properly signify the occasion itself. A scaffolding is erected in front of the court-house or in some public square; and at the hour appointed, the sheriff appears upon it, attended by the several candidates with their friends, and proceeds to read aloud the writ commanding the election. Persons then come forward to nominate their respective candidates, each making a short speech in favor of his nominee; after which the candidates themselves address the assembled crowd. The speakers, as they successively appear, are greeted with shouts and hurras, or with groans and moans and various outcries, according as they may happen to be popular favorites or otherwise. This part of the proceedings is not unlike the course of our own popular assemblages on political occasions, and reminds the American observer of his British origin: he feels then that we are essentially one people in our love for political liberty, and for maintaining the right of cheering or groaning at whom we please.

The speeches being concluded, the sheriff steps forward and declares that he will now proceed to take the vote by "show of hands," which being done, he pronounces the decision to be in favor of this or the other candidate. This was, probably, the only mode of election in primitive times, and would, I presume, be legally binding even now, if the unsuccessful candidate did not come forward and "demand a poll," as it is termed, that is, a regular election by each individual giving his vote singly.

But as this "demand of the poll" is usually made, taking the vote by "show of hands" is little more than a form. The sheriff then calls upon the electors to attend on the following or some other day named at certain places in their respective wards, and give their votes. And so the assemblage breaks up.

Previously to the day of election, sheds, or "booths" as they are termed, are erected in each ward, at which the votes are received. The hours of voting are usually from eight in the morning to four in the afternoon. All day, cabs and other carriages are seen driving about the city, with placards upon them, "Vote for —," "Vote for —." This is another heavy item in the expense. Sometimes the placard has "Plump for —." As this term will be new to American ears, I must explain it. In a case in which there are two members to be voted for, each elector has of course two votes; but instead of being required to vote for different persons, he may, if he choose, give them both for one individual, and thus do all in his power to secure the election of a favorite candidate. This is called *plumping*. It does not seem to me a fair mode of proceeding, and I wonder that the law allows it.

As is well known, the voting in Britain is done not by ballot, as with us, but by word of mouth. You step up to the booth-window, and tell your name; which being found in the register, you are asked, "Whom do you vote for, sir?" and your answer is written down. The procedure is simple enough, and, for a person in perfectly independent circumstances, not particularly objectionable. Yet,

even for such, it might in times of excitement, be dangerous; to vote in the hearing of a crowd for an unpopular or obnoxious candidate, whom yet you might in conscience prefer, would be, perhaps, to risk your life. This was shown in many instances during the exciting elections of 1852,—especially in Ireland. Some voters, I believe, lost their lives : and, no doubt, hundreds of others were deterred from coming to the polls at all. But, for persons dependent on an employer, a landlord, or a superior of any kind, this mode of voting, as every one must see, is very objectionable. To give a vote contrary to the wishes of the superior, would be to risk the loss of their situation ; and it is not to be expected that independent or conscientious votes will be generally given at such a risk. The consequence is, that, as every one knows, the aristocracy, the great landholders, and the great manufacturers control the House of Commons, and govern the nation, while the great body of the people have no legitimate voice in their own government.

It is astonishing to me that Englishmen of sense and honesty can be found to oppose the principle of voting by ballot. It must be through ignorance or prejudice. If there be a political question that has and can have only one side to it, it is that of the ballot. What is its effect ? Simply to give freedom and independence to the voter. What possible objection can there be to this ? None, except in the minds of such as do not *wish* the majority of electors to vote independently. How foolish, in the ears of us, in America, where the ballot has been used for years and centuries, sound all the reasonings of

the "Times" and other journals against the ballot—saying that it will not secure independence to the voter, and all that! Do we not *know* the contrary? Have I not voted a dozen times by ballot? and did any one ever know how I voted? Not a soul—unless I told them. Lookers on might guess, but they could never *know*. I walk up to the poll, give in my name, and drop into a closed box a folded paper containing the name of the candidate of my choice? How can anybody tell how I voted? When the box comes to be opened, at the close of the poll, who can tell, among the thousands of folded papers, which is mine? The ballot is the *sine qua non* of England's progress and reform. Till she gets that, she will never have an independent House of Commons, or a House that truly represents the mass of the nation; and without this she can never move forward except at a snail's pace. At a reform banquet in Sheffield some years ago, Mr. Cobden, as I read in the papers, was reported as saying, that were he twenty years younger, he would raise an agitation through the land for the ballot, such as he had formerly raised for the abolition of the corn laws. A voice cried, "Do it now!" Till it is done, the people of England will never be fairly their own masters.

VISIT TO JEFFREY.

In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share:
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.

Pope.

A FEW days after arriving at Edinburgh, I received through a friend a familiar invitation from that "prince of Reviewers," Jeffrey, to lunch with him at two o'clock, on the following day,—or, the note added, "if I was an *early riser*—to breakfast at *ten*."

(I may here remark, in passing, that the reviewer's title, by courtesy, was "Lord Jeffrey," he being then one of the judges of the Court of Session. But I prefer, in speaking of him, to use the simple name, by which he is much better known in America, and under which he acquired all his literary celebrity.)

His residence was a little way out of town, at a pleasant villa, named, not very euphoniouly, Craigmock. On arriving at the mansion, we were received very politely by Mr. Jamieson, Jeffrey's son-in-law, and at that time editor of the Edinburgh Review. Soon Mrs. Jeffrey appeared. She was by birth an American lady, though of English descent,

being a grand niece of the famous John Wilkes : Mr. Jeffrey married her at New York, in 1813. Jeffrey himself, being indisposed, did not at once come down. He appeared, however, before breakfast was over ; and receiving me in so pleasant and hearty a manner as to put me at once at my ease, he took his seat at the table by my side, and immediately commenced a flow of talk on literary subjects, connected particularly with my own country. He was a person of small stature and rather sharp features, with a keen, sparkling eye, and almost French vivacity of countenance and manner. He could not at this time have been much under seventy-four or seventy-five years of age, yet his speech was rapid, and full of energy and life.

He spoke first of Mr. Prescott, the historian. His commendation of that distinguished writer was very high. He admired him, he said, exceedingly—for his faithfulness, accuracy, and pains-taking ; and his style, at the same time, was so beautiful ! He thought his merits as a historian very great, and considered his reputation as established. He had perused, he said, his late work—that on Peru—with great satisfaction. He spoke in almost equally high terms of Mr. Bancroft, author of the ‘ History of the United States.’ He had opened the volume, he remarked, without expecting much, but at once became interested, “ buckled to it, and read it through.” He had not met him yet, he observed ; but had heard that he was coming to Edinburgh (Mr. Bancroft was then American minister at London), when he hoped to have a visit from him. Mr. Ticknor he also spoke of ; he knew him well,

he said. He thought him a man rather of fine taste and education, than of much originality. Mr. Ticknor's great work, however, the "History of Spanish Literature," had not then appeared: a perusal of this would probably have much raised the writer in Mr. Jeffrey's estimation. It is probable that he read it afterwards, as it was published in 1849, the year before his death.

He mentioned Washington Irving, speaking of him, as "my friend"—"my particular friend"—he "knew him well: he had spent a considerable time in England." He asked where he now was. He spoke of Mr. Irving's health not having been good while in this country—said he was inclined to be lethargic, and would go to sleep at table. These little particulars interested me exceedingly: any such little circumstances in regard to the charming and now venerable "Geoffrey Crayon," whose writings were the delight of my youth, went right to my heart. Jeffrey's high appreciation of Irving's merits as a writer, his playful humor and simple pathos, his grace and elegance of style, and the kindness of his spirit, may be seen in his reviews of the "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall." Our countryman, indeed, won golden opinions on every hand, and was the first to convince British critics and the British public, that Americans possessed genius in composition, as well as skill and energy in action.

Turning to the British historians, he spoke highly of Hume. I do not remember, at this distance of time, what particular excellences in Hume he praised; but I have no doubt he alluded, chiefly, to

his elegance and perspicuity of style, for Jeffrey was a great admirer of a graceful style, and Hume, as is now generally acknowledged, possesses few other merits as a historian. He was indolent and therefore superficial; but he had a passion for elegance of language, and cared much more for the turn of his periods, than for accuracy in his representations of facts.

Jeffrey compared Robertson with Prescott, but spoke of the former as rather stately and dignified, or at least affecting to be so—a manner which he did not like.

He recounted some particulars of his visit to America in 1813. He visited Boston, New York, and Washington. He dwelt particularly on his interview with President Madison. "I went," said he, "to pay him my respects on leaving the country, and, in particular, to thank him for his courtesy in granting me a passport, the two countries being then at war. To some remark which I made on the disposition of the two countries towards each other, the President replied a little sharply. I took the liberty of making a rejoinder, to which he again replied; and there we stood, in the centre of the hall, with a circle of listeners around us (for it was at an evening-party), discussing the question for a full hour and a half, and, indeed, until a great part of the company had gone. I have often, since," continued Jeffrey, "wondered at my presumption. There was I, a private individual, and a foreigner withal, carrying on a bold discussion in public with the head of a great nation. But," he added, "the free manners of the country, and the customs of a

Republic, in some measure gave excuse for a license which in most other countries would have been deemed intolerable."

After breakfast, Mr. Jamieson showed us round the grounds, Mr. Jeffrey excusing himself from accompanying us, on account of a swollen face from which he was suffering. We returned to the house to take our leave; and Mr. Jeffrey, expressing very courteously his regret that my visit must be so short, begged me, on my return to America, to say to Mr. Prescott, the historian, that I "had seen one of his admirers." For my own part, I considered it no trifling incident in my life, to have seen and conversed with one, who had been for the last half century among the brightest lights of English literature.

I shall conclude this paper with some remarks on the *Edinburgh Review*, while under Jeffrey's management, and its course in reference to the United States.

In an interesting article, which appeared in Dickens's '*Household Words*' about the time of Jeffrey's death, in 1850, the lofty independence of character shown by him in the conduct of the *Review*, is thus set forth:—

"The system on which Jeffrey established relations between his writers and publishers has been of the highest value as a precedent in such matters, and has protected the independence and dignity of a later race of reviewers. He would never receive an unpaid-for contribution. He declined to make it the interest of the proprietors to prefer a certain class of contributors. The payment was ten guineas a sheet at first, and rose gradually to double that

sum, with increase on special occasions; and even when rank or other circumstances made remuneration a matter of perfect indifference, Jeffrey insisted that it should nevertheless be received: the Czar Peter, when working in the trenches—he was wont to say—received pay as a common soldier. Another principle which he rigidly carried out, was that of a thorough independence of publishing interests. The *Edinburgh Review* was never made in any manner tributary to bookselling schemes. It assailed or supported with equal vehemence or heartiness the productions of Albemarle Street and Paternoster Row. ‘I never asked such a thing of him but once,’ said the late Mr. Constable, describing an attempt to obtain a favorable notice from his obdurate editor, ‘and I assure you the result was no encouragement to repeat such petitions. The book was Scott’s edition of Swift; and the result one of the bitterest attacks on the popularity of Swift, in one of Jeffrey’s most masterly criticisms.’”

In America, we think of Jeffrey chiefly as a literary man, a brilliant reviewer; but there is another light, and perhaps a still brighter one, in which his character is to be viewed, and which should render him peculiarly interesting to republicans; namely, that of a champion of liberty—a defender of human rights and happiness against the spirit of despotism. The *Edinburgh Review* became not merely a literary, but also a political journal,—on the side of freedom; and doubtless this character contributed in a great degree to its popularity and wide circulation. But to sustain this character of the *Review* cost Jeffrey much effort and discomfort, and considerable personal sacrifice. This point is thus referred to in the article before mentioned:—

“It was not till six years after the *Review* was started, that Scott remonstrated with Jeffrey on the virulence of its party politics. But much earlier even than this, the principal proprietors had

made the same complaint; had pushed their objections even to the contemplation of Jeffrey's surrender of the editorship; and had opened negotiations with writers known to be bitterly opposed to him. To his honor, Southey declined these overtures, and advised a compromise of the dispute. Some of the leading Whigs themselves were discontented, and Horner had appealed to him from the library of Holland House. Nevertheless, Jeffrey stood firm. He carried the day against Paternoster Row, and unassailably established the all-important principle of a perfect independence of his publishers' control. He stood as resolute against his friend Scott; protesting that on one leg, and the weakest, the Review could not and should not stand, for that its *right leg* he knew to be politics. To Horner he replied by carrying the war into the Holland House country with inimitable spirit and cogency. 'Do, for Heaven's sake, let your Whigs do something popular and effective this session. Don't you see the nation is now divided into two, and only two, parties; and that *between* these stand the Whigs, utterly inefficient, and incapable of ever becoming efficient, if they will still maintain themselves at an equal distance from both. You must lay aside a great part of your aristocratic feelings, and side with the most respectable and sane of the democrats.' The vigorous wisdom of the advice was amply proved by subsequent events, and its courage nobody will doubt who knows anything of what Scotland was at the time. In office, if not in intellect, the Tories were supreme. A single one of the Dundases named the sixteen Scots peers and forty-three of the Scots commoners; nor was it an impossible farce, that the sheriff of a county should be the only freeholder present at the election of a member to represent it in parliament,—should as freeholder vote himself chairman,—should as chairman receive the oaths and the writ from himself as sheriff,—should as chairman and sheriff sign them,—should propose himself as candidate, declare himself elected, dictate and sign the minutes of election, make the necessary indenture between the various parties represented solely by himself, transmit it to the Crown Office, and take his seat by the same night's mail to vote with Mr. Addington! We must recollect such things, when we would really understand the services of such men as Jeffrey. We must remember the evil and injustice he so strenuously labored to remove, and the cost at which his labor

was given. We must bear in mind that he had to face day by day, in the exercise of his profession, the very men most interested in the abuses actively assailed, and keenly resolved as far as possible to disturb and discredit their assailant. 'Oh, Mr. Smith,' said Lord Stowell to Sydney, 'you would have been a much richer man, if you had come over to us!' This was in effect the sort of thing said to Jeffrey daily in the Court of Session, and disregarded with generous scorn. What it is to an advocate to be on the deaf side of 'the ear of the Court,' none but an advocate can know; and this, with Jeffrey, was the twenty-five years' penalty imposed upon him for desiring to see the Catholics emancipated, the consciences of dissenters relieved, the barbarism of jurisprudence mitigated, and the trade in human souls abolished."

Entertaining such political sentiments, Jeffrey, as may be supposed, looked with a kindly eye on America; and contemplated with interest and admiration (as thousands of English and Scottish liberals continue to do), the glorious example of free institutions presented on the other side of the Atlantic. Jeffrey, as already shown, had himself visited America, and had witnessed with his own eyes the prosperity and happiness which those institutions secured to all classes of the citizens. He was naturally anxious, therefore, to see a greater degree of civil and religious liberty and equality established in his own country; and though perceiving with an intelligent eye the essential difference between the two countries, resulting from their different origin, history, and general condition, and therefore entertaining little expectation of seeing institutions entirely similar established in Great Britain, yet he earnestly desired to see those already existing reformed and purified. To the example of America he frequently referred in his writings,

as Cobden, Bright, and other English reformers now constantly do in their speeches. Jeffrey, too, foreseeing the future greatness of America, was exceedingly anxious to see friendly and kindly relations preserved between that country and his own. This sentiment he entertained more and more strongly, to the end of his life. In the collection of his writings, entitled "Contributions to the Edinburgh Review," and published but a few years before his death, we find a note in which this feeling is strongly expressed. It is as follows :

"There is no one feeling—having public concerns for its object—with which I have been so long and so deeply impressed, as that of the vast importance of our maintaining friendly and even cordial relations with the free, powerful, moral, and industrious States of America:—a condition, upon which, I cannot help thinking, that not only our own freedom and prosperity, but that of the better part of the world, will ultimately be found to be more and more dependent. I give the first place, therefore, in this concluding division of the work, to an earnest and somewhat importunate exhortation to this effect—which I believe produced some impression at the time, and I trust may still help forward the good end to which it was directed."

This note is prefixed to the republication of a review of Walsh's "Appeal,"*—originally published in the 'Edinburgh' in 1820. It is a long and elaborate article, having for its purpose a defence of the Edinburgh Review from the charge brought by Mr. Walsh against that, in common with other British publications, of having indulged in wanton and malicious attacks on the institutions of the

* "An Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain respecting the United States of America."

United States, and on the character of its people. The article opens in this frank and manly style :—
“ One great staple of this book is a vehement, and, we really think, a singularly unjust, attack, on the principles of this Journal. Yet we take part, on the whole, with the author ; and heartily wish him success in the great object of vindicating his country from unmerited aspersions, and trying to make us, in England, ashamed of the vices and defects which he has taken the trouble to point out in our national character and institutions. In this part of the design we cordially concur, and shall at all times be glad to coöperate.” The reviewer admits that attacks, such as Mr. Walsh complains of, have been made by certain writers in Great Britain, but maintains that it was the act of a mere party,—a party who are opposed to all liberal institutions, whether existing in America or in other countries, or even in Britain itself. The Americans, it is declared, have had merely their share of this party’s abuse ; that the lovers and advocates of freedom everywhere have had to endure it, and none more than the Edinburgh Review itself. From this party—the article proceeds to say—all the virulence and animosity expressed against America, has proceeded ; that the English public have had no part in it, and that no other than a kindly feeling exists among the great body of the English people towards their brethren in America. “ We must begin,” says Mr. Jeffrey, “ by admitting, that America *has* cause of complaint ;—and that nothing can be more despicable and disgusting than the scurrility with

which she has been assailed by a portion of the press of this country—and that, disgraceful as these publications are, they speak the sense, if not of a considerable, at least of a conspicuous and active party in the nation. All this, and more than this, we have no wish and no intention to deny. But we do wish most anxiously to impress upon Mr. W. and his adherents, to beware how they believe that this party speaks the sense of the British Nation—or that their sentiments on this, or on many other occasions, are in any degree in accordance with those of the great body of our people. On the contrary, we are firmly persuaded that a very large majority of the nation, numerically considered, and a still larger majority of the intelligent and enlightened persons whose influence and authority cannot fail in the long run to govern her councils, would disclaim all sympathy with any part of these opinions, and actually look on the miserable libels in question, not only with the scorn and disgust to which Mr. W. would consign them, but with a sense of shame from which his situation fortunately exempts him."

The writer then enters into an elaborate defence of the *Edinburgh Review* against the charge of entertaining ill-will against America; and reviewing in detail the various articles which have appeared in that journal on American institutions, literature, character, or manners, it seeks to show that there is no evidence of malicious or hostile intent, but that merely the same degree of plainness and freedom had been used in speaking of America as of Britain itself or any other country; and that with-

out the permission of such freedom, reviews would possess neither point nor value.

That we have evinced too much susceptibility in regard to the remarks of foreign writers, especially the English, is unquestionable. A reason for it, too, can perhaps be given. We are a young people, and our national character is hardly yet established. And, just as a young man, whose character is not yet fully formed nor his reputation established, but who is conscious himself both of noble intentions and high powers, of the existence of which, however, he has not as yet had sufficient opportunity of convincing others—is extremely sensitive to every remark made upon him, and is irritated at the least expression of doubt either as to his abilities or propriety of conduct,—so America, as a young but high-spirited nation, has felt keenly every attack upon her character. Great Britain, on the other hand, has been able to show herself comparatively indifferent (though by no means altogether so) to the remarks of foreigners about her,—for the reason that she is an old country, whose character is well known, and thoroughly established: just as an elderly person, whose reputation is fixed and his place in society well defined, is comparatively indifferent to what a stranger may say of him.* England's excel-

* Since writing the above, I have met with the following remarks in the London "Times," which are to the point:—

"The truth is, that we are very indifferent to criticism ourselves, and we are apt to think that other people are equally so. There is nothing which amuses an Englishman so much, as to see himself taken off. We do not understand other people being thin-skinned, and we make remarks which we do not intend to be biting,

lences and her faults are both well known to the world: an attack upon the former would do her little harm, and a defence of the latter would be of little avail. England has a thousand years of history to look back upon. Her conduct as a nation, during this long period, her exploits and her sins, are all on record. Her deeds in war, and her yet nobler triumphs in the field of peaceful progress, in art, literature, and legal and political excellence, are all perfectly well known.

It is otherwise with America. She, too, has a history, though comparatively a short one: yet she can now look back on two centuries and a half of effort, and progress—progress, too, such as the world has never before witnessed. She, too, has had her triumphs, both in war and in peace. Her battle, in the first place, with nature and the elements, with which she has had so stoutly to contend, has been an arduous and a brave one. The "Pilgrim Fathers," having left, for conscience's sake, their quiet and cultivated homes and warm firesides in Britain, landed in the depth of winter in the wilderness, and, amidst sufferings and dangers, laid the founda-

but which do bite the tender subject of them. This is no grave fault, perhaps; it is rather the *natural defect of a newer nation*. How sensitive are young people in society to any remarks upon them! How red they turn, how angry, how sulky! How it preys upon them in secret! How revengeful they feel to the cool and unconscious critic! But let a few years pass over their heads, and how quietly they will take such things! The American is the younger people, and is now in the *sensitive stage of natural existence*. But he will get older in time, and know better than to take every light word that is said on this side of the Atlantic in such deadly earnest."

tions of a great republic. Their ardor and energy, together with their lofty religious principles, were transmitted to their descendants; and these have gone on, boldly combating with the forest and its savage occupants, till they have reached now the farther ocean, and are masters of the whole wide continent. Yet this has not been their only warfare: they have had to contend both with nature and with nations. As, for conscience' sake, their fathers left old England and its comforts, so, for liberty's sake, the children rose up in arms against the same England and her might, and, after struggling through a seven years' war,—at length, aided by a favoring Providence, were gloriously successful. Again, in after-years, when the same Britain, in her arrogance, sought to trample on the young nation, not yet grown strong—dared to violate his flag, impress his seamen, and seize his ships—once more he rose in arms, and this time was victorious on the sea, as before on the land. These are some of America's triumphs in war. She has had still loftier ones in peace. Laying the foundation of her liberties on the Rock of Ages—on the firm basis of religion and instruction—she has steadily gone on, building up a great fabric of national freedom and prosperity, and showing to Europe the grandest example of popular self-government that the world has seen. Yes! America has a history, and one far more interesting, in truth, to the philosopher, the philanthropist, and the statesman, than the wars, revolutions, and civil commotions, which make up a great part of the history of European States.

Yet these things, though well known to every.

American, were, till within a few years past, little thought of or understood by foreigners, not even by Englishmen, though the latter ought to have better acquainted themselves with the history and condition of a country, so closely connected with them in its origin, laws, and language. One reason for this ignorance and indifference, was, that the governments and peoples of Europe—of Britain among the rest—had their attention fully occupied with the almost ceaseless wars and commotions, with which that quarter of the world was distracted, and in which they were all involved; and when, for a moment, they cast a glance across the ocean to the young nation there growing up amidst the forests, they thought of it, comparatively, as of a distant and uninteresting colony. Another reason for that ignorance, and in some measure an excuse for it, was the fact that no complete and well digested history of the United States, its institutions and its progress, had yet been given to the world. The Americans, necessarily occupied with acting, had, as yet, little leisure for writing; and, consequently, it was not till a few years ago, that an able historian* rose among ourselves to narrate his country's history. As a result of this ignorance on the part of Europeans,—when one of them chanced to visit the new world, and found a condition of society, as was necessarily the case, in many respects different from that of the old and long settled countries of Europe—forgetting to make allowance for that difference by the con-

* Bancroft.

sideration of its causes, they were apt to set down the people as rude and unpolished. Being unable, both from want of information and from narrowness of view, to grasp the grand features of this new order of things—a state of society in which the human mind was putting itself forth in bold and original aspects,—these travelers filled their journals with details of petty inconveniences and inelegancies to which they were unaccustomed at home, but from which it was impossible that a new country should be exempt. The constant presenting of this disagreeable side of the picture of American society—without showing at the same time the great excellences and advantages it possessed, quite unknown to the old world,—naturally irritated Americans; they felt keenly its injustice. And when, added to this, the lovers of despotism and opponents of popular freedom took hold of these little peculiarities described in travelers' journals, and strove to turn them into ridicule—not so much from hostility to America, as from opposition to that liberty of which she was the boldest representative—the feelings of vexation already experienced by the American people were turned into indignation. No one likes to be ridiculed; and when it proceeds from those whom we respect and look up to, as Americans naturally did to the country from which they sprung, it is doubly painful and offensive.

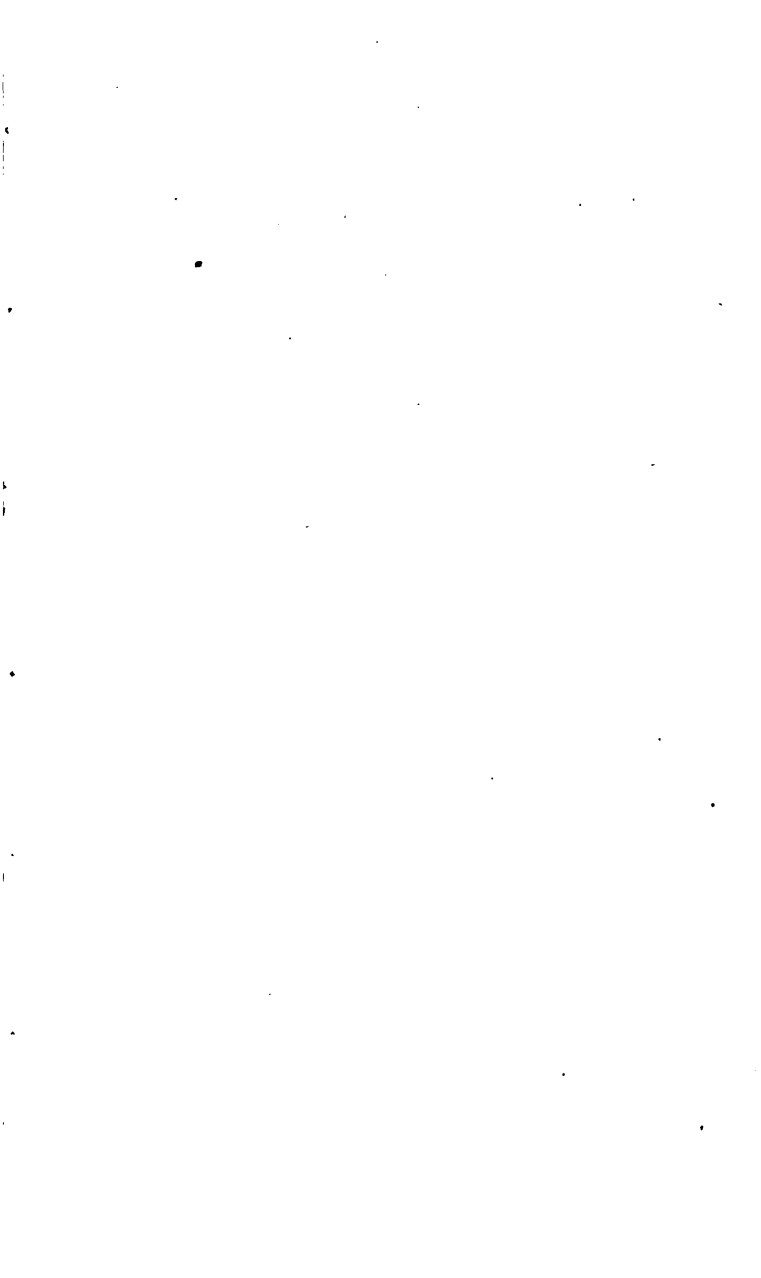
Yet—as Jeffrey observes, and, in the article from which I have quoted, takes so much pains to show—it was never the great body of the English people that spoke ill of, or felt ill towards, America,

but chiefly a party in that country, who fancied it their interest to traduce her free institutions. In truth, nowhere has America had nobler defenders, than in Britain itself. Even as far back as the days of the Revolution, witness the bold speeches of Burke, Fox, Colonel Barré, and the Earl of Chatham, in her defence:—"If I were an American," said Chatham, in that eloquent speech which every American youth learns by heart—"if I were an American, as I am an Englishman,—while a foreign troop remained in my country, I would never lay down my arms,—never! never! never!" And such has ever been the language used, and such the views entertained, by the most intelligent and liberal minds in Britain, towards this country: the article of Jeffrey, on which I have dwelt, and which was written thirty years ago, is proof of this. Had my countrymen contemplated this side of the picture, and not so exclusively the other and disagreeable side, they would not have allowed themselves to be so much annoyed by the scribbling of party hacks, or the journals of ignorant and prejudiced travelers.

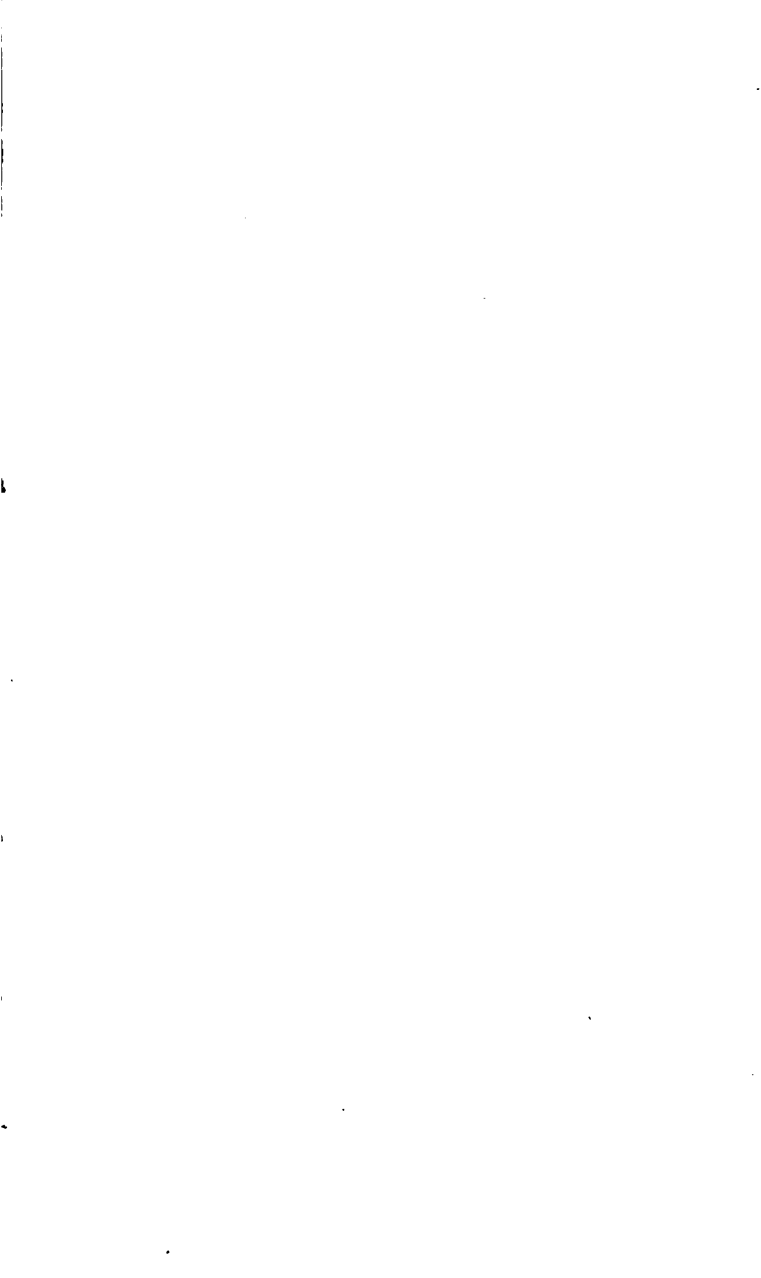
Within a few years past, however, a very great improvement has appeared in the tone of English writers, in speaking of America. The language of respect, and, in many instances, of high admiration, is constantly used. America's rapidly rising literature, her success in arms and her progress in arts, have won for her general attention, interest, and regard. "The great Republic,"—"the phenomenon rising on the other side of the Atlantic,"—"our cousins across the sea," and other expressions of admiration and friendship, now constantly appear

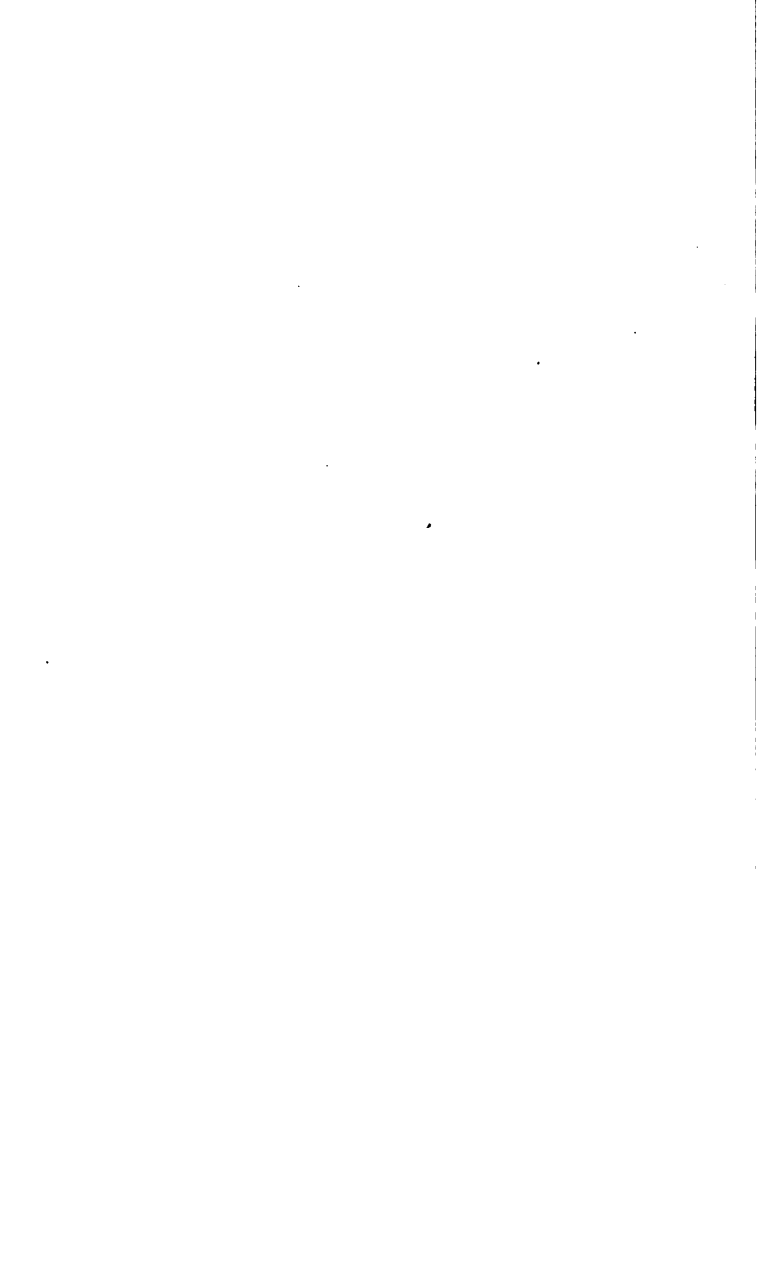
in the English journals, when alluding to the United States. All parties seem now ashamed—as Jeffrey affirms the better class of Englishmen long ago to have been—of that tone of depreciation, in which America, her institutions and customs, used to be spoken of. A general wish to atone for the past, and to make the *amende Honorable*, seems to be manifest in their writers of all classes. It becomes us to meet this spirit with one equally generous: it is far nobler to forgive than to revenge. Moreover, it is but just to remember, that it is not the Britons of the present day, that have injured and insulted us, but their fathers: the present generation had little hand in these wrongs, and they are sorry for them. Let Jeffrey's earnest wish, then, be gratified: let us frankly accept the proffered hand of friendship, extended to us across the sea, and say, "Well, well, young England, your fathers and ours did not love each other,—but that is all past now:—we'll shake hands and be friends."

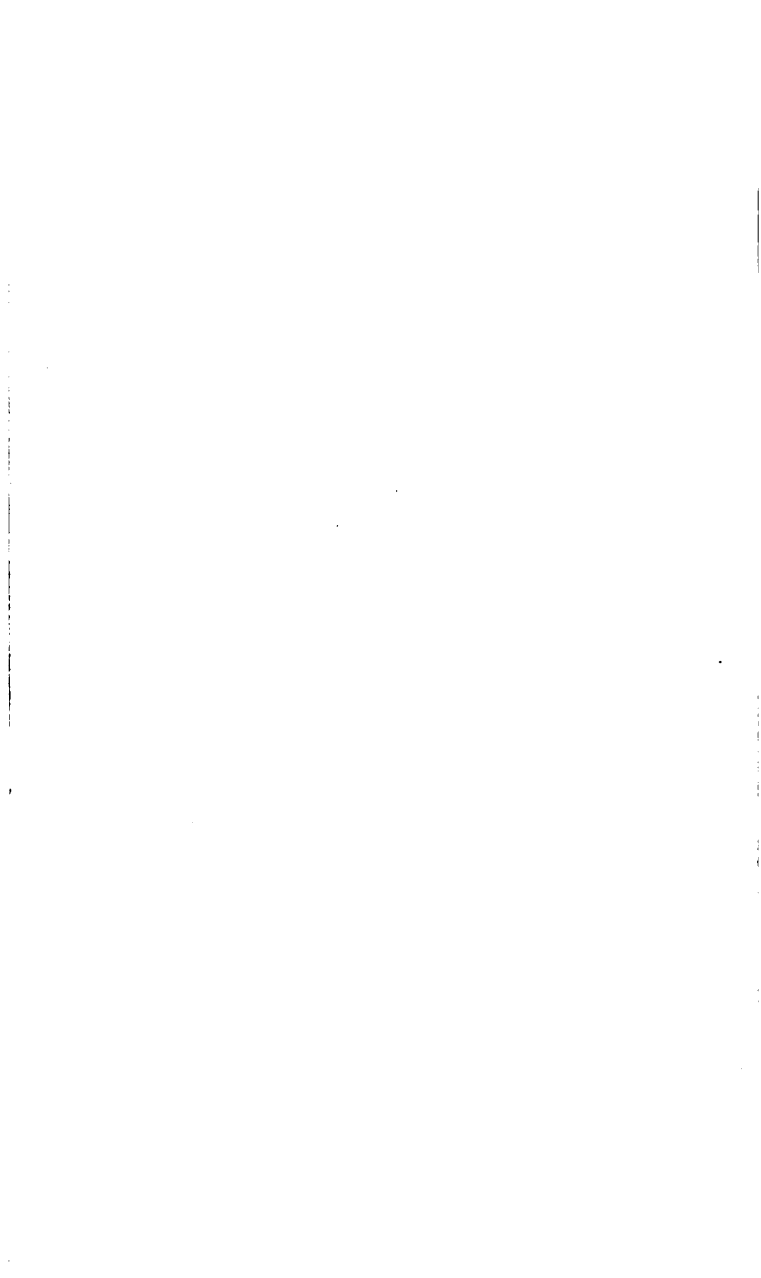
THE END.



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